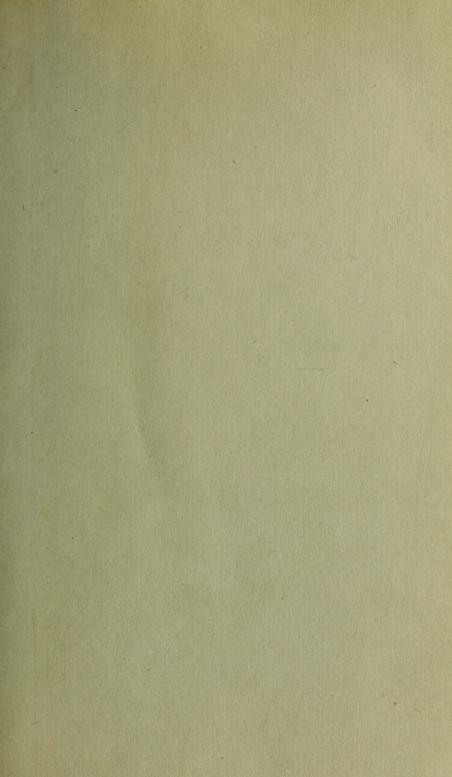
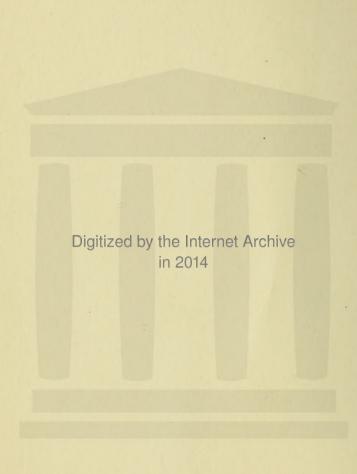
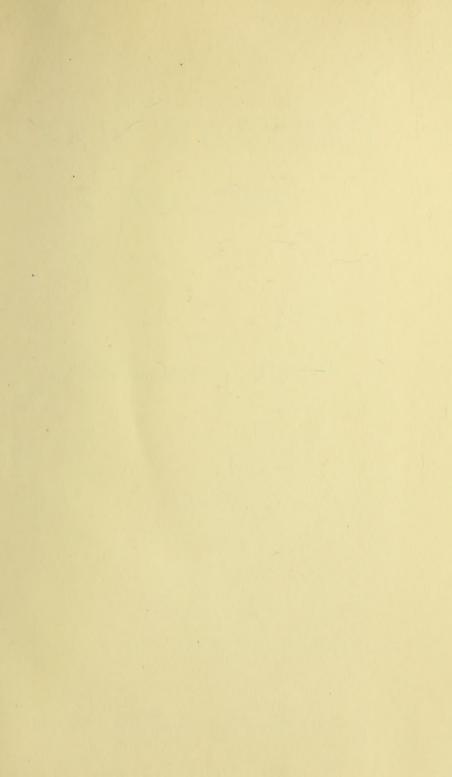


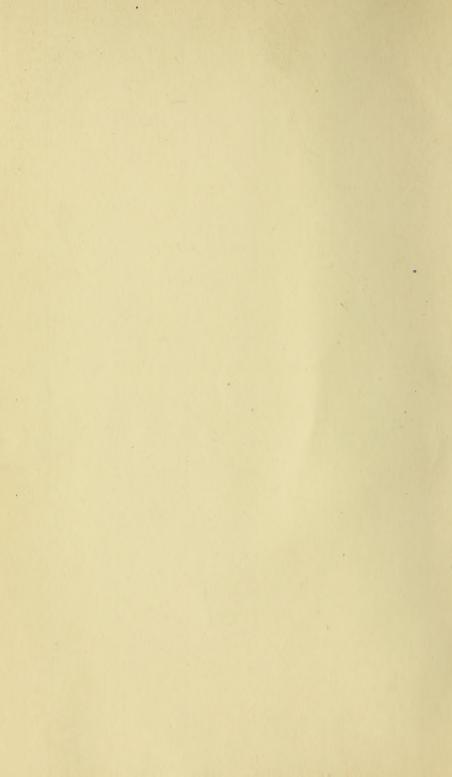
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NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

EDITED BY

WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH.

VOL. 126.

LONDON:

CHAPMAN AND HALL, 193, PICCADILLY.
1862.

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NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

COTTON CULTIVATION.*

The rapid growth and prodigious magnitude of the cotton manufacture of Great Britain are, it has been justly observed, beyond all question the most extraordinary phenomena in the history of industry. Our command of the finest wool naturally attracted our attention to the woollen manufacture, and paved the way for that superiority in it which we long since attained; but when we undertook the cotton manufacture we had comparatively few facilities for its prosecution, and had to struggle with the greatest difficulties. The raw material was produced at an immense distance from our shores; and in Hindustan and China the inhabitants had arrived at such perfection in the arts of spinning and weaving, that the lightness and delicacy of their finest cloths emulated the web of the gossamer, and seemed to set competition at defiance.

Such, however, has been the influence of the stupendous discoveries and inventions of Hargreaves, Arkwright, Crompton, Cartwright, and others, that we have overcome all these difficulties—that neither the extreme cheapness of labour in Hindustan, nor the excellence to which the natives had attained, has enabled them to withstand the competition of those who buy their cotton; and who, after carrying it five thousand

miles to be manufactured, carry back the goods to them.

This is the greatest triumph of mechanical genius: and what perhaps is most extraordinary, our superiority is not the late result of a long series of successive discoveries and inventions: on the contrary, it has been accomplished in a very few years. Little more than half a century has elapsed since the British cotton manufacture was in its infancy; and it formed before the American civil war the principal business carried on in the country, affording an advantageous field for the accumulation and employment of millions upon millions of capital, and of thousands upon thousands of workmen! The skill and genius by which these astonishing results were achieved have been one of the main sources of our power: they have contributed in no common degree to raise the British nation to the high and conspicuous place she now occu-

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^{*} Cotton: the Chemical, Geological, and Meteorological Conditions involved in its successful Cultivation. With an Account of the Actual Conditions and Practice of Culture in the Southern or Cotton States of North America, By Dr. John William Mallet. Chapman and Hall.

Cotton Cultivation in its various details, the Barrage of Great Rivers, and Instructions for Irrigating, Embanking, Draining, and Tilling Land in Tropical and other Countries possessing High Thermometric Temperatures, especially adapted to the Improvements of the Cultural Soils of India. By Joseph Gibbs. E. and F. N. Spon.

pies. Nor is it too much to say that it was the wealth and energy derived from the cotton manufacture that bore us triumphantly through the late dreadful contest, at the time that it gave us strength to sustain burdens that would have crushed our fathers, and could not be supported

by any other people.

Circumstances have, however, now arisen, which demand a thorough reconsideration of the whole subject. The magnitude of the interests involved give to such considerations the gravest importance; the necessities of the case also demand immediate action. Previously to 1790, North America did not supply us with a single pound weight of raw cotton. Yet in 1790 the total import had risen from 715,008 lbs. in 1710, to 31,447,605 lbs. (This according to M'Culloch's tables.) The reversion to the old sources of supply in the present day would not have the advantages of being that untried novelty which seems to terrify some persons so much. A little cotton had, indeed, been raised in some of the Southern States, for domestic use, before the revolutionary war, but the quantity was quite inconsiderable. In 1791, it began, for the first time, to be exported; the triffing quantity of 189,316 lbs. having been shipped in the course of that year, and 138,328 lbs. in 1792. Such was the late and feeble beginning of the American cotton trade. There is nothing in the history of industry to compare with its subsequent increase unless it be the growth of the manufacture in this country.

The cotton-plant, or rather different species of it, appear to be indigenous to Arabia and other portions of Africa, to India, China, and the New World. It seems to have been, however, first brought into Europe from Arabia, for the word cotton is manifestly derived from its Arabic name, "kûtun." Pliny tells us that in Upper Egypt, on the borders of Arabia, grew a shrub called gossypion, or xylon, of which the garments of the Egyptian priests were manufactured. The mummies of children have been found wrapped in cotton cloth, but those of adults are wrapped in linen, and the seeds of the cotton-plant have been found in the tombs of Egypt. Cotton was certainly known in the time of Esther (B.C. 500) in Israel, and Biblical critics are not satisfied that the Hebrew term "butz" does not signify cotton cloth in all the passages referred to under "byssus," as well as those where the word "butz" occurs.

The Latin name by which the cotton-plant is generically known also points to an Arabian origin—gossypium—being supposed to be derived from goz, or güz, which expresses in Arabia a silky substance. Herodotus, Ctesias, and Arrian speak of the cotton-plant as being indigenous in India, and it—or rather different species of the same genus—appears to be peculiar to the New as well as to the Old World. The cloth found in Peruvian and Mexican tombs is supposed to attest to its having existed in that country long before it could possibly have been carried to America by Eastern intercourse, and although the same point is not quite clear with regard to Western intercourse in primeval times, still it is further substantiated by the fact that the wild American cotton-plants are specifically different from those of the Old World; but at the present day the cotton of the West is cultivated in Africa and Asia, while that of the East has long since been introduced to the American plantations.

The fact is, that the sorts of cotton-plants are extremely numerous,

and, never having been critically and comparatively examined, are in great confusion. And yet it is a point of the first consequence to ascertain the exact nature of their differences and to name them with rigorous precision, for it is thus only that knowledge can be acquired of the kinds that yield the numerous qualities of cotton now in the market, and that the cultivator can be enabled to improve his plantations. But as Professor Royle very correctly observed, there are great, and in some respects insurmountable difficulties, as botanists have generally neglected the subject, and omitted mentioning the cultivated species; while cultivators have used provincial names, or applied new ones of their own, to the exclusion of any notice of the names in use among botanists. rendered it impossible for others to ascertain to what species their otherwise valuable observations refer. The celebrated De Candolle has admitted thirteen species, observing that they are all uncertain, and that no genus more requires the labour of a monographist; two additional species have been described by Dr. Roxburgh, one by Raeusch, and another in the "Flore de Senegambie." Dr. Von Rohr describes twenty-nine species or varieties, Mr. Badier eighteen, and Mr. Bennet mentions that he knew more than one hundred kinds, and that they appeared to him never ending. And yet so dangerous is the extreme of ignorance upon these matters, that there are not wanting those who, at a crisis that involves the happiness of millions of our fellow-creatures, are satisfied with so silly and supercilious a dictum as that "anybody can write about cotton now, and tell us what we ought to have done!"

Laying aside the folly and vanity of such empty-pated individuals, the actual state of knowledge upon the subject of the different kinds of cotton-plants, and their comparative availability in different climates, soils, and situations, is not creditable to the managers of colonial gardens; it says little for the good sense of the superintendents of those establishments, where alone the subject can be investigated, that there should not have been one good series of experiments, except Dr. Roxburgh's, upon record regarding a plant of such immense importance as cotton. In the West Indies, there have been public botanic gardens at Jamaica, St. Vincent's, and Trinidad; the last at least remains. In that situation all the varieties of cotton from the islands and the mainland of America might be cultivated side by side, and in the East no place could be more favourable for the comparison of all the sorts found in India and Africa than the botanic garden of the Mauritius. The results could, without difficulty, be accurately compared, and in a few years this great deside-

ratum in commercial knowledge might be supplied.

The situations in which cotton-plants have been advantageously cultivated are included between 35 deg. N. lat. and 35 deg. S., any local cultivations north or south of these points being exceptions to the general rule, which depend, as in Italy, at Smyrna, and at Tarsus, upon peculiarities of soil, climate, and situation. The regions favoured by cotton correspond in the zones of climate, in a meteorological map of the world, to the Torrid Zone, or to the regions between the Equator and the Isothermal lines of 70 deg., with the same local exceptions as are previously mentioned; to beyond the equatorial limit of the fall of snow in the northern and southern hemispheres; to the zone of periodical tropical rains; to that of frequent and almost permanent precipitation,

accompanied by electrical explosions; and, finally, in the Old World to some districts of winter rains, and in the Southern States to some districts of summer rains. But in all these cases under peculiar conditions to be afterwards described. In the equinoctial parts of America Humboldt found cotton growing at 9000 feet elevation above the sea; in Mexico, as high as 5500 feet; and Professor Royle saw it at the elevation of

4000 feet in the Himalaya.

Among the conditions above alluded to, the first is that the cotton-plant seems generally to prefer the vicinity of the sea in dry countries, and the interior districts of naturally damp climates: thus, while the best cotton is procured in India from the coast of Coromandel, or other maritime districts, and in the Southern States of North America from certain coast-islands, the coast cotton of Pernambuco is inferior to what is produced in the interior of that country. These facts lead to the inference that it is not merely temperature by which the quality of the cotton is affected, but a peculiar combination of heat, light, and moisture; the most favourable instance of which may be assumed to be the coast of Georgia and the Carolinas, and the worst to be Java and the coast of Brazil.

It is natural that it should be so when we consider the nature of cotton, which is a hairy or downy development of the surface of the seed, and nothing in the organisation of plants is more affected by the situation they live in than their hairs or down: thus scarcely any waterplants have hairs, except in a slight degree, while the same species, transferred to a dry, exposed situation, is closely covered with such organs, and vice versa. The quantity of hair is also affected in an extraordinary degree by local circumstances. The different specific qualities of different varieties of the cotton-plant must be also taken into account. A considerable number of varieties of cotton is certainly cultivated, although so little is correctly known about them. In some of them the cotton is long, in others it is short; this has it white, that nankeen-coloured; one may be cultivated advantageously where the mean winter temperature does not exceed 46 deg. or 48 deg., and another may require the climate This is just what happens with all cultivated plants. of the tropics. Some vines will produce only sweet wine, others only hard dry wine, and some are suited only to the table; some potatoes are destroyed by a temperature of 32 deg., while others will bear an average English winter; only one kind of wheat produces the straw from which the fine Leghorn plait for bonnets is prepared. But to multiply instances is unnecessary. There can be no doubt that the quantity and quality of cotton depend on climate in part, and upon the specific properties of different varieties also in part.

The finest kind of cotton in the Southern States of North America, and which commands the highest price, is called sea-island cotton, from the circumstance of its having been first cultivated in the low sandy islands on the coast from Charleston to Savannah. This cotton is composed of filaments longer than those of any other description, which circumstance, joined to its even and silky texture, fits it for the production of the finest yarns. The seed is black, and it is thence frequently called in South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida, the States in which it succeeds best, "black-seed cotton," to distinguish it from the short staple cotton

produced in the interior of those States, and which from a like natural cause is distinguished as "green-seed cotton." The seed of the seaisland cotton is sown every year; but the plant, when cultivated within the tropics, will live and yield harvests for several years in succession. It is supposed to have come from Persia, and the same species might, therefore, probably, be cultivated with success in the long valleys of the Euphrates, the Helmund, or Zurrah, and the Indus. Upland, or Bowed Georgia cotton, the green-seed kind, received its name of upland to distinguish it from the produce of the islands and low districts near the shores. The expression "bowed" was given as being descriptive of the means employed for loosening the seed from the filaments, which was accomplished by bringing a set of strings, attached to a bow, in contact with a heap of uncleaned cotton, and then striking the string so as to cause violent vibrations, and thus open the locks of cotton, and cause the

seeds to be easily separable from the filaments.

The genius of Mr. Eli Whitney did for the planters of the Southern States what the genius of Arkwright and Watt did for the manufacturers of Great Britain. He invented a machine by which the wool of the upland cotton (the supply of which may be considered as unlimited, whereas the reverse is the case with the sea-island cotton) is separated from the seed with the greatest facility and expedition, and by so doing laid the foundation of a new and most important branch of industry, and doubled the wealth and means of employment of his countrymen. ("Pitkin's Statistics of the United States," p. 109, ed. 1835.) Whitney's invention came into operation in 1793, and, in 1794, 1,601,760 lbs., and in 1795, 5,276,300 lbs. of cotton were exported. And so astonishing has been the growth of cotton since that period, that the exports from the United States, in 1849, amounted to the prodigious quantity of 1,026,602,269 lbs! of which 1,014,633,010 lbs. were upland. duce of the cotton crops of the United States was, in 1824, 560,000 bales, in 1850, 2,096,706 bales. Professor Burnett ("Outlines of Botany," vol. ii. p. 817, ed. 1835) estimated, from parliamentary returns, the annual imports of cotton into this country at about 227,000,000 lbs. In 1828 there were 227,760,000 lbs. imported. Of this quantity 151,752,000 lbs. were from the United States (M'Culloch gives for the same year, in his tables, 210,590,463 lbs. as the amount of exports from the United States), 29,143,000 lbs. from Brazil, 32,187,000 lbs. from the East Indies, 6,454,000 lbs. from Egypt, 5,893,000 lbs. from the British West Indies, 726,000 lbs. from Columbia, and 471,000 lbs. from Egypt and Continental Greece. These returns give some idea of the immense value of this plant, in the manufacture of whose seed-down there was invested at that epoch a capital, in Great Britain alone, of 56,000,000l., giving direct employment to upwards of 830,000 of our population, and being manufactured into goods of the annual value of 36,000,000l.

These figures have gone on increasing until civil war broke out in America, and the great field of cotton cultivation became the scene of blood-shedding and devastation. The quantities of cotton imported from the principal cotton-producing countries in the year 1861, and the increase and decrease thereon respectively, as compared with the year

1860, were as follows:

	1861.		Increase.		Decrease.	
	cwt.		cwt.		cwt.	
France	8,531	***	-		10,993	
Egypt	365,108	***	-	• • •	27,339	
West Africa	1,389	***	-		680	
United States	7,316,969		Personal Property Control of the Con		2,646,340	
Brazil	154,378	•••	31	•••	2,010,010	
Peru	3,585	•••	1.014			
South Africa	6,203		5,017			
Mauritius	7,288		0,011		20,962	
British East Indies		***	1,472,315			
	3,295,004	•••	, ,		₩ A 17/A	
British West Indies	1,862		40.4	. * * *	5,474	
British Guiana		***	434		-	
All other parts	60,281	***	36,959		-	
-					-	
Total	11,223,078		1,515,770		2,711,788	
					1,515,770	
Decrease in 186.	l as to 1860				1,196,018	
					, ,	

While the United States show a falling off to the extent of 2,646,340 cwt. in the year 1861, the British East Indies have an increase of 1,472,315 cwt. The decrease in the imports from the other countries is due in all probability to the circumstance of the owners having held back their supplies in the prospect of higher prices being obtained. Up to the end of May, 1862, the quantities from all parts brought into the United Kingdom amount to about four and a quarter million cwt. less than in the corresponding period of 1861; or five and a half millions against one and a quarter millions.

To compensate, however, in some degree for the scant cotton store, five million more pounds of wool have been imported in the five months of this year than in that period of 1861; of flax there is an increase of

119,745 cwt.; of hemp, 65,097 cwt.; and of jute, 17,789 cwt.

Dr. John William Mallet's work on cotton, and the chemical, geological, and meteorological conditions involved in its successful cultivation, comprises almost all that can be said of the actual conditions and practice of culture in the Southern or Cotton States of North America. It is, then, the almost indispensable manual by which the cultivator must guide himself elsewhere. Dr. Mallet also subjected the cotton-plant of India and Africa to a similar investigation, but the results of these important researches are not comprised in the present work. The editor-Robert Mallet-expresses his opinion that, so far as these researches go, they must tend to correct the very prevalent mistake (continually repeated by the daily press in England), that cotton can be grown anywhere if there be but a tropical or semi-tropical climate, the truth being that it is a plant as limited and circumscribed by conditions of growth and seeding as the vine itself. The editor is undoubtedly, to a certain extent, right, and it concerns all who are interested in the question, to consider well what those conditions are, and how far they are modified by circumstances, also how far other varieties of the cotton-plant may be made as available and as remunerative as the Cotton States' varieties, and which will thrive under different circumstances to those under which the varieties cultivated in the said States are placed. The results arrived at with respect to the

cotton cultivation in the Southern States, and more especially of Alabama, may be given in Dr. Mallet's own words:

The great mass of the plant—root, stem, branches, leaves, and emptied bolls—remains upon the field, and is ploughed into the soil, which is enriched by the rapid decay of the organic matter. Nothing is removed except the fibre and seed; and a large proportion, if not the whole of the latter, is by judicious planters returned to the land—cotton-seed is, in fact, almost the only material used as manure in the cotton region of America; a large amount is added to the soil by the ordinary mode of sowing, the seed being thickly strewn by handfuls, in a continuous row, upon which, after thinning, but a few plants are allowed to remain. The cotton fibre, which constitute the true saleable product, and is absolutely carried off from the land, must be looked upon as a very light crop; a bale of 400 or 500 lbs. to the acre, is sometimes obtained, under favourable circumstances; but this is much above the average for upland cotton. The fibre yields 1 or 1½ per cent. of ash, so that at the most 7½ lbs. of mineral matter per acre will be removed from the soil annually.

According to Johnston ("Lectures on Agricultural Chemistry," p. 216), a crop of wheat of 25 bushels to the acre, removes from the soil, in the grain alone, about 17.65 lbs. of mineral matter; a crop of barley of 38 bushels carries off, in the grain, 46.98 lbs.; a crop of oats of 50 bushels, in the grain, 58.05 lbs. According to Liebig ("Letters on Modern Agriculture," p. 41), an average crop of potatoes removes from each acre about 163 lbs. of mineral matter; and one

of beet (leaves included) about 458 lbs.

With respect to climate. Cotton needs a high summer temperature, although not properly a tropical plant; it produces fibre in diminished quantity, though of improved quality, when removed from a southern locality to one farther north; it never seems to be directly injured by the most intense mid-day heat; when other crops, including even Indian corn, are drooping under a blazing sun, the large succulent-looking leaves of a cotton-field will but seem to enjoy the congenial temperature. As is said by the writer of a pamphlet published by the

Cotton-Supply Association—"cotton is decidedly a sun plant."

The proper supply of moisture is a point of at least equal importance with temperature, and here appears undoubtedly to lie the main difficulty, hitherto experienced, in attempts to extend the culture of cotton into new regions. Published statements differ greatly as to the effect of moisture or dryness upon the plant, some writers affirming that a wet season is ruinous to cotton, and that drainage is of the first importance; while others—especially many of those treating of cultivation in India—insist that irrigation is more necessary than anything else. Dr. Royle well says: "Such terms as moisture and dryness are so entirely comparative, that in one country we hear the cotton-plant described as one requiring moisture, and in another we find it stated that no plant requires so little. The fact being, that the plant can bear both great heat and considerable want of water, provided it is growing in a not over-dry atmosphere."

The last sentence states an important part of the truth, but, I think, not the whole; it draws a distinction between two forms in which moisture may be supplied to the growing plant, whereas it would seem that four should be

separately noticed:

1. The atmosphere may contain a greater or less amount of water in the state of vapour, up to the so-called point of saturation.

2. The atmosphere may be super-saturated, or, in other words, precipitation

of liquid water, as rain, &c., may take place from it.

3. The soil may contain a greater or less amount of water, intimately united with it, whether by adhesion or in chemical combination; such water as is rapidly absorbed from the air by artificially dried soil, and can afterwards be expelled only by the application of a high temperature. This water does not render the soil moist to the touch. It can accumulate in a particular soil to a

certain extent only, and this limit may be called the point of saturation of the soil.

4. The soil may be super-saturated; that is to say, liquid water, evident to the senses as such, may mix with the earth, and render it in the common sense of the term, moist or wet.

Now, it would seem that the larger the relative amount of water, in the first and third of these forms, taken up by the cotton-plant, and the smaller the quantity received in the second and fourth forms (at least during the greater

part of its period of growth), the more favourable will be the result.

In water-soaked soil—i. e. soil holding water in the fourth condition mentioned—cotton will not thrive. The following statements are borne out by the general experience of planters: "The tap-root of the cotton-plant will not strike down into wet soil." "On wet land the cotton-plant grows small, looks sickly, or scalds in the hot sun, it bears but little raw cotton, and takes twice the labour to cultivate it, as the grass usually grows the faster around the plants, and is much more difficult to kill out." Such soil will obviously be benefited by draining.

To sum up the results of the examination of this fertile cotton-soil, it is shown to be a stiff aluminous clay, containing moderate amounts of organic matter, and of the mineral substances needed by the plant as food—of great uniformity, and in an exceedingly fine state of division; above all, possessing a very high capacity for absorbing and retaining heat, moisture, gases, and soluble

mineral matter.

These being, then, the physical circumstances under which cotton best prospers in the Southern States of North America, there only remains one or two observations to be made in regard to those States before disposing of that portion of the inquiry which we propose to ourselves. All "discreet economists" anticipate that a not distant conclusion of political convulsions will leave the Southern States the mastery in cotton supply of the world, a mastery guaranteed to them by conditions natural and social, that, according to some of these same "discreet economists," cannot be imitated or transferred elsewhere. As far as the social conditions under which this mastery is founded, we hope it will never be transplanted elsewhere, but in as far as the natural conditions are concerned, we hope to be able to show that they may be found abundantly elsewhere. That at the possible proximate conclusion of the civil war the Southern States will resume their supremacy in the cultivation of cotton we have not the least doubt, but we do doubt if it will be to the same extent as heretofore; both capital and labour have undergone a great convulsion in those countries, less confidence will be felt in them, and the very fact of the exhaustion of soil and labour, and the necessity with slave labour of constantly extending its area, was one among the many causes that led to the war of secession, by constantly pitting the cupidity of the Free States against the spirit of aggrandisement, forced upon them by the necessity of circumstances, of the Slave States. Professor Cairnes particularly dwells upon this point in the history of the great cotton-growing regions of America, and Dr. Mallet himself remarks, speaking of the Southern States, that although a glance at any map showing the amount of land already occupied there by man, as compared with that of the untouched forest, will at once prove that no great change is to be looked for in many years to come, yet ought some interest in this problem to be felt, even in America, by any one who observes the many "worn-out" fields to be seen in all but the most recently settled States, and notes the

often-met waggon of the (American) emigrant seeking new land in a newer State, to be worn out in its turn. Such an agricultural system as this cannot last for ever, though, owing to the great natural resources of the country, it may long be borne. But the demand for cotton throughout the world is rapidly increasing, and America only in part satisfied it

even before the existing convulsion.

The actual and imperious necessity of opening new regions for the cultivation of cotton is therefore manifest, even granting the proximate cessation of war and the re-opening of the markets of the Southern States. An additional supply is wanted, and it is at the same time most desirable in the interests of a large section of humanity that the supply for the manufactories, not of England alone, but for those of France, Germany, and the rest of Europe, should be, as far as possible, regular, and not exposed to sudden extinction. It must be borne in mind, too, that every new field of cultivation opened, benefits the natives and residents of the country concerned, tends to cause free labour to supersede slave labour, and is especially calculated to enhance the value and to raise the prosperity of our colonies and colonists.

The West Indian Islands can grow, it is well known, sea-island and upland cotton as well as the Southern States; but not only is slavery prohibited in those islands, but the exportation of free-black labour is likewise forbidden by the legislative interference of certain philanthropists, who seem to think that the black man was not like the rest of the world, born to labour. To place the cotton cultivation of the West Indies upon a fair footing with that of the Southern States, another class of philanthropists should legislate a heavy tax upon such cotton as is the

produce of forced or slave labour.

Most of the cotton produced, whether in Cuba, Hayti, Mexico, Central America, or Southern America, is the produce of slave labour; we shall not, therefore, devote further space to its consideration beyond what may be useful in illustrating the natural conditions under which cotton is found to prosper. The lands upon both coasts of Central America are stated by Mr. Squier ("Notes on Central America," p. 184) to be well adapted for cotton, which, however, is not now produced, except in small quantities at a few points by the Indians, for their own peculiar manufactures. The experiments which have been made in the production of this staple, both in San Salvador and Nicaragua, have been in every way satisfactory, so far as the quality of the article itself is concerned; but the difficulty of procuring skilled and, above all, steady labour, proved insuperable, and led to the abandonment of the projected plantations. Nevertheless, during one year, fifty thousand bales, of 300 lbs. each, were exported from the western ports of Nicaragua. According to Mr. Bailey, "it took a high standard in the Manchester market," where it would always have commanded a ready sale.

Sartorius says, in his work on "Mexico and the Mexicans" (pp. 174-175), that cotton in that country thrives only where the winter months are without rain, especially on the coasts of the Southern Ocean and on the west side of the Cordilleras, to the height of three thousand feet; on the east side the winter in the neighbourhood of the mountains is too damp, the cotton is spoilt by dew and rain, in consequence of which it is planted in the tierra caliente, or hot-coast regions only. The districts

of Hacotaplan, Cuzamalupan, and Tastla, in the state of Vera Cruz, and the coast of Yucatan, produce the best cotton on the east side. The cotton in Mexico is usually planted between the maize, when the latter is already three or four feet high, and freed from weeds. The plant remains small, until the maize harvest, when the shade is removed and vegetation proceeds more vigorously. By breaking the tops and pressing it downwards, a creeping plant is made of it, and it is affirmed to be more productive in this form. In the whole country only one sort was formerly planted—the green-seed cotton, or Gulf cotton; but it is not, Sartorius adds, "the best of the sorts now grown." There are several points of practical interest in this account, the most prominent of which is, that the best sorts of cotton in Mexico are not the best sorts of the Southern States; and so it will be found elsewhere, that cotton not only varies with countries, but that it does not follow that, because one variety should produce the best cotton in one country, another variety should not produce a staple of equal merit in another, or that different varieties should not be either created by, or prosper most, under different circumstances.

The position of the West Indies is, in regard to the cultivation of cotton, the same as it is in regard to sugar. The freed negro will not work so long as he can squat, and be supplied by a bounteous nature. Barbadoes alone, where there is no spare land for squatters, is in a flourishing condition, as the blacks are thus compelled to labour to earn an existence. They manage better in the French West Indian Islands. The quantity of cotton wool imported from the British West Indies and British Guiana into the United Kingdom, in 1848, was 640,437 lbs.; in 1849, 944,307 lbs.; in 1850, only 228,913 lbs. In 1861 it had fallen to 1862 cwt., from the British West Indies alone, being a decrease of 5474 cwt. on the preceding year, and 2480 cwt. from British Guiana, being an increase of 434 cwt. on the previous year. But in the latter country, amongst the alterations that have taken place in the social and political condition, the most remarkable is that which has been effected in the relations between the African slave and his Creole descendant. Introduced into this colony about three centuries ago, the slave has passed from a state of oppressed ignorance to the position of a thriving and independent peasant. He has gone through bondage, toil, and degradation; he has been brought into contact with several civilised races; and his character and habits, his physical as well as mental features have been modified to a surprising extent. The Creole nation (for so we may now term it) stands midway between its African progenitors and its European teachers. (Dalston: "History of British Guiana," vol. ii. pp. 2 and 3, ed. 1855.)

According to the Count de la Hure ("L'Empire du Brésil," p. 193 et seq., ed. 1862), the variety of cotton which furnishes the best produce in Brazil is, he says, known indifferently to naturalists as the Gossypium conglomeratum, seu Peruvianum, seu acuminatum. This is a black-seeded cotton. M. de la Hure remarks precisely as Dr. Mallet has done, that the cotton-plant dreads heavy rains and lands that are too moist and inundated; it nevertheless delights in a damp soil, but it must be permeable and present a ready drainage, the deep roots of the plant per-

mitting it to effectually resist long droughts. Water remaining at the foot of the plants makes them sickly, and ends by destroying them.

The Brazilian provinces that contribute most to the cotton supply are Pernambuco, Parahyba do Norte, Das Alagôas, Maranhao, and Para. India, according to Professor Royle, possesses only two distinct species of cotton, Gossypium herbaceum and Gossypium arboreum, of which there are several varieties, some of which have spread north, and also into the south of Europe and into Africa. The American varieties are, according to the same authority, obtained from two entirely distinct species Gossypium Barbadense-of which different varieties yield the sea-island, upland, Georgian, and New Orleans cottons; while Gossypium Peruvianum yields the Brazil, Pernambuco, and other South American cottons. These species are original natives of America. M. de la Hure calls, we have seen, the latter the cotton-plant of Maranhao, or Gossypium conglomeratum, seu Peruvianum, seu acuminatum. And it is still the best. Next comes the Gossypium Barbadense, with brown down; then the Gossypium religiosum, or Chinese cotton, of a nankeen colour; the Gossypium vitifolium, or vine-leaved cotton-plant, with down of a greenish colour; the Gossypium rubium, or common cotton-plant; Gossypium Indicum herbaceum and Gossypium Indicum arboreum, which correspond simply to G. arboreum and G. herbaceum.

Up to the year 1800 the Pernambuco cotton was as much sought after as any other kind in the market, but the Brazilians, blind to their real interests, sacrificed quality for quantity; species were cultivated solely with regard to their productiveness, and not to their staple, seeds became mixed, the cotton degenerated, and the bales were moistened in order to increase their weight. The consequence of such disloyal and short-sighted proceedings has been the falling off of the cotton trade of Brazil to, according to M. de la Hure, 14,413,677 kilogrammes, or 981,477 arrobas; or, according to our table, to 154,378 cwt., in as far as Great

Britain is concerned.

The importation of cotton from the western parts of South America is but trifling. The regions suitable for the cultivation of cotton in Venezuela, Granada, Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia, and Chili, are situated on plateaus at a greater or less elevation above the level of the sea, and the cotton which is native to the country could by cultivation be brought to the highest possible degree of perfection. As it is, however, Peru only contributed 3585 cwt. to the British market in 1861, but that is nearly twice as much as the British West Indies.* It is probable that the suspension of cultivation and exportation of cotton from the Southern States of North America will give a new impetus to the cotton growths

^{*} A remarkable instance of what may be done by personal enterprise is related by Mr. Markham, in his work on "Cuzco and Lima," p. 44, in reference to the fertile plain of San Xavier, which was purchased by Don Domingo Elias from the republican government, and which now contains, besides the vineyards of San Xavier, the cotton estates of San José, Santa Isabella de Lacra, and Coyungo, with water-mills and presses. For its exportation Don Domingo has opened the port of Lomas on the coast, whence he ships off about 12,000 quintals of cotton from his own estates, and 28,000 more, which he buys up from the haciendas of other proprietors. Markham estimates the cotton produce of Peru as in 1838 equal to 30,412 quintals or cwts., and in 1840, 33,340 cwts.

of South America, and it is to be hoped that the growers will be able to understand better their own interests than to follow so suicidal a policy as M. de la Hure describes as having been pursued by the Brazilians.

Almost all the inhabited regions of Africa contain districts that are more or less favourable to the growth of the cotton-plant. Egypt, where cotton appears to have been cultivated in the time of the Pharaohs, contributes its 300,000 odd pounds to the British stock. Tripoli, Tunis, Algeria, and Morocco have their cotton-growing localities, which, however, do not present by any means the same advantages as are to be met with in more southerly latitudes, and we cannot help feeling surprised at hearing that certain Manchester capitalists propose irrigating and draining a considerable extent of land in Algeria for the purpose of planting cotton, when we have our own colonies on the same continent, and our enterprising travellers are daily opening new lands for the cultivation of

the same staple.

The cotton produce of Western Africa has not hitherto been developed, owing to causes which any one curious in the matter may find discussed at length in Captain Hewett's little book recently published (" European Settlements on the West Coast of Africa; with remarks on the Slavetrade and the Supply of Cotton"). If the lands composing our dependencies on the west coast of Africa, this writer says, are capable of being converted into smiling gardens, as undoubtedly might be the case, the question then is, why are they not? And to what cause is to be attributed this waste of the blessings tendered by a beneficent Creator? The answer is—1. Bad management. 2. The peculiarity of the position and of native character. 3. False philanthropy and evil teaching. Having to a certain extent proved his premises, the captain goes on to show that a remedy is possible. It seems to me, he says, that if capitalists were cognisant of the capabilities of the country, and were encouraged to invest money in turning to account those capabilities—viz. by cultivating the land; or if governors possessing energy, business qualifications, and zeal were appointed, and funds placed at their disposal, considerable improvement might be effected, and a severer blow would be dealt to the existence of the slave-trade than by the maintenance of a preventive squadron.

With regard to the impediments thrown in the way of obtaining free labour by the pampered idleness and cherished depravity of freed negro slaves, Captain Hewett remarks pertinently enough, after advocating the right of emigration for free black labour to the West Indies and elsewhere, and which is denied to it by a mistaken philanthropy, that with respect to West Africa we may justly assume that many negroes would be found in so large a continental population who would labour for wages, and that sufficient hands would be forthcoming to turn the wilderness into a region producing all the luxuries and necessaries required by the denizens of less fertile countries; and if this is a fact, why should not our settlements on the west coast of Africa produce sufficient cotton to supply

demand?

Many people deny that the soil of Western Africa is adapted to the cultivation of the cotton-plant, but the reply to this objection is, that it grows indigenously; that it is already extensively produced; that the quality of the African cloths is extraordinarily good; and that a specimen

of the wild cotton which Captain Hewett brought home with him, having been submitted to the secretary of the Cotton-Supply Association, is stated to be "softer in character than the American (cultivated), but shorter in staple, and its value about ninepence per pound. Captain Burton also attests, since he has been on the western coast, in a letter to Dr. Norton Shaw ("Proc. R. G. S.," vol. vi., No. 2, p. 65), to the capabilities of more south-westerly regions. "There is no mistake," he says, "about cotton growing in these regions (Abiya-Kula). It can be carried all over Yomba; there is, moreover, a very valuable kind called

'akashe,' soft as silk."

It has been urged with regard to West Africa, as it has with regard to Natal and Queensland, that even were labour procurable proprietors would not grow cotton, as sugar is so much more profitable. But the reply to this is very simple, that the cotton-plant requires a totally different soil to the sugar-cane; the one demands a moist but permeable soil, with a clear exposure, the other a hot, marshy, umbrageous locality; and hence throughout the West Indies and South America both are grown, with other intertropical products, to great advantage. Captain Hewett remarks that in respect to West Africa, as the natives now cultivate cotton, the difficulty might be overcome by adopting the same principle with regard to cotton as is customary with palm-oil, viz. by establishing depôts in various rivers for the reception of the whole native supply. This would apply to the Niger, the Benuwe, the Congo, and other rivers, as well as to the Gambia and the Senegal. But the captain further says that he firmly believes that if steps were taken to obtain an adequate supply of labour by the enlistment of free emigrants, Sierra Leone, the Gambia, and the country around our newly-acquired territory, Lagos, would of themselves alone produce sufficient cotton to supply all Europe!

The plan adopted by Dr. Baikie, who planted himself so courageously upon the Central Niger for a lengthened period of time, and by Dr. Livingstone, who has, it is well known, discovered a cotton-growing and cotton-spinning population on the uplands of the river Shire, or Shiri, has been not to attempt merely to make Christians of the natives, as is done in West Africa, without accustoming them to regular habits of industry; but to discipline them, to induce them or compel them to labourto teach them that labour is the duty of all men-and to make Christianity go hand in hand with industry, and great results may be expected, both moral and physical, from such admirable modes of proceeding. There can be no doubt but that just, as under the present system of emigration, encouragement is only given to such as possess character for morality and industry, and hence the colonies obtain the pick of our population, the very bone, sinew, muscle, and marrow, leaving the least active and more worthless at home, so our tropical settlements would under a system of emigration of free blacks secure the labour of the most enter-

prising and valuable of the inhabitants of Africa.

The vast territory of Sudan, Negroland, or Nigritia, is especially worthy of consideration in connexion with cotton cultivation. No country is more remarkable in the world for its extent, population, industry and productiveness, and for its utter isolation. Here is a country of as great extent as India or China, with which no intercourse is held save by the occasional traveller. Yet does it produce cotton, among innumerable

other things, from one end of the country to the other. "After having traversed," says Barth, "vast deserts of the most barren soil, and scenes of the most frightful desolation, I met with fertile lands, irrigated by large navigable rivers and extensive central lakes, ornamented with the finest timber, and producing various species of grain, rice, sesamum, ground nuts in unlimited abundance, the sugar-cane, &c., together with cotton and indigo, the most valuable commodities of trade. The whole of Central Africa, from Bagirmi in the east," adds that intelligent traveller, "as far as Timbuktu in the west, abounds in these products. The natives of these regions not only weave their own cotton, but dye their homemade shirts with their own indigo." (Preface, vol. i. p. xx.) The natives of Negroland take, however, very little care of their cotton-plantations; and Barth elsewhere (vol. iii. p. 142) observes that there is no doubt that if sufficient care was bestowed quite a different quality might be produced. Even when, as in Dikowa, the cotton-fields were almost buried beneath the thicket, and overgrown not only with rank grass, but even trees and bushes, so that scarcely any space was left for the plant to spread out; nevertheless, their luxuriant growth bore ample testimony to the rich (and we may add appropriate) nature of the soil, and gave an idea

of the wealth that lies buried in these regions.

The chief industry of the natives of Dikowa consists in weaving and manufacturing into shirts the cotton which they grow; for they are almost exclusively cotton-growers, and have very little corn. But although they are able to produce a fine sort of texture, they are badly off for dyeing, and in this respect are far outstripped by the inhabitants of Ujé and Makari. A peculiar kind of cotton, much esteemed, called worzi by the Arabs, and noticed by "the accurate and princely geographer, Abu Obéd Allah el Bekri, in 1068," grows in Kororofa. (Barth, ii. 579.) The "el harrotafe" of Kong, a large town of Mandingoes or Wangara, wove in alternating stripes in red and black, is much sought for at Timbuktu. (Barth, iv. p. 557.) Zagha, a town of Sudan, celebrated by the Arab geographers, is still so on account of its tari or leppi. (Barth, v. p. 475.) Barth also noticed in his progress fine cotton plantations on the Niger, in Birni (vol. v. p. 286); and again at Saga, where were also numbers of horses (vol. v. p. 289). Cotton, according to Leo Africanus (lib. vii. c. 13), was extensively cultivated in the province of Zanfara at the beginning of the sixteenth century; and when Barth visited the walled town of Badarawa, he found the market attended by nearly ten thousand people, and well supplied with cotton (vol. iv. p. 125). The principal commerce of Kano, one of the chief cities of Negroland, and sometimes designated as its Manchester, consists of the cotton cloth woven and dyed there, or in the neighbouring towns. (Barth, ii. p. 125.) El Bekri, and other older geographers, tell us that the art of weaving was very flourishing on the Upper Niger, and especially in the town of Silla, as far back as the eleventh century.

Gabaga, or cotton strips, are used as money in Kukawa, in the country towns of the empire of Bornu, also in the kingdom of Bagirmi, where they are called farda; likewise in Libtako, where they are called farawel; in Isaye, in Timbuktu, where native cloth manufactured in Kano forms the general medium of exchange for the most important articles of trade, gold, salt, and the kola nut (Barth, v. 30); and, finally, in Adamawa,

where we are told the standard of the market is the native cotton, woven, as it is, all over Negroland, in narrow strips, called leppi. (Barth, ii. p. 446.) We may, therefore, reasonably expect the same thing to be the case, and the same cultivation to exist, partially through the vast unexplored regions that extend between the Bénuwé and the Upper Nile and Eastern Lake districts, and which comprise the water basins of the Liba, Riba, or Dabo,

and the mysterious tomb of the Sultan Sulaman Ban Bigli.

The river—the far-famed Niger, which gives access to these regions, more especially by means of its eastern branch, the Bénuwé—affords an uninterrupted navigable sheet of water for more than six hundred miles, into the very heart of the country. Its western branch is obstructed by rapids, at the distance of about three hundred and fifty miles from the coast; but even at that point it is probably not impassable in the present state of navigation, while higher up the river opens, an immense high road for nearly one thousand miles into the very heart of Western Africa,

so rich in every kind of produce.

The spirit of adventure and enterprise of Great Britain seems to be ittle more than empty boast in presence of the feeble attempts made to bring these vast extents of territory within the circle of commerce, and that at a time when stations on the river might be made as available for obtaining free black labour as well as the free produce of the blacks. The bright days of Great Britain seem, indeed, to be on the wane, when we find the opening of the most promising cotton lands in the world—the alluvial plains of Babylonia and Chaldea-discountenanced, in the mere apprehension of giving offence to a neighbouring Power that is engaged in opening a canal-way to India; and the proffered gift of the great cotton-growing islands of the Pacific, the Fijji Islands, rejected, in the dread of being involved in native wars, and possibly disputes, with other civilised countries! (Athenæum, No. 1812, p. 81.) And this, after the concession made by King Thakombau, after the declaration of the advisability of the protectorate by the naval authorities—for we have valuable possessions on either side, as at Vancouver and Sydney, but not an islet or a rock in the seven thousand miles of ocean that separate them, while France possesses New Caledonia, Tahiti, and the Marquesas; after the Cotton Supply Association of Manchester having reported that such a range of excellent cotton is scarcely now received from any cottongrowing country, and that the great supply received from the United States does not realise half so high an average value—from $7\frac{1}{2}$ d. to 1s., the estimated range of Fijji cotton; and lastly, after it is declared that the two hundred thousand natives—estimated as the population of the islands—would afford plenty of labour! Hadrian has succeeded to Trajan as the lion's caterer, and Great Britain is humbled on every side by insults to the once triumphant God Terminus.

The seed named the "petit gulf prolific" is said to be the most successful yet tried at Natal. One pound weight of this seed, which costs ten shillings, is sufficient to plant an acre of ground. The yield of one acre, having 6000 plants on it, averaged two and a half pounds of seed-cotton per plant, which, when reduced by the cotton-cleaning gin, gave one pound and one quarter of clean cotton per plant: at sixpence per pound this would give the enormous return of 1871. 10s. sterling per acre. There are, at the lowest computation, 640,000 acres on the lower,

or coast-line terrace of the colony, which will produce cotton of this quality, so that our manufactories might obtain 4,800,000,000 lbs. of cotton from one of the smallest and latest-acquired of our colonies. The misfortune of Natal is, like other promising places, the want of labour: the Kaffirs, like other nomadic pastoral races, cannot be persuaded to till the ground, and Coolie labour, or free black labour, is wanted, and, as Mr. Lyons M'Leod ("Travels in Eastern Africa," &c., vol. i. p. 143) justly remarks, should be hampered with no regulation which is not for the protection of the labourer. "By restricting the supply of labour to our colonies, obstacles," said the same able man, writing before the present crisis was even dreamt of, "are placed in the way of their development, which prevent them so successfully competing with the Slave-labour

States of America and Cuba as they otherwise might do."

Mr. M'Leod goes further, for disregarding the necessity of upholding free labour by a tax on the produce of slave labour, not because it is foreign, which would be protection, but because it is slave-grown, he says: "By supplying abundance of labour our colonies will produce supplies for European markets in so great abundance, and at such a great reduction in cost, that the working men of our own country will be able to obtain in plenty many articles which are now looked upon almost as luxuries, although absolutely necessaries to over-worked frames, while at the same time the produce of slave labour, being so much dearer, will find no market, and the producing article, namely, slave labour, must entirely cease." Would that it were so! But, excepting for certain drawbacks before alluded to, we have too many evidences that slavery, with the superintendence and organisation of white men, is the cheapest system of mere rude labour which the world has ever seen, not to apprehend that free labour cannot compete with it unless the produce of slave labour were taxed. A West Indian planter, writing upon the subject of the cheapness of slave labour, says:

If it is to be given up, then unquestionably we must be prepared to pay a higher price than heretofore for our cotton supplies. Yet there is no doubt that cotton may be grown by free labour, and at prices considerably lower than now prevail, if free labour could be assured of a steady demand and a fair market, and one not again to be pitted against slave labour. Guarantees and bounties have been spoken of, but let it not be said that the cotton-growers of the East or West Indies, or other countries, so far as I am aware, ask for bounties. What they do ask for is, some assurance that they are not again to be sacrificed to slavery and to a pro-slavery policy. Let slavery come to an end, or withdraw from it the avowed advantages which, as slavery, it now enjoys. To do this, no extreme or violent measures are needed. With present prices no fiscal burdens are required. But if slave cotton should again revive, and the price of cotton should fall from 1s. 6d. a pound to below 9d., for example, place a moderate tax, varying with the fall of price upon slave cotton, not because it is foreign, which would be protection, but because it is slave-grown. Let the tax, if you will, bear not oppressively upon slavery. Treat slavery tenderly, if you please. Give the slave-trader fair play and equal justice, but no more. But withdraw from him bounties and premiums for keeping his fellow-beings in bondage. Let him have no obvious advantage in so doing over the free-labour cultivator, who pays wages for the labour which he hires, but does not steal. Above all, abandon at once and for ever the hypocrisy of employing a degraded agent to do for you—for you, religious and respectable England—what you boast of being ashamed to do for yourself!

Let the tax, then, offer no advantage either to free or slave labour. Let it only withdraw premiums and bounties from the maintenance of slavery. Thus far be at least impartial. Let the fiscal burden, in short, bear but some reasonable relation to the difference in cost of free and slave labour, and to endure only while the taint and cheap advantage of slavery remain, but to be withdrawn the moment slavery is at an end. That, I believe, would accomplish every object, and avoid the necessity of bounties or guarantees to the growth of cotton by free labour.

Shall it be said that this would be an unwise interference with the laws of trade—with the sublime rules of "supply and demand?" If that be so, then all I can say is, that further and intense suffering appears to be necessary to arouse the intelligence and moral sense of England to the stern realities of the

situation.

It is boasted of our unrivalled machinery that by it the labour of one man in spinning and manufacturing cotton is made equal to that of one hundred and fifty men working by hand labour. If that be so, why, may I ask, should not the manufacturers who possess these marvellous advantages afford to pay for their raw material the honest wages of raising it? Suppose that, instead of 40,000,000%, they in future paid 50,000,000% for their cotton. What then? Does any one believe that their trade would be ruined or decline in consequence? Nay, what rival can approach them in the race, while the markets of

the world are open to them?

To the manufacturers themselves, to the down-trodden slaves, to the growers of cotton by free labour throughout the world, conceive the advantages of such a change! Let, therefore, slavery be doomed; or, if not renounced, at least no longer be treated preferentially. Withdraw, in a word, protection from slavery, and refuse bounties on its maintenance. Let that be done—and no other bounty or guarantee is required—and we shall soon have hundreds of cotton-fields open to our enterprise, and abundant exchanges to our trade. If this be speedily done, a healthy system may be firmly established before the ruin of the present system has been accomplished.

That which applies to Natal also naturally applies itself, with slight exceptions of detail as to soil and other circumstances, to many other points on the eastern coast of Africa and to neighbouring countries, as Madagascar, the Mauritius, Bourbon, Zanzibar, &c. The cotton on the Zambesi is upland cotton, and the cotton plantations of the Mauritius, which once enjoyed a well-earned celebrity, are, according to Mr. Pridham ("England's Colonial Empire—The Mauritius," p. 242), in but a sad condition. Cotton, it appears, superseded coffee, and the latter was superseded by indigo, the cultivation of which became most popular. All these countries are in the same transition state as the western coast of Africa; not only is slavery prohibited, but every difficulty is put in the way of obtaining free black labour, hence the tricks of shipowners, the affair of the Charles and Georges, and the constant misunderstandings that are daily arising in these seas between the Portuguese, the French, and the natives and the English.

Fellah labour, the barrage of the Nile, and an administration in advance of that of most Muhammadan states, renders Egypt a productive cotton-growing country, the amount imported in Great Britain alone in 1861 amounting to 365,108 cwt., which, although a decrease of 27,339 cwt. from 1860, still places it third in the list of cotton-growing countries in the world. This purely owing to the absence of the much-boasted enter-

prise of Great Britain in her own colonies.*

^{*} Mr. Gibbs remarks, that although Egypt produces cotton of a very fair

Cotton is found apparently wild in Upper Egypt; it is cultivated in Shwa, or Shoa, and other countries at the head-waters of the Nile, as well as in other parts of Africa, but it has not yet been settled whether these are indigenous or introduced plants. Cotton would certainly seem to be indigenous in Negroland, as also on the Shiré, or Shiri, but it was also, no doubt, imported from India in those remote times when, as Heeren has clearly shown, the course of Indian trade lay both by caravans from Northern India and by boats up the Euphrates, whence the commodities of India crossed over to Syria by Tadmor or Palmyra (2 Chron. viii. 4), as also by the Red Sea to Egypt. Cotton was, we have seen, manifestly

known to the Hebrews in the time of Esther (B.C. 500).

Herbaceous cotton is cultivated in many parts of Syria. seen it successfully cultivated north of Aleppo, especially near Azass, on limestone plains with a clear sunny exposure and little moisture, at an elevation of from eight hundred to one thousand feet above the level of Mr. Gibbs notices the coast of the Mediterranean, and along the Comachio, north of Ravenna, the coast of Salonica, and Tarsus, as promising cotton-lands. There is no doubt that the Aleian plain of old, in Cilicia, could be made to constitute a most productive cottongrowing district; it is already partly marsh, and could be irrigated by the waters either of the Sarus or the Cydnus (the Jaïhûn and Saïhûn of the Turks). Ibrahim Pasha introduced the cultivation of sugar at Adana, on the same plain. So also with regard to the marshy plain of Koniyah, and the other swamps of Asia Minor, which might be reclaimed at a comparatively triffing expense. At present the district round Smyrna is the most noted cotton-producing part of Turkey, the plantations being chiefly situated on the plains of rising grounds which lie parallel to the river Meander and rivers descending from the great chain of the Sultan Tagh. In ancient days, the country round Ephesus was noted for its cotton wool, and it is still unequalled by any other description of fibre for particular uses.

It is, however, to the great alluvial tracts of Babylonia, Chaldea, and Susiana, that we would especially call attention as probably among the most promising for cotton cultivation in the whole world. The climate, the clear sunlight, the moisture, yet permeability of soil, combined with the equable temperature that is found to be most propitious to the growth of the cotton-plant, are all to be met with here. The soil is in part a clayey alluvium, in part gravelly, in others composed of banks of maritime sands with comminuted shells, and dried or wet lagoons. It is watered by the rivers Euphrates, Tigris, and Karun, and by canals derived from these, and which might be increased for the purposes of drainage and irrigation to almost any extent. There is every security for the investment of capital under the Turkish government, and it is to be hoped that a proximate opening of the old line to India will invite

quality and of a yield equal to that of the American plantations, acre per acre, the total quantity produced is insignificant as compared to the total extent of the country capable of bearing cotton-crop. Mr. Gibbs also alludes to the tract of country north-west of Cairo on the line of the ancient canal towards Suez as most promising for the cultivation of cotton. It is, however, probable, he adds, that M. Lesseps will claim all this land as appertaining in some way or other to his great undertaking.

attention to the extraordinary advantages which are presented by these extensive and long-neglected lands. The climate is so equable, and the supply of water so constant, indeed, that not only would the production of cotton be of the heaviest, and the certainty of the crop always secure, but the climate is so beautiful, the soil so fertile, and the local features so peculiar, that three agricultural crops might be raised per annum, or one crop of flax and one of cotton each year, without any application of manure whatever.

Cotton was formerly grown in Ceylon, but Sir James Emerson Tennent ("Ceylon," vol. ii. p. 55) describes the crop as totally neglected in the present day. There are, however, along the coast, lagoons of shallow depth, not difficult to drain and afterwards to irrigate, near which much cotton-ground might probably be laid out of great value and productiveness.

Much attention has been attracted recently to Queensland as a field for cotton. (See "Queensland, the Field for British Labour and Enterprise, and the Source of England's Cotton Supply. By George Wight.") There is no doubt that Australia possesses, along the sea-shores, a magnificent and healthy climate, with rich land well adapted for cultivation, and, in Queensland and New South Wales, for cotton, but there is frequently a total absence of rain, and irrigation would have to be provided for: there is also, as in so many other parts of the world where there are soils and climate awaiting cultivation, a want of labour, which might be removed by the introduction of Coolies. It is to be hoped, for a variety of reasons, that such impediments in the way of development may be overcome, and that Queensland may yet answer the expectations of the most sanguine.

The really great fields for cotton cultivation are the valleys of the great rivers of intertropical countries, where suitable soil (not too humid) and exposure can be obtained. Prominent among these we may notice the valleys of the Nile, of the Euphrates and Tigris, of the Indus, of the Ganges, and the Burramputah, of the Irrawaddy, of the Maynam and Maykiang, and of the great rivers of China, as also of the great intertropical rivers of the New World. The natural advantages of these great rivers would be materially promoted by the system of "barrages," or of impounding and distributing their waters, and by forming embankments for protecting land from the periodic inundations of tropical rivers, as is already done by the natives on the Euphrates, and by other processes of irrigation, which will be found entered upon at length in Mr. Gibbs's work.

In India alone, along the coast from Cape Comorin, latitude 8 deg. north, to the northern Circars, following the coast by the great Chilca Lake as far north as Ballasore, latitude 2 deg. 30 min., there are lands more or less capable of cultivation for cotton, with the advantage of contiguity to the sea, and within reach of sweet water for irrigation. These lands cannot, after excluding waste, be less than eight hundred miles in length, may average ten wide, and are similar in most respects to the American and West Indian cotton coast, only differing from that coast in respect to rainfall, which is more periodic than in America, and which is the great drawback to the growth of cotton in India. This drawback may, however, be remedied by draining and irrigation; increase of pro-

duce may be obtained by deep ploughing; and it is not excessive to state that five million of acres along the east coast of the peninsula alone might be brought into cultivation for alternate crops of cotton, flax, and corn. The river Indus, in its upper levels, affords vast scope for improvements by the introduction of perfect systems of irrigation, more especially in the districts of the Punjab, Lahore, and Scindh. Farther inland there are other great tracts of country, or rather higher levels, also valuable for cotton-growing, on which irrigating water could be mechanically lifted, during the dry season, with great facility, and distributed over the surface by canals or other artificial means.*

It is, however, utterly useless in discussions having reference to cultivation of cotton in India to state the amount of acreage available for the growth of that important staple, because by the cultivation of the vast extent of surface of either of the two descriptions of land alluded to, the present amount of supply of cotton from all parts of the world could be doubled if that proceeding was deemed advisable or necessary. The amount of cotton which may be grown is only a question of capital, combined with the exercise of judgment in expending or investing that capital, together with the introduction of those mechanical agencies to abridge labour which are so well understood in this country.

The statement made by Mr. Cobden in the House of Commons, that it is no more the duty of the cotton-spinners to supply themselves with cotton than it is the duty of the flour millers to grow their own wheat, or of shipowners to grow their own timber, was one of those shallow sophisms which has, as is usual in the present day, met with great applause from the unthinking and inconsiderate. Can it be possible that the man, whose existence depends upon the supply of a given article, can be indifferent to that supply? The extension of the cotton manufacture may have been forced upon individuals by the supply, and upon that they have surrounded themselves by centres of population which have to be supported by others the moment that supply fails. Is it an act of wisdom, to say nothing more severe, to repudiate any sympathy with where that

^{*} Although the observations made here are correct in the main, and embrace the general features of cotton cultivation in India, the variety in the details are very great indeed—so much so that it is impossible to attempt even a synopsis of them in a notice like the present. There are many interesting specimens of Indian cotton (against which some persons have attempted to create an unjust prejudice) in the International Exhibition, and Mr. Dowleans' excellent "Official Classified and Descriptive Catalogue of the Contributions from India" is accompanied by remarks made by local assessors, collectors, and others, from which it appears that cotton is grown in many districts where jungle has been burnt, in the mulberryfields of others, as also where no irrigation or manure is required, as in Sylhet and Cachar; different varieties of cotton-plant are also cultivated, and seed from New Orleans and Egypt has been supplied by the Manchester Cotton-Supply Association, whose subscribers cannot be supposed to be solely interested in slavegrown cotton; but it seems from the experiments of Mr. Bleehynden and others that better results will be obtained by improvement in the cultivation of the indigenous cotton-plants, whether annuals or perennials, than by the cultivation of foreign species or varieties. Although this point cannot be considered as yet positively determined, still theory and practice are so much in favour of it that we would ward off speculations that may end in disappointment, the more especially as India is one of the oldest growing countries of native cotton in the world.

supply was or is to be derived, when those who lived by it are suffering the pangs of poverty and distress? But the fact is, that the manufacturers have never been asked to become cotton cultivators. All that has been pointed out has been to give different countries fair play, and, when they can do so judiciously, advance capital in opening new cotton districts, as, for example, Central Africa. Mr. Cobden and his friends might retort, "They have done this in Algeria. The investment is about as judicious as the declaimer of interest in the supply." They have also been asked to condescend to send money and buyers, in face of the present distress, to countries where the article is grown. For example, they have been told that, in India, the native landowner will not grow cotton unless he has a contract, or a buyer near him. But the manufacturers will not take the trouble to do so, or, what appears more likely, will not incur the risk of loss which might fall upon them if those three million bales, the existence of which Mr. Cobden firmly believes in, were suddenly liberated. In the mean time, according to Mr. Saunders, late cotton commissioner, when the Indian landowners were asked if they intended to increase the cultivation of cotton, they replied, "Sahib, we hear of high prices, but there are no buyers or contractors here. When the sahibs want indigo, or sugar, or oil-seeds, they come among us and build kothees (factories), make advances and contracts; but in the case of cotton, which is said to be so much wanted, there is not a single sahib buyer or contractor. No, there is something wrong. We won't grow more than we want for ourselves or our native merchants." The manufacturer steadily declines to send out his agent; the Indian landowner as steadily declines to increase his cotton cultivation. The latter is no sufferer, for he continues to grow his indigo, sugar, and cereals, and will grow cotton when a local demand arises for it, and is quite indifferent whether that demand comes in one year, or in ten years, or at all. But what is the position of the former?—a ruined trade, and a starving population around him. One-tenth of the funds required to support that population during the cessation of the cotton manufacture would suffice to establish agencies in Berar and the North-West Provinces that would increase in one season the present production by a million of bales, and, in process of time, would produce sufficient cotton to supply all the wants of England. The principal point where such agencies ought to be established are Mirzapore, Jubbulpore, Calpee, Banda, Cawnpore, Futteyghur, Etawah, and Patras. The government of India is making roads in every direction; the railroads are fast approaching completion; the rulers of native states are removing the transit duties on cotton; they are even making roads through their territories; and the capitalist alone is wanted to cause the production of cotton. The conduct of the cotton lords in this matter has been, indeed, of so strange a character as to have led many to believe that they are interested by contracts, mortgages, or otherwise, in the produce of slave labour. The law of supply and demand, whether with or without the aid of government—an aid which has likewise been claimed in the matter-will no doubt eventually come into operation; but so diverse are the feelings at work, so uncertain the success of a venture which it is erroneously supposed may be upset in a moment by the revival of production in the Southern States of North

America, and so deeply are the interests of the cotton manufactures of Great Britain involved in those of the cotton-growing countries of America, that it is fearful to contemplate what a possible amount of suffering the manufacturing classes may have to undergo ere a new state of things is induced.

An interesting conference has been held, since the above was written, at the council-room of the Horticultural Society, of deputies from the Manchester Cotton-Supply Association, and of commissioners and other representatives of countries showing cotton samples in the International Exhibition; the chief features of which, additional to what has been stated above, were that M. Devincenzi declared that there were 1,500,000 acres available for the cultivation of cotton in Italy, capable of producing 1,500,000 bales annually. M. Gerstenberg stated that Ecuador had lands at 1s. per acre that with Granada could supply the whole world. M. Ferro stated that Malta, which produced 250,000 lbs. of cotton last year, would produce 1,000,000 lbs. this year. Mr. Mangles stated that Western Australia could produce cotton worth 3s. to 3s. 6d. per pound; and Mr. Cowper and Mr. Hodgson stated that companies had been formed in New South Wales and Queensland. Mr. Morris declared that the Mauritius could produce large quantities at 6d. per pound, which is the price sought for by manufacturers. Dr. Forbes Watson, who has published an interesting paper, illustrated by an excellent map, in the Journal of the Society of Arts, No. 331, declared that India could produce cotton at 2d. or $2\frac{1}{2}$ d. per pound; but others aver that until the rayahs of India are convinced that it is more to their interest to cultivate cotton than indigo, sugar, or other raw materials, the manufacturers will not get the article for the want of which their mills are now at a standstill. In the mean time, the interference of government, advocated by the politicians of the Manchester School, has been shown to be most fallacious and reprehensible from Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations." The Nawab of Surat is said to be cultivating cotton largely. Mr. Ridgway declared that large quantities could be grown in Auckland; and the Portuguese government are making liberal offers to those disposed to enter into the growth of cotton in Angola and other Portuguese settlements on the coast of Africa. There are thus plenty of districts in which to speculate, and adventurers may-let what will be said upon the subject-feel assured that the Southern States of America will not produce as they did of yore for a long time yet-if ever.

THE SHADOW OF ASHLYDYAT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF " EAST LYNNE."

PART THE TWELFTH.

T.

A WELCOME HOME.

THE return of a husband, popularly supposed to be dead and out of the way for good, may be regarded by the wife as a charming blessing of some special providence, or as a source of annoying embarrassment, according to the lady's private feelings on the subject. There's no doubt that Charlotte Pain looked upon it, and most unmistakably so, in the latter light. Charlotte knew, better than the public, that Mr. Rodolf Pain was not dead; but she had fully believed him to be as surely out of her way as though death and some safe metropolitan cemetery had irrevocably claimed him. Whatever trifling accident may have happened to put Mr. Rodolf Pain and the British criminal law at issue, Charlotte, at any rate, had assumed it one not to be conveniently got over, except by the perpetual exile of the gentleman from the British shores. When the little affair had occurred, and Mr. Rodolf had saved himself and his liberty by only a hair-breadth, choosing a foreign exile and a false name in preference to some notoriety at a certain court (a court which does not bear a pleasant sound, and rises ominous and dark and gloomy in the heart of the City; which holds an hour's festival now and then on a Monday morning, when the sober part of London are breakfasting, and the curious part are flocking to the scene in shoals, in the gratification of their eyes and their minds), it had pleased Charlotte and those connected with her to give out that Mr. Rodolf Pain had died. In Mr. Rodolf Pain's going out of the world by death, there was certainly no disgrace, provided that he went out naturally; that is, without what may be called malice prepense on his own part. But, for Mr. Rodolf Pain to be compelled to make his exit from London society after another fashion, was quite a different affair—an affair which could never have been tolerated by Charlotte: not on his score, but on her own. Any superfluous consideration for him, Charlotte had never been troubled with. Before her marriage, she had regarded him in the light of a nonentity; since that ceremony, as an encumbrance. Therefore, on the whole, Charlotte was tolerably pleased to get rid of him, and she played her rôle of widow to perfection. No inconvenient disclosure, as to the facts of his hasty exit, had come out to the public, it having fortunately happened that the transaction, or transactions, which led to it, had not been done in his own name. To describe Charlotte's dismay when he returned, and she found her fond assumption of his perpetual exile to have been a false security, would take a cleverer pen than mine. No other misfortune, known to earth, could have been looked upon by Charlotte as so dire a calamity. The blowing-up of Prior's Ash, herself included, by some sprung mine, or the swallowing it down by an earthquake, would have been little, in comparison.

It certainly was not pleasant to be startled by a faint tap at the unscreened window, while she sat under the chandelier, busy at what she so rarely attempted, some useless fancy-work. Yet that was the unceremonious manner in which her husband made his return known to her. Charlotte was expecting no visitors that night. It was the night of George Godolphin's dinner-party, at which Mr. Verrall had not appeared, having started for London instead. When the tapping came, Charlotte turned her head full towards the window in surprise. Nobody was in the habit of entering that way, save free-and-easy George Godolphin; he would, now and then: sometimes Mr. Verrall. But Charlotte knew of George's dinner, and Mr. Verrall was away. She could see nothing of the intruder: the room was ablaze with light; outside, it was, comparatively speaking, dark; and the window was also partially shaded by its lace curtains.

The tapping came again. "Very odd!" thought Charlotte. "Come in," she called out.

Nobody came in. There was no response at all to it for a minute or

two. Then there came another timid tapping.

Charlotte's dress was half covered with cotton. She had been ravelling out a crochet mat, and the long line of cotton rested upon her. She rose, let the cotton and the mat (what remained of it whole) fall to

the ground, walked to the window, and opened it.

At the first moment she could see nothing. It was bright moonlight, and she had come from the blazing, yellow, garish light inside, beside which that outer light was so cold and pure. Not for that reason could she see nothing, but because there appeared to be nothing to see. She ranged her eyes in vain over the terrace, over the still landscape beyond.

"Charlotte!"

It was the faintest possible voice, and close to her. Faint as it was, though, there was that in its tone which struck on every fibre of Charlotte's frame with dismay. Gathered flat against the walls of the Folly, making a pretence to shelter himself beyond a brilliant cape-jessamine which was trained there—as if hoping that any straggling eyes might take him for another jessamine—was the slight figure of a man. A mere shred of a man, with a shrinking, attenuated frame: the frame of one who has lived in some long and great agony, bodily or mental: and a white face that shivered as he stood.

Not more white, not more shivering than Charlotte's. Her complexion—well, you have heard of it, as one too much studied to allow any vulgar changes to come upon it, in a general way. But there are moments in a lifetime when Nature asserts her supremacy, and Art slinks down before her. Charlotte's face turned the hue of the dead, and Charlotte's dismay broke forth in a low, passionate wail. It was Rodolf

Pain.

A moment of terrified bewilderment; a torrent of rapid words; not of sympathy, of greeting, but of anger; and Charlotte was pushing him off with her hands, she neither knew nor cared whither. It was dangerous for him to be there, she said. He must go.

"I'll go into the thicket, Charlotte," he answered, pointing to the close

trees on the left. "Come to me there."

He glided off towards it as he spoke, keeping under cover of the walls.

Charlotte, feeling that she should like to decline the invitation had she dared, enveloped her head and shoulders in a black shawl, and followed him. Nothing satisfactory came of the interview—except recrimination. Charlotte was in a towering passion that he should have ventured back at all; Rodolf complained that between them all he had been made the scapegoat. In returning home, she caught sight of George Godolphin approaching the house, just as she was about to steal across the lawn. Keeping under cover of the trees, she got in-doors by a back entrance, and sat down to her work in the drawing-room, protesting to George, when he was admitted, that she had not been out. No wonder her face looked white!

Her interviews with Rodolf Pain appeared to be ill chosen. On the following night she met him in the same place: he had insisted upon it, and she did not dare refuse. More recrimination, more anger; in the midst of which, George Godolphin again broke upon them. Charlotte uttered a scream in her terror, and Rodolf Pain ran away. But for Charlotte's laying her detaining hands on George, the returned man might have been discovered then.

A few days more, and that climax was to arrive. The plantation appearing unsafe, Rodolf Pain proposed the archway. There they should surely be unmolested: the ghostly fears of the neighbourhood and of Ashlydyat keeping that spot at bay. And there, two or three times, had Charlotte met him, when they were again intruded upon, and again by George. This time to some purpose.

George Godolphin's astonishment was excessive. In his wildest flights of fancy he had never given a thought to the suspicion that Rodolf Pain could be alive. Charlotte had been no more confidential with George than with the rest of the world. Making a merit of what could not

well be avoided, she told him a few particulars now.

For, when she looked back in her flight and saw that Rodolf Pain was fairly caught, that there was no further possibility of the farce of his death being kept up to George, she deemed it well to turn back. Better bring her managing brains to the explanation, than leave it to that simple calf, whom she had the honour of calling husband. The fact was, Rodolf Pain had never been half cunning enough, half rogue enough, for the work assigned him by Mr. Verrall. He—Mr. Verrall—had always said that Rodolf had brought the trouble upon himself, in consequence of trying to exercise a little honesty. Charlotte coincided in the opinion: and every contemptuous epithet cast by Mr. Verrall to the unfortunate exile, Charlotte fully echoed.

George was some little time before he could understand the explanation, so much of it as was vouchsafed him. They stood under the shade of the archway in a group, Charlotte keeping her black shawl well over her head and round her face; Rodolf, his arms folded, leaning against

the inner circle of the stonework.

"What do you say sent you abroad?" questioned George, somewhat bewildered.

"It was that wretched business of Appleby's," replied Rodolf Pain. "You must have heard of it. The world heard enough of it."

"Appleby—Appleby? Yes, I remember," remarked George. "A nice swindle it was. But what had you to do with it?"

"In point of fact, I only had to do with it at second-hand," said Rodolf Pain, his tone one of bitter meaning. "It was Verrall's affair—as everything else is. I only executed his orders."

"But surely neither you nor Verrall had anything to do with that swindling business of Appleby's!" cried George, his voice as full of

amazement as the other's was of bitterness.

Charlotte interposed, her manner so eager, so flurried, as to impart the suspicion that she must have some personal interest in it. "Rodolf, hold your tongue! Where's the use of reaping up this old speculative nonsense to Mr. George Godolphin? He does not care to hear about it."

"I'd reap it up to all the world if I could," was Rodolf's answer, ringing with its own sense of injury. "Verrall told me in the most solemn manner that if things ever cleared, through Appleby's death, or in any other way, so as to make it safe for me to come back, that that hour he'd send for me. Well: Appleby's dead; has been dead these six months, and yet he leaves me on, on, on, there, in the New World, without so much as a notice of it. Now, it's of no use your growing fierce, Charlotte! I'll tell Mr. George Godolphin if I please. I am not the patient slave you helped to drive abroad: the trodden worm turns at last. Do you happen to know, sir, that Appleby's dead?"

"I don't know anything about Appleby," replied George. "I remember the name, as being the one owned by a gentleman who was subjected to some bad treatment in the shape of swindling, by one Rustin.

But what had you or Verrall to do with it?"

"Psha!" said Rodolf Pain. "Verrall was Rustin."

George Godolphin opened his eyes to their utmost width. "N-o!" he uttered, very slowly, certain curious ideas beginning to crowd into his

mind. Certain remembrances also.

"He was.—Charlotte, I tell you it is of no use: I will speak. What does it matter, Mr. George Godolphin's knowing it? Verrall was the real principal—Rustin, in fact; I the ostensible one. And I had to suffer."

"Did Appleby think you were Rustin?" inquired George, quite

bewildered.

"Appleby at one time thought I was Verrall. Oh, I assure you there were wheels within wheels at work there. Of course there had to be, to carry such a concern as that on. There have still. Verrall, you know, could not be made the scapegoat; he takes care of that—besides, it would blow the whole thing to pieces, any evil falling upon him. It fell upon me, and I had to suffer for it, and abroad I went. I did not grumble; it would have been of no use; had I stayed at home and braved it out, I should have been sent abroad, I suppose, at her Majesty's cost——"

Charlotte interrupted, in an awful passion. "Have you no sense of humiliation, then, Rodolf Pain, that you tell these strange stories? Mr.

George Godolphin, I pray you do not listen to him!"

"I am safe," replied George. "Pain can say what he pleases. It is

safe with me."

"As to humiliation, that does not fall so much to my share as it does to another's, in the light I look at it. I was not the principal; I was only the scapegoat: principals rarely are made the scapegoats in that sort of business. Let it go, I say. I took the punishment without a

word: but, now that the man's dead, and I can come home with safety, I want to know why I was not sent for."

"I don't believe the man is dead," observed Charlotte.

"I am as sure as sure can be, that he is," said Rodolf Pain. "I was told it from a sure and certain source, somebody who came out there, and who used to know Appleby. He said the death was in the *Times*, and he knew it for a fact besides."

"Appleby? Appleby?" mused George, his thoughts going back to a long-past morning, when he had been an unseen witness to Charlotte's interview with a gentleman giving that name—which same gentleman had accosted him previously in the porch of Ashlydyat, mistaking it for the residence of Mr. Verrall. "I remember his coming down here once."

"I remember it too," said Rodolf Pain, significantly, "and the passion it put Verrall in. Verrall thought his address, down here, had oozed out through my carelessness. The trouble that we had with that Appleby, first and last! It went on for years. The bother was patched up at times, but only to break out again; and to send me into exile at last."

"Does Verrall know of his death?" inquired George.

"There's not a doubt that he must know of it," was the reply of Rodolf Pain. "And here's Charlotte says she won't ask Verrall, and won't tell him I am here! He came home to-day."

Charlotte had resumed her walk underneath the archway: pacing there—as was remarked before—like a restrained tiger. She took no notice

of Rodolf's last speech.

"Why not tell Verrall yourself that you are here?" was the sensible

question of George.

"Well—you see, Mr. George Godolphin, I'd rather not, so long as there's the least doubt as to Appleby's death. I feel none myself: but if it should turn out to be a mistake, my appearance here would do good neither for me nor for Verrall. And Verrall's a dangerous man to cross. He might kill me in his passion. It takes a good deal to put him in one, but when it does come it's like a tornado."

"You acknowledge there is a doubt of Appleby's death, then!" sar-

castically cried Charlotte.

"Well, I say that it's just possible. It was the not being fully certain that brought me back in this clandestine way. What I want you to do is to ask Verrall if Appleby's dead. I believe he will answer 'Yes.' 'Very well,' then you can say, 'Rodolf Pain's come home.' And if——"

"And if he says 'No, he is not dead,' what then?" fiercely inter-

rupted Charlotte.

"Then you can tell me privately, and I must depart the way I came. But I don't depart without being satisfied of the fact," pointedly added Mr. Pain, as if he had not entire and implicit reliance upon Charlotte's word. "My firm belief is that he is dead, and that Verrall will tell you he is dead. In that case I am a free man to-morrow."

Charlotte turned her head towards him, terrible anger in her tone, in her face. "And how is your reappearance to be accounted for to those

who look upon you as dead?"

"I don't care how," indifferently answered Rodolf. "I did not

spread the report of my own death. If you did, you can contradict it."

"If I did do it, it was to save your reputation," returned Charlotte,

scarcely able to speak for passion.

"I know," said Rodolf Pain. "You feared something or other might come out about your husband, and so thought you'd kill me off-hand. Two for yourself and one for me, Charlotte."

She did not answer.

"If my coming back is so annoying to you, we can live apart," he resumed. "You pretty well gave me a sickener before I went. As you know."

"This must be an amusing dialogue to Mr. George Godolphin!"

fumed Charlotte.

"May be," replied Rodolf Pain, his tone one of sad weariness. "I have been so hardly treated between you and Verrall, Charlotte, that I don't care who knows it."

"Where are you staying?" asked George, wondering whether the shady spots about Ashlydyat sheltered him in the day as well as in the

night.

"Not far away, sir. At a roadside inn," was the answer. "Nobody knew me much, about here, in the old days: but, to make assurance doubly sure, I only come out in the evening. Look here, Charlotte. If you refuse to ask Verrall, or to help me, I shall go to London, and get the information there. I am not quite without friends in the great town: they'd receive me better than you have."

"I wonder you did not go there at once," snapped Charlotte.

"It was natural that I should go first where my wife was," returned Rodolf Pain. "Even though she had not been the most affectionate of wives to me."

Charlotte was certainly not showing herself particularly affectionate then, whether she had, or not, in the past days. Truth to say, whatever may have been her personal predilection or non-predilection for the gentleman, his return had set all her fears on the tremble. His personal safety was imperilled; and, with that, disgrace loomed in ominous attendance; a disgrace which would be reflected upon Charlotte. Could she have sent Rodolf Pain flying on some impossible electric wires to the remotest region of the known and unknown globe, she would have done it then.

Leaving them to battle out their dispute alone, George Godolphin bent his steps to Lady Godolphin's Folly. Walking over the very Shadow, black as jet, treading in and out amid the dwarf bushes, which, when regarded from a distance, looked so like graves. He gained the Folly, and rang.

The servant admitted him to the drawing-room. It was empty as

before. "Is Mr. Verrall not come in?" asked George.

"He is come in, sir. I thought he was here. I'll see for him."

George sat on alone. Presently the man came back. "My master has retired for the night, sir."

"What! Gone to bed?" cried George.

"Yes, sir."

"Did you tell him I had been here when he came in?"

"I told him you had been here, sir. In fact, I thought you were here still. I did not know you had left."

"Did Mr. Verrall tell you now that he could not see me?" "He told me to say that he had retired for the night, sir."

"Is he in bed?" questioned George.

The servant hesitated. "He spoke to me through the door, sir, He did not open it."

George caught up his hat, the very movement of his hand showing displeasure. "Tell your master that I shall be here the first thing in the morning. I want to see him."

He passed out, a conviction upon his mind—though he could scarcely tell why it should have arisen-that Mr. Verrall had not retired for the night, but that he had gone up-stairs merely to avoid him. The thought angered him excessively. When he had gone some little distance beyond the terrace, he turned and looked at the upper windows of the house. There shone a light in Mr. Verrall's chamber. "Not in bed, at any rate," thought George. He might have seen me if he would. shall tell him-

A touch upon George's arm. Some one had glided silently up. He turned and saw Charlotte.

"You will not betray the secret you have learnt to-night?" she passionately whispered.

"Is it likely?" he asked.

"He is only a fool, you know, at the best," was her next complimentary remark. "But fools give more trouble sometimes than sage people."

"You may depend upon me," was George's rejoinder. "Where

is he?"

"Got rid of for the night," said Charlotte, in a terribly explosive tone. "Are you going in to see Verrall?"

"No. Verrall declines to see me. I am going home. Good night." "Declines to see you? He is tired, I suppose. Good night, George."

George Godolphin walked away at a sober pace, reflecting on the events of the day—of the evening. That he had been intensely surprised by the resuscitation of Rodolf Pain was indisputable; but George had too much heavy care upon him to cast after it more than a passing thought, now that the surprise was over. Rodolf Pain held a very small space in the estimation of George Godolphin. Charlotte had just said he

was a fool: probably George shared in the opinion.

But, however much he felt inclined to dismiss the gentleman from his mind, he could not so readily dismiss a certain revelation made by him. That Rustin was Verrall. Whoever "Rustin" may have been, or what may have been his influence on the fortunes, good or ill, of Mr. George Godolphin, it boots not very closely to inquire. That George had had dealings with this "Rustin"-dealings which did not bear for him any pleasant reminiscence-and that George had never in his life got to see this Rustin, are facts sufficient for us to know. Rustin was one of those who had contrived to ease George of a good deal of superfluous money at odd times, leaving only trouble in its place. Many a time had George prayed Verrall's good offices with his friend Rustin, to hold over this bill; to renew that acceptance. Verrall had never refused, and his

sympathy with George and abuse of Rustin were great, when his mediation proved—as was sometimes the case—unsuccessful. To hear that this Rustin was Verrall himself, opened out a whole field of suggestive speculation to George. Not pleasant speculation, you may be sure.

He sat himself down, in his deep thought, on that same spot where Thomas Godolphin had sat, the evening of George's dinner-party, the broken bench, near the turnstile. Should he weather the storm that was gathering so ominously above his head? Was that demand of Lord Averil's to-day the first rain-drop of the parting clouds? In sanguine moments—and most moments are sanguine to men of the light temperament of George Godolphin-he felt not a doubt that he should weather it. There are some men who systematically fling care and gloom from them. They cannot look trouble steadily in the face: they glance aside from it; they do not see it if it comes; they imbue it with the rose hues of hope: but, look at it, they do not. Shallow and careless by nature, they cannot feel deep sorrow themselves, or be too conscious of any wrong they inflict on others. They may bring ruin upon the world, but they go on jauntily in their way. George had gone on in his way, in an easy, gentlemanly sort of manner, denying himself no gratification, and paying little heed to the day of reckoning that might come.

But on this night his mood was changed. Affairs generally were wearing to him an aspect of gloom: of gloom so preternaturally dark and hopeless, that his spirits were weighed down with it. For one thing, this doubt of Verrall irritated him. If the man had played him false, been holding the cards of a double game, why what an utter fool he, George, had been! How long he sat on that lonely seat he took no count: as long as his brother had, that past night. The one had been ruminating on his forthcoming fate—death; the other was lost in the anticipation of a worse fate—disgrace and ruin. As he rose to pursue his way down the narrow and ghostly Ash-tree walk a low cry burst from his lips, like the

one which had been wrung from Thomas in his physical agony.

II.

THOSE BONDS AGAIN!

A SHORT while elapsed. Summer weather began to show itself in Prior's Ash, and all things, so far as anybody saw or suspected, were going on as smooth as glass. Not a breath of wind had yet stirred up the dangerous current; not the faintest streak of black had come yet in the fair sky, to indicate that a storm might be gathering. One rumour, however, had gone forth, and Prior's Ash mourned sincerely, and trusted it was not true—the state of health of Thomas Godolphin. He attacked with an incurable complaint, as his mother had been? Prior's Ash believed it not.

He had returned from his visit to town with all his own suspicions confirmed. But the medical men had seemed to think that the fatal result might not overtake him yet, probably not for years. They enjoined tranquillity upon him, both of mind and body, and recommended him to leave the cares of business, so far as was practicable, to other people. Thomas smiled when he recited this piece of advice to George. "I had better retire upon my fortune," said he, jokingly.

"Do so," cried George, impulsively. "That is—for a disagreeable consciousness came upon him, as he spoke, that Thomas's "fortune," if looked for, might be found more easy to talk of than to realise-"you can virtually retire, by remaining quietly at Ashlydyat. Don't come

down to the bank. I can manage quite well without you."

Thomas shook his head. "So long as I am at all capable, George, I shall not give up. I believe it is my duty not to do so. If what the doctors say be correct—that I may live on in my present state, or nearly in my present state, for years—you may be an older and a wiser man by the time you are left alone. When you shall have gained grey hair, George, and a stoop in the shoulders, Prior's Ash will be thinking you a stronger and a better man than I have ever been."

George made no reply. He knew which had been the best man, him-

self or his brother.

Everything, I say, seemed to go on in its old routine. Thomas Godolphin came to business; not every day, but frequently. George gave his dinner-parties, and rode as much as ever with Charlotte Pain. What Charlotte had done with her husband, was her affair. He no longer disturbed the night stillness of the Dark Plain, or of Lady Godolphin's Folly; and not a suspicion, of his unwelcome revival from the dead, had transpired beyond George Godolphin. Charlotte casually said one day to George that Rodolf was in London. Perhaps he was.

Yes, gay as ever, in the day, was George Godolphin. If he had care, he kept it to himself, and nobody saw or suspected it. George was persundable as a child; seeing little farther than his own nose; and Mr. Verrall had contrived to lull the suspicions, awakened by the words of Rodolf Pain. Mr. Verrall had not remained long at Lady Godolphin's Folly: he was soon away, and Charlotte had it to herself again, queen regnant. George had not forgotten to pay his evening visits there. There or elsewhere, he was out most evenings. And when he came in, he would go into the bank, and remain alone in the manager's room, often for hours.

One evening—it was the greatest wonder in the world—he had not gone out. At eight o'clock he had gone into the bank and shut himself

in. An hour afterwards, Maria knocked, and he admitted her.

George was at a large table; it was covered with account-books. Hard at work he appeared to be, making entries with his pen, by the light of his shaded lamp. "How busy you are, George!" she cried.

"Ay," said he, pleasantly. "Let nobody call me idle again."

"But why need you do it, George? You had not used to work at

"More work falls to my score, now Thomas does not take his full

share," observed George.

"Does it? I fancied neither you nor Thomas had much actual work to do. I thought you left it to the clerks. Isaac laughed at me one day, a long while ago, when I said something about your keeping the bank accounts. He asked me what I thought clerks were paid for.

"Never mind Isaac. What have you come in for? To tell me you

are dull?—as you did last night."

"No. But I do get to feel very dull in an evening. You are scarcely ever with me now, George."

"Business must be attended to," responded George. "You should get

some visitors in."

"They would not be you," was Maria's answer, simply spoken. came to tell you now that papa is here. Have you time to come and see him?"

George knitted his brow. The prospect of entertaining the Reverend Mr. Hastings did not appear to have charms for him. Not that he allowed Maria to see the frown. She continued:

"Papa has been talking about the Chisholm property. The money is

paid over, and he has brought it here for safety.'

"Brought it to-night?" echoed George.

"Yes. He said it might be an unprofessional mode of doing business."

but he supposed you would receive it," she added, laughing.

"How much is it?" cried George-all too eagerly, but that Maria was unsuspicious.

"Nine—let me see—yes, I think he said nine thousand pounds."

George Godolphin closed the books before him, more than one of which was open, locked them up, put out the lamp, and accompanied his wife to the dining-room.

"Will you let me lodge some money here to-night?" asked Mr.

Hastings, as he shook hands.

"As much as you like," replied George, laughing. "We can accom-

modate an unlimited amount."

The rector took out a large pocket-book, and counted down some banknotes upon the table. "Brierly, the agent, brought it to me an hour ago," he observed, "and I had rather your bank had charge of it than my house. Nine thousand, and forty-five pounds, Mr. George."

George counted the notes after Mr. Hastings. "I wonder Brierly did not give a cheque for it," he observed. "Did he bring the money

over from Binham?"

"He came over in his gig. He said it had been paid to him in money, and he brought it just as it was paid. I'll trouble you for a receipt, Mr.

George carried the money away and came back with the receipt.

"It must be placed to your account, I suppose, sir," he observed.

"Of course," answered Mr. Hastings. "You can't place it to the credit of the little Chisholms. It is the first time I ever was left trustee," he remarked, "and I hope it will be the last."

"Why so?" asked George.

"Why so? Because I like neither the trouble nor the responsibility. As soon as my co-trustee returns, the money is to be placed out on approved security: until then, you must take the charge of it. It is a poor sum, after all, compared with what was expected."

"Very poor," assented George. "Is it all that the property has realised?"

"Every shilling—except the expenses. And lawyers, and agents, and auctioneers, take care that they shall never be slight," added Mr. Hastings, his lip curling with the cynical expression that was sometimes seen on it.

"It's their trade, sir."

"Ay. What a cutting up of property it is, this forced selling of an

estate, through death!" he exclaimed. "Many a time has poor Chisholm said to me, in his last illness, 'There'll be hard upon twenty thousand to divide amongst them, when it's all sold.' And there is not ten!"

"I suppose everything was sold?" said George.

"Everything. House, land, ricks as they stood, farming stock, cattle, and furniture: everything, even to the plate and the books. The will so expressed it. I suppose Chisholm thought it best."

"Where are the children, papa?" asked Maria.

"The two girls are at school, the little boy is with his grandmother. I saw the girls last week when I was at Binham."

"The boy is to be a clergyman, is he not, papa?"

The rector answered the question in a tone of rebuke. "When he shall be of an age to choose, should be evince liking and fitness for the Church, then he is to be allowed to enter it. Not otherwise, Maria."

"How is the property left?" asked George.

"It is to be invested, and the interest devoted to the education and maintenance of the three, the boy being allowed a larger share of the interest than the girls. When the youngest, the boy, shall be of age, the principal is to be divided equally between them. Such are the terms of the will."

"What is it to be invested in?"

"The funds, I suppose. It is left to the discretion of myself and Mr. Harknar. I shall let him decide: he is more a man of business than I am."

So they talked on. When Mr. Hastings, a short while before, had found himself left guardian and co-trustee to the children of a friend just deceased, his first impulse had been to decline the trust. Eventually he had accepted it. The other gentleman named, Mr. Harknar, had gone on business to one of the Ionian Islands, but he was now shortly expected home.

An hour the rector sat with them, talking of the orphan Chisholms, and of other matters. When he took his departure, George went again into the bank, and sat down to work at his books by the light of the shaded lamp. He was certainly more attentive to business by night than by day.

Once more—it was on the afternoon of the following day—Isaac Hastings entered the manager's room to announce a visitor to Mr.

George Godolphin. Lord Averil.

George looked up: a startled expression crossing his face. It was instantly suppressed: but, not for his very life could he have helped its appearance in the first moment.

"When did he come to Prior's Ash?"

"I don't know," replied Isaac. "I told him I was not sure but you were engaged, sir. I had thought Mr. Arkwright was with you. Lord Averil asked me to come and see: he particularly wishes to see you, he says."

"I am engaged," replied George, catching at the excuse like a drowning man catching at a straw. "That is"—taking out his watch—"I have not time now to see him. Tell Lord Averil I am particularly en-

gaged."

"Very well, sir."

Isaac went out with the message, and Lord Averil departed, merely saying that he would call in again. The reappearance of Charlotte Pain's husband could not have brought more dire dismay to that lady, than did this reappearance of Lord Averil at Prior's Ash bring to George

Godolphin.

Did he think Lord Averil would never favour Prior's Ash with his presence again? It is hard to say what foolish thing he thought. A man, drowning by water, does catch at straws; and a man, drowning by evil fortune, catches at fantasies equally frail and hopeless. Lord Averil had been in town for the last month. Once, during that time, he had written to have those deposited deeds sent up to him, about which he had spoken to Mr. George Godolphin. George had answered the letter with some well-framed excuse. But now here was Lord Averil back at Prior's Ash—back at the bank! Doubtless once more in quest of his deeds.

George Godolphin put his hand to his weary brow. His ever constant belief was, that he should get straight in time. In time. To his sanguine temperament, time would prove the panacea for all his ills. If he could only stave off present difficulties, time would do the rest. That terrible difficulties were upon him, none knew better than he: but the worst difficulty, of all, would be this of Lord Averil's, should exposure come. Short as George was of ready cash—it may seem a paradox to say it of a banker, but so it was—he would have scraped together every shilling from every available corner, and parted with it, to have ensured the absence of Lord Averil from Prior's Ash for an indefinite period.

He pressed his hand upon his weary brow, his brain, within, working tumultuously. If he must see Lord Averil—and there could be no escape—what should be his plea for the non-production of those deeds? It must be a plausible one. His thoughts were interrupted by a rap at

the door.

"Come in," cried George, in a sadly hopeless tone. Was it Lord

Averil back again?

It was only a note. A three-cornered miniature thing fastened by a silver wafer. No business communication, that. George knew the writing well.

"Dear Mr. George,—Will you ride with me to-day at half-past three, instead of four? I'll tell you my reason then. Lord A. is back. "Yours,

"C. P."

George tore the note into fragments and flung them into the paper-basket. It was ten minutes past three then. Glad of any excuse to be out of business and its cares, he hastened things away in his room, and left it. There were moments when George was tempted heartily to wish himself out of it for good, safe in some unapproachable island, too remote from civilisation to be visited by the world. But he did not see his way clear to get there.

Look at him as he rides through the town, Charlotte by his side, and the two grooms behind! Look at his fine bay horse, his gentlemanly figure!—look at his laughing blue eyes, his wavy golden hair, at the gay smile on his lips as he turns to Charlotte! Can you fancy care an in-

mate of that man's breast? Prior's Ash did not. They were only content to admire and envy their handsome and most attractive banker,

George Godolphin.

They rode by the bank. It was not often—indeed it was very rare—that they passed it in their rides. There were plenty of other ways, without choosing that. George never would have chosen it: perhaps he had the grace to think that his frequent rides with Mrs. Charlotte Pain need not be paraded so conspicuously before the windows of his wife. Charlotte, however, had a will of her own, and sometimes chose to exercise it.

As good luck had it, or ill luck, or no luck at all, Maria happened to be at the drawing-room window to-day. Some ladies were paying her a visit, and Meta—who sometimes got indulged as an only child does get indulged—made one in the drawing-room. She caught sight of her papa, forthwith climbed upon a chair to see him better, and leaned from the open window, clapping her hands. "Papa! papa!"

Maria sprang to her to hold her in. She was a child who had little sense of danger. Had George held out his arms then, and said, "Jump out to me, Meta," she would have taken the leap fearlessly. Maria caught

her round the waist, and the visitors came forward to see.

Charlotte threw up a triumphant glauce. One of those curiously triumphant glances that she was rather fond of giving Mrs. George Godolphin. Maria bowed gravely. An idea—a faint idea, glancing at no ill—had been growing over her lately that her husband passed more time with Charlotte Pain than was absolutely necessary. George smiled at his wife, lifted his hat to the ladies by her side, and waved a kiss to Meta.

The red blood had mantled in his cheek. At what? At Charlotte's triumphantly saucy look—which he had not failed to catch—or at his wife's grave one? Or at the sight of a gentleman who stood on the pavement, saluting them as they passed? It was the Viscount Averil. George saluted again, and rode on with a smooth brow and a face bright as day.

Considerably later; just before five, in fact, when the bank closed, Lord Averil presented himself at it again. Had Mr. George Godolphin re-

turned? If so, could he see him?

Mr. George had not come in. Mr. Hurde came forward and inquired

if it was anything that he could do for his lordship.

Lord Averil had known Mr. Hurde a long while. He had seen him in his place there as long as he had banked with Godolphin, Crosse, and Godolphin. He supposed he was a confidential clerk: and, in point of fact, Mr. Hurde was so to a great extent.

"You hold some bonds of mine," said Lord Averil. "Bonds of some stock which Sir George Godolphin purchased for me. Did you know any-

thing of it?"

"I remember the transaction quite well, my lord," replied Mr. Hurde.

"I want the bonds delivered up to me. Can I have them?"

"Certainly. Your lordship can have them whenever you please. They are in your case, in the strong-room."

"I should have liked them to-day, if possible," replied Lord Averil.

"There will be no difficulty at all, my lord. Mr. George Godolphin can deliver them to you as soon as he comes in."

"Will he be in soon, think you?"

"He is sure not to be very long, my lord. I have to see him before I leave."

"Then I think I'll wait," said Lord Averil.

He was shown into the bank parlour, and left there. At five the clerks quitted the bank: it was usual for them to do so. Mr. Hurde waited. In about a quarter of an hour George came in.

A few minutes given to the business for which Mr. Hurde had remained, and then he spoke. "Lord Averil is waiting to see you, sir."

"Lord Averil?" cried George, in a hasty tone. "Waiting now?" "He is in the parlour, sir. He asked if he could have his bonds given up to him. I said I thought he could, and he replied that he would

wait."

"Then you had no business to say anything of the sort," burst forth George, in so vehement a tone as to astonish the sober cashier. "It may not be convenient to lay one's hands upon the bonds at a minute's notice, Hurde," he more quietly added, as if he would soothe down or atone for his anger.

"They are in Lord Averil's box in the strong-room, sir," said the old clerk, supposing his master must have temporarily forgotten where the said bonds were placed. "Mr. Godolphin was speaking to me about those bonds the other day."

"What about them?" inquired George, striving to put the question

easily.

"It was nothing particular, sir. He was only mentioning their in-

creased value: how they had gone up in the market."

George said no more. He turned from the office and halted before the door of the parlour. Halted to collect his brains. One hand was on the handle of the door, the other on his brow. Lord Averil rose, and shook hands cordially.

"I am come to bother you again about my bonds, Mr. George. I don't care to keep that stock, and the present is a most favourable oppor-

tunity to sell."

"They'll go higher yet," observed George.

"Will they? They tell me different in London. The opinion there, is, that they will begin to fall."

"All rubbish," said George. "A canard got up on the Stock Ex-

change."

"Well, I have made up my mind to sell," observed Lord Averil. wrote to you from London to send me the shares up; but you did not seem to be in a hurry to do it. So I have come down for them."

George laughed. "Come down for nothing but the shares? But you

will make a stay?"

"No. I go up again to-morrow. I am not sure whether I shall return here for the summer or not. Some friends of mine are going over to Canada for three or four months. Perhaps I may accompany them."

George devoutly wished his lordship could be off, there and then; and that the sojourn might last years, instead of months. "I wish I had the time to go there !" cried he, aloud: "I'd start to-morrow."

"Will it be troubling you to give me the bonds, Mr. George?"

George sat a few moments, his head bent as if in thought. "The bonds?" he slowly cried. "Your bonds? They were sent—yes, certainly, your bonds were sent to our agents in London."

"My Jonds sent to your agents in London!" repeated Lord Averil, in

surprise. "What for?"

George coughed. "Some of our deposited deeds are kept there. Let me see?" he continued, again plunging into thought. "Yes—yours were amongst those that went up. I remember."

"But why not have told me this before?" asked Lord Averil. "Had

you written me word, it would have saved me the journey down."

"To be sure," acquiesced George. "To tell you the truth, I never thought much about it, or where they were, until now."

"Mr. Hurde told me they were here," said Lord Averil.

"No doubt he thought so. They were here, until recently."

"I shall have my journey back again, then!" cried his lordship. "Will the town bankers give them up to me on my simple demand, or must they have your authority?"

"I will write to them," responded George.

The viscount rose. Not a shade of suspicion had crossed his mind. But he could not help thinking that he should have made a better man of business than handsome George. "I wish you had told me!" he involuntarily repeated. "But I suppose," he good naturedly added, "that my poor bonds are too insignificant to have much place in the thoughts of a man, surrounded by hundreds of thousands."

George laughed. He was walking with Lord Averil to the entrance door. They stood at it together when it was reached, the street before

them. Lord Averil asked after Mr. Godolphin.

"He seems a little better," replied George. "Certainly no worse."
"I am glad to hear it. Very glad indeed. You will not forget to write to town, Mr. George."

"All right," replied George Godolphin.

III.

"I SEE IT: BUT I CANNOT EXPLAIN IT."

THE red light of the setting sun streamed upon the golden hair of Cecil Godolphin. She had strolled out from the dining-room to enjoy the beauty of the late spring evening, or to indulge her own thoughts, as might be. To the confines of the grounds strayed she, as far as those surrounding Lady Godolphin's Folly; and there she sat down on the garden bench.

Not to remain alone for long. She was interrupted by the very man upon whom—if the disclosure must be made—her evening thoughts had centred. He was coming up with a quick step on the road from Prior's Ash. Seeing Cecil he turned off to accost her, his heart beating.

Beating with the slight hill, or with the sight of Cecil? He best knew. Many a man's heart has beaten at a less lovely vision. She wore her favourite attire, white, set off with blue ribbons, and her golden hair glittered in the sunlight. She nearly screamed with surprise. She had been thinking of him, it is true, but as one who was miles and miles away. In spite of his stormy and not long-past rejection, Lord Averil went straight up to her and held out his hand. Did he notice that her blue eyes dropped beneath his, as she rose to answer his greeting; that the soft colour on her cheeks changed to a hot damask?

"I fear I have surprised you," said Lord Averil.

"A little," acknowledged Cecil. "I did not know you were at Prior's

Ash. Thomas will be glad to see you."

She turned to walk with him to the house, as in courtesy bound. Lord Averil offered her his arm, and Cecil condescended to put the tips of her fingers within it. Neither broke the silence; perhaps neither could; and they gained the large porch of Ashlydyat. Cecil spoke then.

"Are you going to make a long stay in the country?"

"A very short one. A party of friends are departing for Canada, and they wish me to make one. I think I shall."

"To Canada!" echoed Cecil. "All that way!"

Lord Averil smiled. "It sounds farther than it really is. I am an

old traveller, you know."

Cecil opened the dining-room door. Thomas was alone. He had left the table, and was seated in his arm-chair at the window. A glad smile illumined his face when he saw Lord Averil. Lord Averil was one of the very few of whom Thomas Godolphin could have made a close friend. These close friends! Not above one or two, perhaps, can we meet with in a lifetime. Acquaintances many; but friends—those to whom the heart can speak out its inmost thoughts, who may be as our own soul—how few!

Cecil left them alone. She ran off to tell Janet that Lord Averil had come, and would perhaps take tea with them, were he invited. Thomas, with ideas more largely hospitable, was pressing dinner upon him. It could be brought back at once.

"I have dined at the Bell," replied Lord Averil. "Not any, thank you," he added, as Thomas was turning to the wine. "I have taken all

I require."

"Have you come to make a long stay?" inquired Thomas—like Cecil

had done.

"I shall go back to town to-morrow. Having nothing to do with myself this evening, I thought I could not spend it better than in coming to you. I am pleased to see that you are looking better."

"The warm weather seems to be doing me good," was Thomas Godolphin's reply, a consciousness within him how little better he really

was. "Why are you making so short a stay?"

"Well, as it turns out, my journey has been a superfluous one. Those bonds that you hold of mine brought me down," continued Lord Averil, little thinking that he was doing mischief by mentioning the subject to Mr. Godolphin. "I am going to sell out, and came down to get them."

"Why did you not write?" said Thomas. "We could have sent them

to you."

"I did write, a week or ten days ago, and your brother wrote me word in answer that the bonds should be sent—or something to that effect. But they never came. Having nothing much to do, I thought I would run down for them. I also wanted to see Max. But he is away."

"I believe he is," replied Thomas. "Have you got the bonds?"

"It has proved a useless journey, I say," replied Lord Averil. "The bonds, I find, are in town, at your agents'."

Thomas Godolphin looked up with surprise. "They are not in town," he said. "What should bring them in town? Who told you that?"

"Your brother George."

"George told you the bonds were in town?" repeated Thomas, as if he could not believe his ears.

"He did indeed; not three hours ago. Why? Are they not in

town?"

"Most certainly not. The bonds are in our strong-room, where they were first deposited. They have never been moved from it. What could

George have been thinking of?"

"To tell you the truth, I did not fancy he appeared over certain himself, where they were, whether here or in town," said Lord Averil. "At length he remembered that they were in town: he said they had gone up with other deeds."

"He makes a mistake," said Thomas. "He must be confounding your bonds with some that we sent up the other day of Lord Cavemore's. And yet, I wonder that he should! Lord Cavemore's went up for a particular purpose, and George himself took the instructions. Lord Cavemore consulted him upon the business altogether."

"Then-if my bonds are here-can I have them at once?" asked Lord

Averil.

"You can have them the instant the bank is open to-morrow morning. In fact, you might have them to-night if George should happen to be at

home. I am sorry you should have had any trouble about it."

Lord Averil smiled. "Speaking frankly, I do not fancy George is so much a man of business as you are. When I first asked for the bonds, nearly a month ago, he appeared to be quite at sea; not to know what I meant, or to remember that you held bonds of mine."

"Did you ask for the bonds a month ago?" exclaimed Thomas.

"It's about that time. It was when you were in London. George at last remembered."

"Did he not give them to you?"

"No. He said——I almost forget what he said. That he did not know where to put his hands upon them, I think, in your absence."

Thomas felt vexed. He wondered what could have possessed George to behave so unbusiness-like: or how it was possible for him to have blundered so about the bonds. But he would not blame his brother to Lord Averil. "You shall have the bonds the first thing in the morning," he said. "I will drop a note to George, reminding him where they are, in case I am not at the bank early enough for you."

Unusually well felt Thomas Godolphin that evening. He proceeded with Lord Averil to the drawing-room, to his sisters; and a very pleasant hour or two they all spent together. Bessy laughed at Lord Averil a great deal about his proposed Canada expedition, telling him she did not

believe he was serious in saying that he entertained it.

It was a genial night, soft, warm, and lovely, the moon bright again. The church clocks at Prior's Ash were striking ten when Lord Averil rose to leave Ashlydyat. "If you will wait two minutes for me, I will go a little way with you," said Thomas Godolphin.

He withdrew to another room, penned a line, and despatched it by a servant to the bank. Then he rejoined Lord Averil, passed his arm

within his lordship's, and went out with him.
"Is this Canada project a joke?" asked he.

"Indeed, no. I have not quite made up my mind to go. I think I shall. If so, I shall be away in a week from this. Why should I not go? I have no settled home, no ties."

"Should you not-I beg your pardon, Averil-be the happier for a settled home? You might form ties. I think a roving life must be the least desirable one."

"It is one I was never fitted for. My inclination would lead me to home, to domestic happiness. But, as you know, I put that out of my power."

"For a time. But that is over. You might marry again."

"I do not suppose I ever shall," returned Lord Averil, feeling half prompted to tell his unsuspicious friend that his own sister was the barrier. "You have never married," he resumed, allowing the impulse to die away.

Thomas Godolphin shook his head. "The cases are different," he said. "In your wife you lost one whom you could not regret-"

"Don't call her by that name, Godolphin!" burst forth Lord Averil. "And in Ethel I lost one who was all the world to me; who could never be replaced," Thomas went on, after a pause. "The cases are widely different."

"Ay, widely different," assented Lord Averil.

They walked on in silence, each buried in his own thoughts. commencement of the road, Lord Averil stopped, and took Thomas Godolphin's hand in his.

"You shall not come any farther with me."

Thomas stopped also. He had not intended to go further. "You will really start for Canada?"

"I believe I shall."

"Take my blessing with you then, Averil. We may never meet again in this world."

"What!" exclaimed Lord Averil.

"The medical men entertain hopes that my life may not be terminated so speedily: I believe that a few months will end it. I may not live to welcome you home."

It was the first intimation Lord Averil had received of Thomas Godolphin's fatal malady. Thomas explained it to him. He was over-

whelmed.

"Oh, my friend! my friend! Cannot death be coaxed to spare you?" he called out, in his pain. How many have vainly echoed the

same cry!

A few more words, a long grasp of the lingering hands, and they parted. Thomas with a God speed; Lord Averil with a different prayer — a God save — upon his lips. The peer turned to Prior's Ash; Thomas Godolphin towards home.

Not by the path he had come. He had brought Lord Averil down the broad open entrance to Ashlydyat; he turned to go round the path by the ash-trees in front of the Dark Plain. Possibly he had a mind

to see whether the Shadow was abroad to night.

Before he had well turned the corner of the trees, or had given more than a glance to the Black Shadow - for there it was - he heard hasty footsteps behind him. Looking round, he beheld Lord Averil.

Softened by the parting, by the tidings he had heard, an impulse had taken Lord Averil that he would speak of Cecil: and he turned back to do so.

"Godolphin, I-What's that ?"

The great Black Shadow, stretching out there in the distance, had attracted the attention of Lord Averil. He stood with his forefinger extended, pointing towards it.

"That is what they call the Shadow of Ashlydyat," quietly replied

Thomas Godolphin.

Lord Averil had never before seen it. He had heard enough of it. Attentively regarding it, he did not for some time speak.

"Do you believe in it?" he asked at length.

"Believe in it?" repeated Thomas Godolphin. "I believe that a dark Shadow does appear there on occasions. I cannot believe otherwise, with that ocular demonstration before me."

"And how do you account for it?" asked Lord Averil.

"I have been all my life trying to do so. And have come to the conclusion that there is no accounting for it."

"But I have always treated the report as the most perfect folly," re-

joined Lord Averil.

"Ay. No doubt. As I should do, but for that"—and Thomas Godolphin nodded towards the Shadow, on which the peer's eyes were fixed with an intense stare. "You and I are rational beings, Averil, not likely to be led away by superstitious folly; we live in an enlightened age, little tolerant of such. And yet, here we stand, gazing with dispassionate eyes on that Shadow, in full possession of our sober judgment. It is there; we see it: and that is all we can tell about it. The Shadow of Ashlydyat is ridiculed from one end of the county to the other; spoken of—when spoken of at all—as an absurd superstition of the Godolphins. But there the Shadow is: and not all the ridicule extant can do away with the plain fact. I see it: but I cannot explain it."

"What do you do about it?"

Lord Averil asked the question in his bewildered wonder. A smile

crossed Thomas Godolphin's lips as he answered it.

"We do nothing. We can do nothing. We cannot prevent its coming; we cannot send it away when it comes; we cannot bring it if it does not come of its own accord. If I reasoned about it for a month,

Averil, I could give no better explanation."

Lord Averil drew a deep breath, like one awaking from a reverie. As Thomas Godolphin said: there was the Shadow, all plain to his eyes, to his senses: but of explanation of its cause, there was none: The little episode had driven away the impulse to speak of Cecil: and, after another hand pressure, he finally turned away, and pursued his walk to Prior's Ash.

Another was also pursuing his walk to Prior's Ash; indeed, had nearly gained it: and that was Thomas Godolphin's messenger. Approaching the bank residence, he distinguished some one standing at the entrance, and found that it was Mr. George Godolphin.

"What's this?" asked George. "A letter?"

"My master sent me down with it, sir."

George turned it about in his hand. "Does it require an answer, do you know, Andrew?"

"No, sir. My master said I need not wait."

The man departed, and George carried the note into the dining-room. Maria sat there, reading, underneath the chandelier. She looked pleased to see her husband, and closed the book. George had been out all the evening. He stood opposite Maria, and tore the note open.

"Dear George,—Lord Averil's bonds are in his case in the strong-room. How could you make such a mistake as to tell him they had gone to town? I send you word, lest he should call for them in the morning before I reach the bank.

"Ever yours,
"Thomas Godolphin."

Then the explosion must come! With a word, that was very like a groan, George crushed the paper in his hand. Maria heard the sound.

"What is it, George?"

"Nothing. What? This? Only a note from Thomas."

He began whistling lightly, to cover his real feelings, and took up the book Maria had closed. "Is it entertaining?" asked he, turning over its pages.

"Very. It is a nice book. But for having it to read, I should have

been lying on the sofa. I have a very bad headache to-night."

"Go to bed," responded George.

"I think I must. Perhaps you will not like to come so early?"

"Never mind me. I have got an hour or two's work to do in the bank to-night."

"Oh, George!"

" My dear, it need not keep you up."

"George, I cannot think how it is that you have night-work to do!" she impulsively exclaimed, after a pause. "I am sure Thomas would not wish you to do it. I think I shall ask him."

George turned round, and grasped her shoulder, quite sharply.

" Maria!

His grasp, I say, was sharp, his look and voice were imperatively stern. Maria felt frightened: she scarcely knew why. "What have I done, George?" she asked, timidly.

"Understand me, please, once for all. What I choose to do, does not

regard my brother Thomas. I will have no tales carried to him."

"Why do you mistake me so?" she answered, when she had a little recovered her surprise. "It cannot be well for you, or pleasant for you, to have so much work to do at night, and I thought Thomas would have told you not to do it. Tales! George, you know I should never tell them of you."

"No, no; I know you would not, Maria. I have been idle of late, and am getting up my work; that's all: but it would not do to let Thomas know it. You—you don't tell Isaac that I sit up at the books?"

he cried, almost in an accent of terror.

She looked up at him wonderingly, through her wet eyelashes. "Surely, no! Should I be likely to speak to Isaac of what you do? or to any one?"

George folded her in his arms, kissing the tears from her face. "Go

to bed at once, darling, and sleep your headache off," he fondly whispered.

"I will be up soon; as soon as I can."

He lighted her candle and gave it to her. As Maria took it, she remembered something she wished to say to him. "When will it be convenient to you to give me some money, George?"

"What for?"

"Oh, you know. For housekeeping. The bills are getting so heavy, and the tradespeople are beginning to ask for their money. The servants want their wages, too. Would it not be better to pay regularly, as we used to do, instead of letting things run on so long?"

"Ay. I'll see about it," replied George.

George had got into the habit of giving the same answer, when asked by his wife for money. She had asked several times lately: but all the satisfaction she could get was, "I'll see about it." Not a suspicion that his means were running short ever crossed her brain.

She went up-stairs and retired to rest, soon falling asleep. Her head was heavy. The household went to bed; George shut himself in the bank—as was his recent custom; and the house was soon wrapped in

quiet—like a sober house should be.

Two o'clock was striking from All Souls' clock when Maria awoke. Why should she have awoke?—there was no noise to startle her. All she knew—and it is all that a great many of us know—was, that she did awake.

To her exceeding astonishment, George was not in bed. Two o'clock!

—and he had said that he should soon follow her! A feeling of vague

alarm stole over Maria.

All sorts of improbable suggestions crowded on her imagination. Imaginations, you know, are more fantastic in the dark still night, than in the busy day. Had he been taken ill? Had he fallen asleep at his work? Could he—could he have set the books and himself on fire? Had a golden crown been offered to Maria, she could not have remained there tranquil a minute longer.

Groping about for her shoes and stockings she put them on, flung over herself a large warm dressing-gown, and stole down the stairs. Passing through the door that divided the dwelling from the bank, she softly turned the handle of George's room, and opened it. Secure in the house

being at rest, he had not locked the doors against interruption.

The tables seemed strewed with books, but George was not then occupied with them. He was sitting in a chair apart, buried—as it appeared—in thought, his hands and his head alike hanging listlessly down. He started up at the entrance of Maria.

"I got alarmed, George," she said, trying to explain her appearance. "I awoke suddenly, and finding you had not come up, I grew frightened,

thinking you might be ill. It is two o'clock!"

"Whatever made you come down out of your warm bed?" reiterated George. "You'll catch your death."

"I got frightened, I say. Will you not come up now?"

"I am coming directly," replied George. "Go back at once. You'll be sure to take cold."

Maria turned to obey. Somehow the dark passages struck on her with a nervous dread. She shrunk into the room again.

"I don't care to go up alone," she cried. "I have no light."

"How foolish!" he exclaimed. "I declare Maria, Meta would be braver!"

Some nervous feeling did certainly appear to be upon her, for she burst into tears. George's tone—a tone of irritation, it had been—was exchanged for one of soothing tenderness, as he bent over her. "What ails you to-night, Maria? I'll light you up."

"I don't know what ails me," she answered, suppressing her sobs. "I have not felt in spirits of late. George, sometimes I think you are not well. You are a great deal changed in your manner to me. Have I

-have I displeased you in any way?"

"You displeased me! No, my darling."

He spoke with impulsive fondness. Well had it been for George Godolphin had no heavier care been upon him than any little displeasure his wife could give. The thought occurred to him with strange bitterness.

"I'll light you up, Maria," he repeated. "I shall not be long after

you."

And, taking the heavy lamp from the table, he carried it to the outer passage, and held it while she went up the stairs. Then he returned to the room and to his work—whatever that work might be.

Vain work! vain, delusive, useless work! As you will soon find, Mr.

George Godolphin.

THE GLACIERS OF MONT BLANC.

BY A PRIVATE OF THE 38TH MIDDLESEX (ARTISTS).

PART III .- ASCENT OF MONT BLANC.

AT a quarter-past twelve A.M. we were all ready for the start (except the German gentleman, who started later with his guides, and got no farther than the Grand Plateau), each separate party being tied together by ropes. There is only one lantern, which the forethought of Couttet had provided. Our party (thanks to the lantern, perhaps) took the lead, the post of honour-not that we kept it-we quietly yielded it towards daybreak, when the chief risk-if there was any-was over, and I had myself no desire to run a race to the summit, in which I should assuredly have been beaten. In front went a guide (Tournier) with the aforesaid lantern to search for a passage amongst the crevasses; then came another guide (Jean Couttet); then myself. After me my third guide (Tiarraz), and after him Jean Marie Couttet, who conducted the caravan: we, in fact, were the "rank and file," and he the "supernumerary rank," to keep us up to our work, the usual post of the principal guide. There was about ten feet stretch of rope between each of us. Looking back at the other party all strung together with ropes, at about an equal distance from one another, it appeared a long and imposing line. The snow was quite crisp and frozen, the night fine, but no moon.

The stars were shining bright, the "Great Bear" just over our heads. Onwards we trudged in solemn silence, not a word spoken by any one:

To climb steep hills requires slow pace at first.

On, on, on, over the ice and over the snow, upwards and onwards in one continuous, monotonous, "melancholy slow" movement. In about two hours we were upon the Petit Plateau, where I halted the guides for about one minute, just to make a break in the monotony of this midnight march, this never-ceasing tramp, tramp, tramp up the snow. The Englishman I have spoken of who sketched on the Grands Muléts (and afterwards on the summit), now came up to take advantage of the light of the lantern to make his notes, some of which afterwards appeared in the Times at the latter end of August, under the initials "A. A. R." He was an agreeable, highly educated gentleman. I do not feel myself at liberty to mention his name, as he seemed to have a horror of appearing in print; but I trust that he will yet give the public in "Peaks and Passes" the advantage of his observations and sketches made on Mont Blanc, Monte Rosa, and the Jüngfrau, all of which and many others of the High Alps he has successfully scaled.

Another hour's toil up the continuous snow slopes brought us on to the Grand Plateau, at an elevation of about thirteen thousand feet—a vast and almost level plain, or rather ravine or basin of snow, which struck me as being well deserving its name, being exceedingly fine, extending to a great distance in one uniform dazzling surface of everlasting ice and snow.

Here it would seem, by the accounts of others, to be usual to make a halt and to indulge in a breakfast; but, alas! no such good fortune awaited us; I was destined to eat my meals with Duke Humphrey to-day. Onwards and upwards, tramp, tramp seemed to be the preconcerted determination of the guides, who perhaps were right after all in forbidding me to eat, although I did not think so at the time. I fear, good reader, you will be tired ere you reach the summit; you have still a long journey before you.

Rude is the path thou'st yet to go,
Snow-cliffs hanging o'er thee,
Fields of ice before thee,
O'er yon ice-bridge lies thy way,
Now for the risk prepare thee,
Safe it yet may bear thee,
Though 'twill melt in morning's ray.

Thus far I had got on well, I may say right well, with but little feeling of fatigue, and no doubt whatever of success, though very hungry, being more wearied with the continued measured tread over the snow-slopes than anything else, and only slightly affected with the usual drowsiness felt by nearly all who make the ascent, and often attended with sickness, spitting of blood, &c. One of the three Englishmen I have previously alluded to, a fine, powerful young man in his prime, was here compelled to give in, being completely overcome with the above sensations of stupor and sickness, and with difficulty of breathing. He returned to the Grands Muléts with two of the guides, to his bitter disappointment, for I was told by them that he took it much to heart. I was not aware, till long after, that he had returned, for I seldom looked back. Once when I did

so in the early stage of our proceedings, I saw one of the party slipping into a crevasse, and gradually disappearing right up to his shoulders, but as he was tied with a rope to his guides, he was safely extricated. I did not like the look of it, thinking that it might be my turn next, and never troubled myself to look back again, as I knew I could not render any aid, and might get unnerved. It soon came to my own turn, but in a different way. We had got about a third across the Grand Plateau, which we reached about 3.30 A.M., when I seemed to be suddenly seized with a perceptible difficulty in drawing my breath, which kept on increasing as I advanced. It never left me till within a short distance of the

summit, which it still took four long hours to attain.

Knowing the distance I yet had to go, and oppressed as I felt myself to be, I took Couttet aside, and told him that as I was already suffering it did not appear to me probable that I could reach the summit, and that I might as well give in at once as toil on any farther, only to give in at He looked earnestly at me, and with his eyes steadfastly fixed on mine, we seemed as it were at that moment to reach each other's hearts. "Oh, sir, you'll reach the summit," was his laconic reply. Not one other word passed between us, and from that moment I was resolved, D. V., to do so, in spite of anything I might suffer, provided that it did not actually prostrate me. I even felt ashamed of the weakness I had betrayed, and never uttered another syllable about giving in, so implicit was the confidence I placed in Couttet, who consoled me by telling me that it was the usual fate of those who attempted the ascent to suffer from the rarefied air, and often to an extent far worse than myself, the perfect truth of which I have since ascertained by the various published accounts. The spitting of blood, vomiting, stupor, extreme palpitation of the heart and lungs, obliging some to lie down to draw breath, to say nothing of hands narrowly escaping being frostbitten, splitting headache, &c., for chapter and verse of which I refer my readers to the said published accounts.

It cannot be supposed that all men deal in fiction, and those few who have made the ascent with little or no suffering are the exception to the rule. I particularly mention the foregoing occurrence, as it is greatly to the credit of Couttet. He would have nothing whatever to gain by persuading me to go on, and would have saved himself four hours of severe toil, and suffering too (a kind of brow ague, common to all), had he ac-There was now a ceded to my suggestion of abandoning the enterprise. momentary consultation of the guides, of the purport of which I was ignorant, but it was soon apparent that it was the selection of our route, and it was determined by Couttet, and carried by acclamation, to take the ancient and long abandoned route, that which immediately ascends above the rocks known as the Rochers Rouges, and which has seldom been traversed since Dr. Hammell's unfortunate attempt, when, as is well known, an avalanche swept away three of his guides, portions of whose remains were found last summer in the Glacier des Bossons (after an entombment of forty years), and the survivors (some still living, who recognised the mangled fragments of their comrades) themselves miraculously escaped a similar fate. A new route was struck out, not long afterwards, by Sir Charles Fellowes, passing below the Rochers Bares, by a passage known by the name of the Corridore. These two reutes

reunite above the Rochers Rouges. The object of taking the abandoned route was to shorten the ascent, which it does considerably, although one gentleman writing to the Times says that when he took this route some years ago he was two hours longer, on account of the hardness of the ice, and the necessity of cutting steps, &c., which of course we had to do as well. We were two hours shorter. Under no circumstances, however, ought this route to be taken, except with the sanction of a most experienced chef guide. Auguste Balmat told me afterwards that he thought it so extremely hazardous, that upon no consideration on earth would be ever be induced to take that route. It crosses the direct path of the avalanches, and as we passed over the débris of frozen masses of snow and ice, and wended our way though many a huge block, I confess that I looked wistfully up at the steep precipices of snow on our right, and was comforted when we had passed them. "All's well that ends well." But what a wilderness is this! Not a rock, not a stone, not a single thing on earth to be seen but snow and ice, ice and snow; and this in every direction, on the right hand and on the left, above and below, in truth

> The ice was here, the ice was there, The ice was all around,

for miles and miles together, for be it remembered that Mont Blanc is not far short of three miles in direct perpendicular height; what the actual mileage to the summit may be I know not. I should certainly think we performed not less than thirty-five or forty miles, and what miles! Some have estimated the actual ascent from Chamounix at upwards of fifty miles. I should fix it at thirty-five, or forty at most, not less than the one nor more than the other. Let any one look at Mont Blanc from the valley, and imagine what the inclines must be, and the consequent zig-zags to attain the summit, which may be said almost to overhang the valley, for

it seems to rise vertically above it.

"Revenons à nos moutons." The difficulty of breathing which I first experienced on the Grand Plateau became worse and worse as we ascended, and was accompanied with a most violent palpitation of the heart, which beat against my side as if it would come out of me. The feeling was most distressing; still I felt able to go on. It did not occasion any apparent feebleness in my limbs; my legs were firm under me; I never made one false step the whole way up nor down, not even in the footsteps cut with the hatchet up the ice-slopes, where only the side of the foot could be planted, and but a bare hold in many places, and where the greatest caution was required, particularly at the turn of each zigzag, to prevent a catastrophe to myself or others. Indeed, the only caution I received from Couttet throughout the whole ascent was when ascending one of these slopes, up which it was necessary to cut our way. He told me to be most careful how I planted my feet, and you may be assured I took the utmost pains not to break my neck or theirs. though the organs of the heart and lungs were so violently and distressingly agitated, it did not, as I have remarked, affect the limbs, but nevertheless I found myself compelled to halt every twenty or thirty paces for a second or two to regain breath, for which I was literally panting, and very audibly too. I cannot compare it to anything more truly than the panting of a dog on a hot summer's day, except that my tongue did not Sept.—VOL. CXXVI. NO. DI.

hang out of my mouth. To add to my troubles, my feet were fearfully cold, and I had the greatest dread of their being frostbitten, an occurrence by no means uncommon. In vain did I bury them, upon the advice of the guides, in the dry powdery snow; in vain did I at every step move the toes about to the best of my ability to restore circulation; and had we not shortly reached les Derniers Roches, a solitary bleak rock jutting out of the ice—a perfect oasis amidst these "thrilling regions of thickribbed ice"-I know not what might have been the consequence. It lay a little to the left of our route, and the sun had just risen upon it. These men of progress would fain have passed it, but I made a frantic rush towards it, and throwing myself upon the rock sub Jove frigido, extended my feet, and made two of the guides, each with a bâton, bastinado them right lustily. The sun had a little power, too, and I shall never forget the joy at seeing the snow begin to melt on my shoes, and the hard, frozen leather to yield a little to its influence. About three minutes' rest in the sunshine, and my repeated entreaties to the guides to rap away with their bâtons, in some measure restored the circulation into my feet. Onwards and upwards in the same solemn silence, for no one uttered a word more than they could help, we traversed the interminable ice-slopes till we reached the Calotte, one never-ceasing grind, and what with the cold, the rarefied state of the atmosphere, my famished state, and the great exertion undergone, I felt as if my intellects were in a state of torpor, and followed in the footsteps of the guides in a very dogged and mechanical fashion. Others have vividly described the singular drowsy feeling which more or less assails every one. Albert Smith tells us how exceedingly cross he was with his guides, how indignant when they dared to call his attention to Monte Rosa, and how some "terrible elaborate affair that he could not settle about two bedsteads," occupied his mind. Then a literary friend came up, and told him he was "sorry he could not pass over his ground on the way to the summit, as the King of Prussia had forbidden it! Everybody," he says, "was as foolish and unconnected as he was himself." So with me in a less degree. I remember feeling very sulky, not to say savage, with Couttet when he came up to me, and in a sepulchral voice (for the voice up here sounds sepulchral enough, a low kind of deep-toned whisper) called my attention to some interesting object-probably Monte Rosa-and I could not get the treadmill out of my head-indeed, I could think of nothing else, quite longing to pass a day upon it, feeling sure that it would be absolutely nothing in comparison to what I was undergoing. Then I felt overcome with the attention of Tournier, my second guide, who carried with him various nostrums, of which I was not aware till they were each in succession presented to me, much in the fashion that children tickle their palates by the well-known exclamation, "Open your mouth and shut your eyes," for at his bidding, generally by signal, I opened my mouth (occasionally no easy matter, as I shall presently show), and never knew what was coming till I found a raisin, or a prune, or a lump of sugar, or a piece of peppermint, the latter feeling icy cold on the tongue. I was really so overpowered with gratitude that it was all I could do to thank him, and was compelled to make a positive effort for the occasion. Then came a scent-bottle filled with the strongest aromatic vinegar or sal-volatile,

——which ever and anon
He gave my nose, and took't away again;—
Who, therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in souff.

This nostrum was so potent, that each of the guides, as it was passed round in succession and applied to their nostrils, winced under the smart, and instinctively withdrew from it, yet with me it had no manner of effect that I was aware of. I would have given anything for a little cold water, with which, in the form of hard frozen ice, we were surrounded, for I was dry, if not, like poor Albert Smith, with rage, certainly "with extreme toil;" but, alas! there was none to be had for love nor money, and we might as well have tried to squeeze a drop out of a piece of granite. I have said that it was occasionally no easy matter to open my mouth-no, gentle reader, in sooth it was not. My beard and moustache were hard frozen. Previously to starting I had begrimed my face with tallow-grease (think of that, ye fair maidens!), and it had all got so frozen and clotted together, that it formed a compact mass. I could not speak a word, and was obliged to beckon to the guide who was at the rope's length behind me, and to point to my mouth. He was sorely puzzled on coming up, but soon discovered what was amiss, and then, taking off his mittens (which I feared to do myself), removed the ice with his fingers, and forthwith inserted, without any exception, the dirtiest digit I remember to have seen. We were all of us more or less begrimed, as may be supposed. This operation was a great relief, and I was obliged repeatedly to have recourse to it.

The ascent of the Calotte is a dead pull all the way, and although I believe it is not much more than about a thousand feet, it was such a tough job that it appeared as if we never should be able to surmount it. A strong puff of wind blew up from the north, and seemed to penetrate not only through all my garments, but through and through to the very marrow of the bones. I never in my life experienced anything approaching it. Alfred Wills, in his ascent of Mont Blanc, describes the wind as "entering at the back and coming out at the chest, as if one were made of gauze;" a perfect description of what I experienced myself.

My guide, Tournier, urged me onwards. "The wind is springing up," said he, "and if it comes on to blow we shall never reach the summit. Courage! courage! et nous sommes sur le sommet." I had now become extremely callous, and the last spark of enthusiasm flickering in the flame which he vainly endeavoured to kindle had long since been extinguished; in fact, I was fairly "used up;" but I looked at the sky, and saw a cloud passing over our heads which occasioned the wind, and, to my great delight, no other cloud in view, so, feeling at the moment as if I should like to have kicked the guide for his remark, I doggedly dragged along till within a little distance of the summit, when I was as suddenly relieved from the difficulty of breathing as I had been attacked with it. It was, as Balmat remarked to me, like the opening of a door, a sensation he had himself experienced. I no longer required to stop at every few paces to draw breath, but marched manfully up the ice-slope, and in about ten minutes had the extreme satisfaction of finding myself ON THE SUMMIT OF MONT BLANC, and planting my banner on the highest mountain in Europe, at an elevation of 15,744 feet above the

level of the sea. It was now about 7.30 A.M. Strange to say, all disagreeable sensations were instantly at an end, and I did not even feel fatigued. The guides all threw themselves down for a brief repose, but it was not till I had been some little time on the summit that I seated myself on a knapsack for a few minutes.

Couttet's hands were icy cold, and myself and one of the guides set to work to restore circulation and prevent frostbite. He had got them in that state in a few seconds, while fastening my veil to the bâton, which I could not do with my mittens on, and did not venture to

take them off.

"Was I repaid for all I had endured?" a question often put to me, and which I have put as often to myself. My well-considered answer is in the affirmative—Amply repaid. The view from the summit is grand beyond all conception, far surpassing anything that the most imaginative mind could have preconceived. It is of so sublime a character as to almost approach the appalling. There was not a cloud in the heavens, and only one or two insignificant films hanging on some neighbouring mountain. Peak rose above peak (many a thousand "Pelion heaped on Ossa") as far as the eye could range, and each more or less enveloped in their everlasting mantle of snow, standing out clear, sharp, and defined against an intensely blue or rather deeply purple sky, while beyond them stretched the plains of Italy, lost in the distance in a vapoury atmosphere.

I did not see the Mediterranean, nor do I believe that any one ever has or ever will from the top of Mont Blanc. The most conspicuous mountain, being unlike all the others, is decidedly the Virgin Matterhorn. It was the first to engage my attention, from its singular abrupt form, reminding me forcibly of the drawing of the "Devil's Thumb," a well-known rock rising out of Baffin's Sea, near which many a whaler has been nipped in the ice. Monte Rosa, with its many-clustered peaks, was the next of the most conspicuous. The other principal mountains were not quite so obvious, bearing more of a general similarity of outline, and were pointed out to me by Couttet—the Jüngfrau, Wetterhorn, Weisshorn, and endless others distant in various directions, including Mont Cenis.

The scene was at first so stupendous that it was not till we had been some time on the summit that my mind could at all embrace it, but by a gradual process the whole of the wonderful panorama, bit by bit as it were, became a tangible reality, if one may use such an expression. Immediately around me I could trace well-known spots, such as the Jardin, which I had twice visited, hemmed in by the Grand Jorasse, and now looking like a tiny triangular walled enclosure amidst the vast region of snow; the passage of the Col du Géant (to which I aspire); and at the farther extremity the Mont Jolie and the dreary Col du Bonhomme, which I crossed the previous year on making a tour round Mont Blane on foot. All of these familiar spots were placed like a raised map before me, as of course were the Buet, the Aiguilles Rouges, the Brévent, and the Montagnes Rouges beyond, extending to the Jura, and including the Lake of Geneva. One singular effect was the contrast of the dazzling snowy summit of Mont Blane with the dark rocky mountain-range on the opposite side of the valley of Chamounix. The snow-slopes seemed to slant away somewhat abruptly below us, and to come, to all appearance, in immediate contact with the dark rocks on the opposite side of the valley, as though nothing intervened. Indeed, one remarkable feature of the coup d'ail was that all the valleys, the rivers, the vegetation, "the blessed abodes of man," were lost sight of. One seemed to have taken leave of the lower world altogether, and to have entered into a new state of existence—into "a dead world," as Mr. Coleman remarks—"a chaos, no sign nor track of man, nor herb, nor beast, nor thing that moveth. On every side is one vast ocean of peaks, silent and sad, countless as waves of the sea, all veiled in one stone grey, colder than winter, as still as death, not one green spot, one sacred home, a scene of desolation so ghastly, so dreary, so boundless, that we recoil from it in awe—a world from which love and life are fled." Neither is this description the least degree fanciful; it is absolutely the impression of the mind, and one which no time will ever efface.

I was absent from Chamounix thirty-six hours, but it seemed to me an age!—a break in my life, a new starting-point altogether, and I have

not yet got over this feeling, and do not think that I ever shall.

Many have asked me what the actual summit is like; my reply is, that it is simply a narrow ridge, slanting up to its apex, and then slanting down in the direction of the Dôme du Gouté. Some ingenious mortal has compared it to the backbone of an ass-the thinner the donkey, and the more his backbone sticks up, the more would be the resemblance. Being refreshed with a glass of champagne, which is all I touched, and having spent three-quarters of an hour on the summit, Couttet suggested that it was time to return. I was so engaged in admiring the marvellous scene, that the thoughts of returning never crossed my mind. However, I now struck my colours, and attaching ourselves with the rope, we commenced our descent. I rather rebelled against the rope, as it is an unpleasant kind of harness. Often, during the ascent, I was pulled up "all standing," as sailors say, or "taken aback" by a sudden jerk, which squeezed all the wind out of me, arising from some slip or sudden halt in the rear of me; but Couttet insisted upon the necessity of it. He was right, too. A few years ago, Mr. Erasmus Galton nearly lost his life immediately on quitting the summit, from not being attached, but was saved by the gallant conduct of Victor Tiarraz.* "Facilis descensus Averni" (read the Grands Muléts), which we accomplished in three hours, the ascent having occupied seven. We came down at a pretty quick pace, and I experienced no further difficulty in drawing breath, clearly proving that it was not altogether owing to the rarefied air that one suffers so much, but to a combination of circumstances, as explained in the following letter addressed to me by my kind friend Sir Benjamin Brodie, Bart., which I publish with his sanction, and which will be read with interest. It explains the cause in a manner more clear and intelligible than any I have read; and to the reasons given I would further suggest the intensity of cold striking upon the lungs from the snow-slope, to which, from their acclivity, the face is in close contact. The guides are so well aware of this, that every time we halted they faced towards the valley.

"I have read your letter," he says, "with much interest. In the ascent of Mont Blanc there is a combination of circumstances which can-

^{*} Vide Illustrated London News, p. 94, 1851.

not fail to affect the respiration; and the respiration cannot be affected without the action of the heart being affected also. One of these circumstances is the muscular effort required for mounting the ascent; and it is the same as that which causes you to be out of breath in running up a long flight of steps, or in walking up any steep hill. The other is the rarefied state of the atmosphere, in consequence of which, a smaller quantity of oxygen being admitted into the lungs at each respiration, a much greater number of respirations is required. The purple colour of the skin merely shows that, even with the increased number of inspirations, the blood is not sufficiently oxygenised. When you were on the flat surface on the top of the mountain, only one of these causes was in operation, and the rarefied air was sufficient for the little muscular exertion which you then made. But if, instead of standing, or walking quietly, you had employed yourself in running, you would then have found the same difficulty as in the previous ascent. The facility with which you descended the mountain is to be explained in the same manner, the difference being the same as that between going down and climbing up stairs. The muscular effort required in the descent is very small; in fact, the weight of your body helps you, whereas, in the ascent, the effect of it is to impede your progressive motion, and add to your labour. From what I have read, I have been led to believe that different persons who have performed the exploit of ascending Mont Blanc have been, to a certain extent, differently affected by it. It is long since I read M. de Saussure's statement of his own experience, but, if my recollection be accurate, he says, that when he was on the top of the mountain, even the effort to look at the thermometer was productive of so much distress, that he was compelled to lie down to rest after it. When I read this, it occurred to me as not improbable that this was an indication of his labouring under some incipient disease of the heart."

Our descent from the Grands Muléts was not marked with any particular incident, further than in the act of "glissading" (in my opinion a very hazardous performance at all times). Two of the guides, and myself between them, went off suddenly out of our direct path, at an obtuse angle, and were quite unable to stop ourselves for a long time on account of the steepness of the snow-slope. The pace we went was terrific; fortunately, there was no crevasse, or we should never, in all probability, have come out of it alive. We took to our feet after this brilliant exploit, and regained the track we ought to have come down, declining, for my own part, to travel "express" after this fashion any more.

*Some of the party had preceded us, and to give an idea of the risk of a glissade at all times, we were obliged to step aside from the furrow they had made to avoid a small crevasse which they had actually bounded over in the velocity of their descent. On mentioning this to one of the gentlemen, he said that "it accounted for a considerable bump he felt as he slid down." One of them lost his bâton down a snow-slope: away it went, point foremost, at a tremendous speed, first in one undeviating line, and then, just as happened to us, off it flew, first at one tangent, then at another, "quo fata vocunt," till it was seen no more.

The pace soon brought us all back to the little hut at the Grands Muléts, where I rested two or three hours; and all the others having long since taken their departure for Chamounix, Couttet suggested that

it was time for us to start unless I purposed to pass another night there, which I certainly had little inclination to do. Except in one ticklish place of this glacier, all was "serene" on crossing it. This passed, no further difficulties remained, except that one became so callous and careless on terra firma that once or twice I was very nearly coming to grief but for the timely aid of the guides, who seemed never to have their eyes off me. As we approached the valley I dispensed with their services, and Couttet and myself trudged the remainder of the distance together. When we reached the mule-path I found Pietro Gerlo and a man with a mule ready to convey me to Chamounix, but I declined to mount, wishing to perform the whole on foot, and not being altogether done up yet. Farther on we met Michel Couttet, my guide round Mont Blanc last year, who came to greet us. He had just arrived at Chamounix from a long excursion. And then one of the head waiters of the hotel, who had come to announce that "all Chamounix had turned out to welcome us, and several ladies were coming across the fields to meet us." On looking up I beheld them, and was ungallant enough to ask Couttet if I could not possibly escape this overpowering attention.

By going a mile and a half round, he said that we might do so. Notwithstanding that I had been a pretty long time on the tramp, we extended our distance, and, bolting round the corner of the hotel, slipped through the assembled throng amidst a salvo of artillery, from which there was no possible escape; and, what was worse, the presentation of a huge bouquet of flowers, not from the fair hand of some fair maiden (which, under the circumstances, I had no right to expect), but, horresco

referens, from the fist of a waiter.

And now, gentle reader, I take my leave, only regretting that, owing to the populus, my ascent of Mont Blanc appears to end in smoke. As a private of the 38th Middlesex (Artists), I would here remark that I attribute my power of endurance, and a greatly improved state of health (for I had long been far from well), entirely to the circumstance of my having joined a Volunteer corps, and stuck steadily to the work, and to this I think that my commanding officer, Captain Phillips, will bear testimony. One of the greatest pleasures I felt on my return home was his cordial reception of me, as he seemed well aware, which some people are not, of the severe nature of the work to be gone through in making a successful ascent of Mont Blanc.

I am a great advocate for the Volunteer movement on every account. Reading Russell's admirable little book induced me to join the force three years ago, and I would most strongly advise all men capable of carrying arms to join the ranks, and artists especially, who will find that a few hours a week snatched from their laborious in-door work, and passed with the 38th at drill and at the targets out of doors, will tend greatly to promote their health, enable them to ascend Mont Blanc, and paint some of its sublime scenery en route.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

BY SIR NATHANIEL.

WHAT with the loving labours of Mr. Fraser Tytler, and the apologetic memoir by Sir Robert Schomburgh, and the temperate but very effective defence by Mr. Macvey Napier, and the florid rhetoric of Granta's present Professor of Modern History, the "rehabilitation" of Sir Walter Raleigh may be pronounced tolerably complete. Mr. Kingsley, for one, can't help watching with a smile how good old Time's scrubbing-brush, as he characteristically phrases it, which clears away paint and whitewash from church pillars, does the same by such men as Raleigh. After each fresh examination, some fresh count in the hundred-headed indictment breaks down. "The truth is, that as people begin to believe more in nobleness, and to gird up their loins to the doing of noble deeds, they discover more nobleness in others. Raleigh's character was in its lowest Nadir in the days of Voltaire and Hume. What shame to him? For so were more sacred characters than his. Shall the disciple be above his master? Especially when that disciple is but too inconsistent, and gave occasion to the uncircumcised to blaspheme? But Cayley, after a few years, refutes triumphantly Hume's silly slanders. He is a stupid writer: but he has sense enough, being patient, honest, and loving, to do that.

"Mr. Fraser Tytler shovels away a little more of the dirt-heap; Mr. Napier clears him (for which we owe him many thanks), by simple statement of facts, from the charge of having deserted and neglected his Virginia colonists; Humboldt and Schomburgh from the charge of having lied about Guiana; and so on; each successive writer giving in generally on merest hearsay to the general complaint against him, either from fear of running counter to big names, or from mere laziness, and yet absolving him from that particular charge of which his own knowledge enables him to judge."* The congenial author of "Westward Ho!" essays to clear Raleigh from a few more charges, without depending for sustenance on "any new and recondite documents," but merely taking the broad facts of the story from documents open to all, and commenting on them as every man should wish his own life to be commented on.

In Sir Walter Raleigh we have

No carpet knight
That spent his youth in groves, or pleasant bowers,
Or stretching on a couch his lazy limbs,
Sung to his lute such soft and melting notes
As Ovid nor Anaereon ever knew.†

Born in 1552, at Hayes, near the coast of Devonshire, at sixteen he was, according to Anthony Wood, "worthily esteemed a proficient in oratory and philosophy," at Oriel College, Oxford; and at seventeen he was off to France, with his kinsman, Henry Champernon, to fight for the Hugue-

^{*} Sir Walter Raleigh and his Time. Reprinted from North Brit. Rev., No. xlv., in Kingsley's Miscellanies, vol. i. pp. 1-109.
† Beaumont and Fletcher, The Fair Maid of the Inn, Act I. Sc. 1.

nots. Five years of military service on French soil were followed by similar experiences in the Netherlands; and then came colonising expeditions to North America, and war-duties in rebellious Ireland, and favour at Court, and fresh transatlantic experiments, and exploits against the Armada, and secret marriage, and consequent Court disfavour, and imprisonment in the Tower, and retirement at Sherborne, and then El Dorado researches in South America,—followed by London authorship, and feats at the siege of Cadiz, and the government of Jersey, and party combinations with Cecil against Essex; and then came the death of Elizabeth, when a new king arose which knew not Raleigh, nor would know aught but bad of him,—his majesty's minions taking care that he should hear naught that was good. His sentence of death on Raleigh—for virtually the sentence was the king's—has been made the least pardonable of James's manifold misdoings.

Of treaties fond, o'erweening of his parts, In every treaty of his own mean arts He fell the dupe; peace was his coward care E'en at a time when Justice call'd for war: His pen he'd draw to prove his lack of wit, But rather than unsheath the sword, submit. Truth fairly must record; and, pleased to live In league with Mercy, Justice may forgive Kingdoms betray'd, and worlds resign'd to Spain, But never can forgive a Raleigh slain.*

Few readers can have finished without a regret Macaulay's brilliant essay on Burleigh and his Times—a regret not merely at coming too soon to the end of so attractive a narrative, but also at the non-fulfilment of its author's expressed intention of depicting Raleigh, the soldier, the sailor, the scholar, the courtier, the orator, the poet, the historian, the philosopher,—whom he pictured to himself, sometimes reviewing the Queen's guard, sometimes giving chase to a Spanish galleon, then answering the chiefs of the country party in the House of Commons, then again murmuring one of his sweet love-songs too near the ears of her majesty's maids of honour, and soon after poring over the Talmud, or

collating Polybius with Livy.

What the Edinburgh Review's most effective contributor left unessayed, its less dashing but solidly endowed editor took in hand—the most successful, probably, of all that Mr. Napier contributed to that Review, being his long, and painstaking, and well-condensed, well-balanced discourse on Raleigh—to whom he devoted nearly half a number, in order to delineate in some detail the character of one who acted a part in all the functions of public life, military, naval, and civil, and was illustrious in all; who was a projector on the grandest scale, an improver of naval architecture, a founder of colonies, a promoter of distant commerce; who, as the introducer of two important articles of subsistence and luxury, helped in a signal degree to augment the food, and to modify the habits of all the nations of Europe; and whose fortunes

* Churchill, Gotham, book ii.

[†] See the concluding paragraph of essay on Burleigh and his Times, in vol. ii. of Macaulay's Critical and Historical Essays.

were alike remarkable for enviable success and pitiable reverses. "Raised to eminent station through the favour of the greatest female sovereign of England, he perished on the scaffold through the dislike and cowardly policy of the meanest of her kings. To crown all, his fame in letters, particularly as the author of that memorable work with which his 'prison hours enriched the world, placed his name in glorious association with those of Bacon and Hooker, as it otherwise was with those of Essex and Vere, of Hawkins and Drake."*

We need not say that the two important articles above referred to, are potatoes and tobacco. Father Prout, who patriotically maintains that nowhere does the former "capital esculent" grow in such perfection as in Ireland-not even in America, where it is indigenous,-alleges his conviction that a great national delinquency has occurred in the sad neglect of his countrymen towards the memory of the great and good man who conferred on them so valuable a boon, on his return from the expedition to Virginia. "To Sir Walter Raleigh no monument has yet been erected, and nothing has been done to repair the injustice of his contemporaries. His head has rolled from the scaffold on Tower-hill; and though he has fed with his discovery more families, and given a greater impulse to population, than any other benefactor of mankind, no testimonial exists to commemorate his benefaction. Nelson has a pillar in Dublin:—in the city of Limerick a whole column has been devoted to Spring Rice! and the mighty genius of Raleigh is forgotten. I have seen some animals feed under the majestic oak on the acorns that fell from its spreading branches (glande sues læti), without once looking up to the parent tree that showered down blessings on their ungrateful heads." So endeth the Father's Apology for Lent. And in another place, a pertinently post-prandial one, the jovial Priest of Watergrass-hill, in hob-a-nob colloquy with another Sir Walter, reminds Scott from Scotland, with true Irish pride, that "Our round towers, Sir Walter, came from the east, as will be one day proved; but our potatoes came from the west; Persia sent us the one, and Virginia the other. We are a glorious people! The two hemispheres minister to our historic recollections." The economic value of "that esculent" may have depreciated since Father Prout panegyrised it-so far, indeed, as to make less likely than ever any scheme for a monument to the memory of its founder in Ireland, as a great national institution. But there is no such reaction in the tobacco question. Were the smoking public a grateful and earnest people, a memorial to Sir Walter that began in, would not end in smoke.

Still better known is Raleigh to the multitude, than for his benignant agency in the import of tobacco and potatoes, by the ever-popular story of the cloak he cast in the mire for Queen Elizabeth to tread on. On this score we might almost call him, what we have already in homage

denied him to be, a carpet-knight.

An incident in the court career of Gonsalvo of Cordova has been set

* Edinburgh Review, vol. lxxi., Art. "Sir Walter Raleigh."

^{† &}quot;That esculent," a high-polite preacher called it, in the pulpit, when preaching about the Irish Famine in 1847—and afraid of shocking a sensitive congregation and of degrading his high-polite self by uttering such a word as potato in that sacred place. Was he afraid of being thought to say tatur? † Reliques of Father Prout, p. 26, ed. 1860. § Ibid., p. 82.

up as a worthy parallel, or counterpart, to Sir Walter's extempore or impromptu carpet-spreading extraordinary. When Queen Isabella had bade adieu to her daughter Joanna, then bound for Flanders and wedlock, she returned in her boat to the shore; but the waters were so swollen that it was found difficult to make good a footing for her on the beach. As the sailors were preparing to drag the bark higher up the strand, Gonsalvo, who was present, and dressed, as the Castilian historians are careful to inform us, in a rich suit of brocade and crimson velvet, unwilling that the person of his royal mistress should be profaned by the touch of such rude hands, waded into the water, and bore the queen in his arms to the shore, amid the shouts and plaudits of the spectators.* It is rather in the spirit, than at all to the letter, that any parallel holds good between the two chevaliers. What we read of Mr. Pepys's lending James the Second his cloak on a wet day, is nearer to the letter of Raleigh's performance, but as remote from the spirit of it as essential prose from essential poetry, or as tailordom from knighthood,—in a word, as Sam Pepys from Walter Raleigh. "This day, in the afternoon," journalises Samuel, "stepping with the Duke of York into St. James's Park, it rained; and I was forced to lend the Duke of York my cloke, which he wore through the Park." A little pleased Pepys may have been, that royalty should cross the Park in vesture of his wearing (and not merely, say, of his father's making), but it went against the grain, evidently, to denude himself in the Duke's behalf, and this, for the whole length of the Park, on a rainy day.

Out of reverence alike to Elizabeth and to Raleigh, Professor Kingsley demurs to the received version of the cloak-story. Sir Walter, he observes, comes to London, and to Court. But how? By spreading his cloak over a muddy place for Queen Elizabeth to step on? It is a pretty story, the Professor allows, and very likely to be a true one; but biographers have slurred a few facts in their hurry to carry out their theory of "favourites," and to prove that Elizabeth took up Raleigh on the same grounds that the silliest boarding-school miss might have done. "Not that I deny the cloak-story, if true, to be a very pretty story; perhaps it justifies, taken alone, Elizabeth's fondness for him. There may have been self-interest in it; we are bound, as 'men of the world,' to impute the dirtiest motive that we can find: but how many self-interested men do we know, who would have had quickness and daring to do such a thing? Men who are thinking about themselves are not generally either so quick-witted, or so inclined to throw away a good cloak, when by much scraping and saving they have got one. I never met a cunning, selfish, ambitious man who would have done such a thing. The reader may." But even if the reader has, Mr. Kingsley would ask him, for Queen Elizabeth's sake, to consider that this young Quixote is the close relation of two of the finest public men then living, Champernon and Carew. That he is a friend of Sidney; a pet of Leicester; that he has left behind him at Oxford, and brought with him from Ireland, the reputation of being a rara avis, a new star in the firmament; that he has been a soldier in her Majesty's service (and in one in which

^{*} Prescott, Ferdinand and Isabella, vol. ii. part ii. ch. ii.
† Diary of Samuel Pepys, April 6, 1668.

she has a peculiar private interest) for twelve years; that he has held her commission as one of the triumvirate for governing Munster, and had been the commander of the garrison of Cork; and that it is possible she may have heard something of him before he threw his cloak under her feet.*

It was not from any low value he set on gorgeous attire that Raleigh was so ready to part with his mantle. On the contrary, he was renowned for the showy style of dress he affected. It was an age of magnificence, if not of good taste, in costume; and Sir Walter was conspicuous in that age for the sumptuous splendour of his garb. Especially admired was that suit of silver armour in which, as Captain of the Guard, he rode abroad with the Queen. One of his portraits mentioned by Aubrey shows him dressed "in a white satin doublet, and embroidered with rich pearls, and a mighty rich chain of great pearls about his neck." So we may rest perfectly satisfied that the cloak he flung beneath Gloriana's feet was not a homely affair of

----hodden gray, and a' that.

As for his personal appearance, the gossiping old authority last quoted informs us, that besides being a tall and handsome man, he had a most remarkable aspect, an exceeding high forehead, long face, and sour eyelids.† Sir Robert Naunton, who knew him well, tells us that "he had in the outward man a good presence, in a handsome and well-compacted person;"—and Sir John Harrington, another familiar acquaintance, that he had what was "thought a very good face,"‡ though noway improved by a smashing fall from his horse, which, however, as everybody's every-

day comforters tell them, might have been worse.

The term, a "young Quixote," applied in a foregoing paragraph, by Professor Kingsley, hypothetically, however, to Sir Walter of the cloak, reminds us by contrast of a passage in Hartley Coleridge's Biographia Borealis, about Clifford (Earl George), as a type of the nautical adventurer in Elizabethan times. "We cannot call him a Sea-Quixote, for a degree of cupidity mingled with his restlessness." And Hartley would class Raleigh and his compeers, almost all and sundry, in the same category. For, the long war, he says, and the enormous wealth of the Spanish settlements, had revived in the English character the Scandinavian spirit of piracy. The chevalier sans reproche who wrote the Arcadia is Hartley's almost solitary exception. "Few of Elizabeth's warriors emulated the stainless honour and humanity of Sir Philip Sidney. Drake and Raleigh themselves were little better than gentlemen buccaneers." §

Possibly Hartley was slightly infected by Uncle Southey's distrust of and distaste for Raleigh—of whom we find that good man and zealous student writing as follows, on one occasion, to a Devonshire friend: "I looked closely into one part of 'Raleigh's Life,' while writing the 'History of Brazil,' and the result was a conviction that he was not a man of

^{*} See Kingsley's Miscellanies, I. 19 sq.

^{† &}quot;Sour eie-lidded, a kind of pigge-eie." Aubrey's Lives.

[†] Frag. Regalia (Art. Raleigh); Nugæ Antiquæ, II. 125; vide Napier, ubi suprå, 95 sq.
§ Northern Worthies, vol. ii. p. 34, ed. 1852.

veracity, but asserted, for the sake of deceiving others, things which he could not possibly have believed himself. He was a very able man,—one of the ablest in an age fertile of ability, but his practical wisdom was of a crooked kind."* Southey, we may be pretty sure, would have sided with the Essex party against Raleigh, and "Coban, and Cécile," as Corneille the younger mis-spells their names, while he misrepresents their characters,—for it is small Thomas, great Peter's brother, who makes le comte d'Essex exclaim,

——il me serait utile
A chasser un Coban, un Raleigh, un Cécile,
Un tas d'hommes sans nom, qui, lâchement flatteurs,
Des désordres publics font gloire d'être auteurs:
Par eux tout périra. La reine, qu'ils séduisent,
Ne veut pas que contre eux les gens de bien l'instruisent:
Maîtres de son esprit, ils lui font approuver
Tout ce qui peut servir à les mieux éléver.
Leur grandeur se formant par la chute des autres, &c.†

Which amount of mis-spelling and misrepresentation was too much even for Voltaire, who, in his annotations on Thomas Corneille's tragedy, takes the liberty of protesting against this indiscriminate treatment of a Cecil, a Cobham, and a Raleigh, as men sans nom, and of worse than no character. Not to dwell on the others ("Il n'y eut jamais de Coban," says Voltaire, "mais bien un lord Cobham, d'une des plus illustres maisons du pays," &c.), the caustic commentator amends the playwright's perversion, so far as regards Sir Walter, by stating, that "Walter Raleigh était un vice-amiral, célèbre par ses grandes actions et par son génie, et dont le mérite solide était fort supérieur au brillant du comte d'Essex."‡

Mr. Kingsley's narrative enters into the Essex controversy somewhat at length, because on it is founded what he calls one of the mean slanders from which Raleigh never completely recovered. The very mob urges this strenuous advocate, who, after Raleigh's death, made him a Protestant martyr "(as indeed he was)," looked upon Essex in the same light, hated Raleigh as the cause of his death, and accused him of glutting his eyes with Essex's misery, puffing tobacco out of a window, and what not—all mere inventions, as Raleigh declared upon the scaffold.§ And yet the extreme unpopularity of a man of such great and various talents, so distinguished by courtier-like accomplishments and martial achievements, may well appear to most readers, what it always appeared to Mr. Napier, a perplexing part of Raleigh's history; and not to be sufficiently accounted for, either by those who ascribe it solely to his haughty demeanour, or to his enmity to Essex, the general favourite of the people. The belief that he was not over-scrupulous in his regard for truth—that his great and brilliant qualities were tarnished by craft and rapacity-that, as Ben Jonson alleged, "he esteemed fame more than conscience," were, as Mr. Napier suspects, the principal sources of that hostile feeling entertained towards him, and which never without strong cause takes place of the esteem universally entertained for genius

^{*} Southey to Mrs. Bray, April 11, 1836. Select Letters, vol. iv. p. 447.
† Le Comte d'Essex, Tragédie, par Thomas Corneille (1678), Acte I. Sc. 1.
‡ Voltaire, Commentaires sur Thos. Corneille. § Kingsley, I. 67.

and valour. But be the cause what it may, the fact is unquestionable; and indeed we find his friend the Earl of Northumberland not merely acknowledging it, but alleging that he had himself suffered in public

opinion from his long and intimate connexion with him.*

Into the merits of the vexed question of Raleigh's relation to the Cobham plot, and of his various disgraces at court, and of his connexion with Essex, and Bacon, and others, we have neither space, nor skill, nor will, to enter. Tytler and Napier, Kingsley and Hepworth Dixon,—to these and other popular authorities, who have handled the vexed questions either generally or specially, for or against Sir Walter, the reader who likes to be so vexed may be conveniently referred. Hardly upon so much as the summa fastigia rerum is it our province to touch—and having touched, off again at a tangent is the rule—a rule peremptory against continuing in one stay.

For, as usual—and, if it be not paradoxical to say so, on system—fragmentary and discursive to a degree are these our Notes on a real

Noteworthy—prominent among

The numerous worthies of the maiden reign.

In Raleigh mark their every glory mix'd;
Raleigh, the scourge of Spain! whose breast with all
The sage, the patriot, and the hero burn'd.
Nor sunk his vigour, when a coward reign
The warrior fetter'd, and at last resign'd,
To glut the vengeance of a vanquish'd foe.
Then, active still and unrestrain'd, his mind
Explored the vast extent of ages past,
And with his prison-hours enrich'd the world;
Yet found no times, in all the long research,
So glorious, or so base, as those he proved,
In which he conquer'd, and in which he bled.†

It is needless to mention, as Mr. Hallam remarks in his estimate of King James I., that the sentence under which Raleigh fell, was passed fifteen years before, on a charge of high treason, in plotting to raise Arabella Stuart to the throne;—a charge which the Constitutional Historian of England thinks may probably have been, partly at least, founded in truth; but Raleigh's conviction was obtained on the single deposition of Lord Cobham, an accomplice, a prisoner, not examined in court, and known to have already retracted his accusation. "Such a verdict was thought contrary to law, even in that age of ready convictions. It was a severe measure to detain for twelve years in prison so splendid an ornament of his country, and to confiscate his whole estate.

"For Raleigh's conduct in the expedition to Guiana there is not much excuse to make. Rashness and want of foresight were among his failings; else he would not have undertaken a service of so much hazard without obtaining a regular pardon for his former offence. But it might surely be urged that either his commission was absolutely null, or that

^{*} See a remarkable letter, not noticed by either Mr. Tytler or Dr. Southey, though published in so well-known a work as Miss Aikin's Memoirs of the Court of James, vol. i. p. 58.—Napier, 44.
† Thomson: The Seasons, Summer.

it operated as a pardon; since a man attainted of treason is incapable of exercising that authority which is conferred upon him. Be this as it may, no technical reasoning could overcome the moral sense that revolted at carrying the original sentence into execution. Raleigh might be amenable to punishment for the deception by which he had obtained a commission that ought never to have issued; but the nation could not help seeing in his death the sacrifice of the bravest and most renowned of Englishmen to the vengeance of Spain."* It has been said that Raleigh's unjust conviction made him in one day the most popular, from having been the most odious, man in England—which he certainly was under Elizabeth. This is noted by Mr. Hallam as a striking, but by no

means solitary, instance of the impolicy of political persecution.

There is mortifying truth in M. de Rémusat's assertion, "Rien de plus odieux ni de plus inique que les procès de haute trahison sous le règne des Tudors et des Stuarts. Raleigh," the foreign biographer of Bacon goes on to say, "quoiqu'il êut accueilli Jacques Ier avec des flatteries, lui était suspect pas ses opinions religieuses. Un jésuite l'avait taxé d'athéisme. Il aimait les sciences, il cultivait la chimie, il était lié avec Thomas Harriot, un des premiers mathématiciens du temps." Rémusat records with sympathy the long durance vile of Raleigh in the Towers of Julius, London's lasting shame, -and the industry with which for well-nigh thirteen years the captive pursued his scientific studies, and laboured at those travaux littéraires which have shed lustre on his name. It quite falls within the scope of M. de Rémusat's biography to mention, that in the odieux procès aforesaid, which was conducted in the name of the Court by Sir Edward Coke, who displayed his wonted violence, Bacon figured by his side as King's Counsel in the case. "Fortunately, the jealous lawyer would not allow him to open his mouth, and so Bacon could make his silence his excuse for taking part in such a cause." + But some three lustres of years wore away, and in 1618, the Francis Bacon of the former trial was now Lord High Chancellor, and Raleigh was again attainted; and this time, the judicial opinion of Baron Verulam, coming in to corroborate that of his Majesty's judges in general, by him consulted on the question of a prior attainder, was fatal to Sir Walterwho was "basely sacrificed by his sovereign to the jealousy of Spain, and by Bacon to the cowardice of the King. And then, too, did not Raleigh belong to that intellectual galaxy which illuminated and enfranchised the sixteenth century,—and could Bacon be ignorant that he was immolating, in him, one of the workers in the grand restoration of science and mind?" Indeed, the years during which Bacon held the Great Seal have been branded by Macaulay as among the darkest and most shameful in English history. Everything at home and abroad, the historian asserts, was mismanaged.§ And first in the catalogue of misdoings, he cites the execution of Raleigh, an act which, if done in a proper manner, might (in Macaulay's view of it) have been defensible, but which, under all the circumstances, must be considered a dastardly murder.

His prolonged imprisonment acquainted Sir Walter very practically

^{*} Hallam: Const. Hist., vol. i. ch. iv.

[†] Vie de Bacon, par Ch. de Rémusat, ch. ii. See Macaulay's Essay on Lord Bacon.

with the real consolations of literature. Besides a variety of opuscula. political, philosophical, poetical, naval, geographical, and epistolary, his authorship comprises that opus magnum, The History of the World. Of this ambitiously conceived and entitled work, only Part the First, containing five books, which commence with the Creation (for he had no notion of passing on to the Deluge, to save time and toil) and ends with the second Macedonian war, a century and a half before Christ, is completed. The anecdote of his witnessing a tumult from his prison-window, and afterwards hearing a different version of the affray from every fresh visitor, who, having actually witnessed, came to report the riot, while not one version out of the number corresponded with what he knew or believed himself to have seen,—a result so perplexing as regards contemporary testimony, that it incited him to fling his historical MS, into the fire, as if in pure despair of elucidating historical truth,—this anecdote is trite, but not trivial,—variously told, but always suggestive, and indeed fraught with momentous consequences, in its bearing on the philosophy of history and the practice of historical composition.

It had been Raleigh's design to extend the History of the World to three volumes, the materials for which he had already, in his own phrase, "hewn out;" but the death of his patron-prince, Henry, to whom the work was dedicated, or "directed," and other discouragements of one

kind or another, frustrated his best-laid plans.

Hume pronounces Raleigh "the best model of our ancient style." Johnson says that the attempt of Raleigh is deservedly celebrated for the labour of his researches and the elegance of his style; but complains that he has endeavoured to "exert his judgment more than his genius, to select facts, rather than adorn them; and has produced an historical dissertation, but seldom risen to the majesty of history."* Hallam pronounces him less pedantic than most of his contemporaries, seldom low, and never affected. De Quincey omits his name, and Lord Bacon's, from his list of great rhetoricians, only because Sir Walter's finest pasages, dispersed through the body of his bulky history, are "touched with a sadness too pathetic, and of too personal a growth, to fulfil the conditions of a gay rhetoric as an art rejoicing in its own energies." + Mr. Buckle, in the course of making out a proposition of his, that whereas in the ancient world the ornaments of the military profession were the most popular and most effective of authors, so wide being the range of their thoughts, and such the beauty and dignity of their style, -in the modern world, to the contrary, this identical profession, including many millions of men, and covering the whole of Europe, has never been able, since the sixteenth century, to produce ten authors who have reached the first class either as writers or as thinkers; -Mr. Buckle, we say, after naming Descartes as an instance of a European soldier combining both qualities, declares him to be a solitary case; and affirms that the English army, at any rate, during the last two hundred and fifty years, affords no example of combined thought and style; and that it has, in fact, only possessed two authors, Raleigh and Napier, whose works are recognised as models, and are studied merely for their intrinsic merit. "Still, this is simply in

^{*} The Rambler, No. 122 † De Quincey, Elements of Rhetoric, 1828.

reference to style; and these two historians, notwithstanding their skill in composition, have never been reputed profound thinkers on difficult subjects, nor have they added anything of moment to our stock of

knowledge."*

Old Mr. Isaac Disraeli, dealer in curiosities of literature, mares'-nests included, favoured the world with what he called the "secret history" of Raleigh's great work, -impugning Sir Walter's claims to the work of his own hand—in which insinuation the impugner only followed in the track of Ben Jonson, who asserts that "the best wits of England assisted in making his History;" and again of Algernon Sydney, who, apparently with a view to detract from Raleigh's political authority, avers that he was 4 so well asssisted in his History of the World, that an ordinary man, with the same helps, might have performed the same thing."† Not only by Mr. Tytler, but by Mr. Bolton Corney, was the Disraelitish piece of secret history sifted, rent asunder, turned upside down, and inside out. Mr. Napier, too, who stigmatised it as "alike revolting and preposterous," exulted in the "signal chastisement" thus inflicted on it, and himself took pains to rebut the allegations of Jonson and Sydney-treating Sydney's in particular as "absurd," so absurd as greatly to disqualify the author's testimony,—and observing, that the existence of such a rumour as seems to be implied in it, is, in all probability, to be ascribed to the wonder occasioned by the production, in a state of separation from the world, of a work of such vast extent and erudition; and to the circumstance, that in such a condition of restraint, some literary assistance must necessarily be That useful assistance of that description might be rendered by Raleigh's friends, yet without giving them any claims to authorship, or subtracting from the exclusiveness of his own, is too evident, Mr. Napier considers, to require illustration. "The supposition that Raleigh's share of the work was limited to such interspersions as Mr. D'Israeli figures, is utterly incapable of proof, and in fact inconceivable, and its absurdity and fallacy may, we think, be demonstrated à priori, independently of that detailed refutation of his pretended authorities which is contained" in Mr. Bolton Corney's sifting strictures aforesaid.

With enthusiasm Mr. Kingsley characterises this History of the World as the "most God-fearing and God-seeing history" which he knows of among human writings; though blotted by flattery of James in the preface: wrong, but pardonable in a man trying in the Tower to get out of that doleful prison. But all Raleigh's writings Mr. Kingsley reckons to have been thirty years too late; they express, he says, the creed of a buried generation, of the men who defied Spain in the name of a God of righteousness—not of men who cringe before her in the name of a God of power and cunning. "The captive eagle has written with a quill from his own wing—a quill which has been wont ere now to soar to heaven. Every line smacks of the memories of Nombre and of Zutphen, of Tilbury Fort and of Calais Roads: and many a grey-headed veteran, as he read them, must have turned away his face to hide the noble tears,

as Ulysses from Demodocus when he sang the songs of Troy."§

^{*} Buckle, History of Civilisation, vol. i. p. 182. † Sydney on Government.

[‡] Edinburgh Review, April, 1840, pp. 78 sq. Kingsley, I. 77 sq.

Allowing full and exclusive credit to Raleigh for his History of the World, there are numerous poetical works attributed to him, the real authorship of which is past finding out. But enough is accepted to secure his place on Parnassus' hill. It has been noticed that the earliest critic (professedly so) in our language was the first to call Sir Walter Raleigh a poet. This was Puttenham, the author of "The Art of English Poesie," published in 1589. "For dittie and amorous ode," says Puttenham, "I find Sir Walter Raleigh's vein most lofty, insolent, and passionate." Spenser commends him for his poetry,

Himself as skilful in that art as any.

Yet his writings were so scarce that a contemporary poet, and withal a curious inquirer, could find little to judge him by. "He who writeth the Art of English Poetry," says Drummond of Hawthornden, "praiseth much Rawleigh and Dyer; but their works are so few that are come to my hands, I cannot well say anything of them." Old Puttenham makes the same lamentation, enumerating Raleigh among those "who have written excellently well, as it would appear if their doings could be found out, and made public with the rest." Yet his fame was not altogether founded upon hearsay. Meres enumerates him, in 1598, among "the most passionate of our poets to bewaile and bemoane the perplexities of love;" and Bolton, in his "Hypercritica," commends his English poems among those which are "not easily to be mended." There is no passage in Spenser that is better known than the beautiful picture in which he describes his interview with Raleigh, on the banks of the Mulla, under the figurative description of a Shepherd Boy and the Shepherd of the Ocean. One can fancy, however, nothing more poetical, as Campbell remarks, than the real scene.*

Leigh Hunt calls Raleigh a genuine poet, spoilt by what has spoilt so many men otherwise great—his rival Essex included—the ascendancy of his will. His will, remarks this critic, thrust itself before his understanding-the imperious part of his energy before the rational or the loving; and hence the failure, even in his worldly views, of one of the most accomplished of men. Without saying that, like Bacon, he had no heart, for then he could not have been a poet, Leontius considers that Sir Walter, like Sir Francis, over-estimated worldly cunning; which is a weapon for little men, not for great; and that, like Bacon, he fell by it. That, in short, he wanted the higher point of all greatness-truth. "Raleigh's poems contain some interesting cravings after that repose and quiet which great restlessness so often feels, and to which the poetical part of his nature must have inclined him; but a writer succeeds best in that which includes his entire qualities; and the best production of this lawless and wilful genius is the fine sonnet on the Fairy Queen of his friend Spenser; which, not content with admiring as its greatness deserved, he violently places at the head of all poems, ancient and modern, sweeping Petrarch into oblivion, and making Homer himself tremble. It is one of the noblest sonnets in the language. Warton justly remarks, that the alle-

^{*} See review of Hannah's edit. of Wotton and Raleigh, in Athenæum, No. 949, pp. 11 sq.

gorical turn of it gives it a particular beauty, as a compliment to Spenser.

—Petrarch's paragon of fame and chastity, it is to be observed, is displaced for Queen Elizabeth; who is implied in the character of the 'Fairy Queen.' "*

Methought I saw the grave where Laura lay Within that temple, where the vestal flame Was wont to burn; and passing by that way To see that buried dust of living fame, Whose tomb fair Love and fairer Virtue kept, All suddenly I saw the Fairy Queen; At whose approach the soul of Petrarch wept, And from henceforth those Graces were not seen, For they this Queen attended; in whose stead Oblivion laid him down on Laura's hearse:—Hereat the hardest stones were seen to bleed, And groans of buried ghosts the heavens did perse; Where Homer's spright did tremble all for grief, And curst the access of that celestial thief.

But fine as these verses, and the like of these, may be, after their kind, it is in verses of quite another kind that Raleigh more speaks home to the general heart—in such verses, for example, as those he wrote the night before his execution,—he being then a weary, worn-out, spirit-crushed, broken-hearted old man, who had lowered himself to a degrading pass, all for dear life, but found his every solicitation scouted, and his every shift and contrivance and manœuvre maliciously foiled. On the night of the 28th of October, 1618; within a few hours of that appearance of his on the scaffold, when, with a seasonable return of his native firmness and calm dignity, he took up the axe, and said to the sheriff, "This is a sharp medicine, but a sound cure for all diseases," and then bade the executioner "fear not, but strike home!"—on that night he penned the well-known vanitas vanitatum stanza:

Even such is Time, that takes on trust Our youth, our joys, our all we have, And pays us but with age and dust; Who in the dark and silent grave, When we have wandered all our ways, Shuts up the story of our days.

^{*} Men, Women, and Books, vol. i. p. 295 sq.

AMERICAN CAVALIERS AND CREOLE ADVOCATES.

WHILE the governments of France and England have preserved a neutrality during the present contest in America, the advocates of the South have not been slow in attempting to interest both in its behalf; and though unsuccessful in getting agents accredited for that end, they have not been backward in availing themselves of other means for the purpose. They have thought that the distress occasioned by the want of cotton, both in England and France, would overweigh every other consideration, and that under the rule of interest, leaving the less cogent consideration of justice out of the question, they would have been in-This ground for interference was no great comduced to intermeddle. pliment to either country. The Richmond papers threatened us with their vengeance for declining to acknowledge their agents, as will be seen hereafter; a bit of spleen which we will excuse, as there is no nation wastes more words upon all occasions than slaveholders and their advo-We have just seen two writings in proof of this. One of them is a pamphlet with the title "Why Pennsylvania should not be one of the Confederate States?"* the other, "On Slavery, by a Creole; translated from the French;" being a letter to Napoleon III., Emperor of the French.* It shows what an excellent and justifiable thing slavery is, if only for the benefit of the slaves themselves-if we take the author's interpretation of the question.

It is easy to perceive that the appeal to Pennsylvania—the first State which utterly repudiated slavery—to join in supporting the crime, and become a Southern State, is as wise and probable a proposal as that of the young lady who thought about putting a whale into a butter-boat. The memory of William Penn is not yet forgotten in that State—vulgar fellow as he must have been, compared to the "Cavaliers" of North Carolina—if we are to judge by our Creole friend, who, in the second pamphlet alluded to, would fain persuade all Europeans that God made black men to be slaves, in order that they might be transformed into good Christians, by their most Christian masters; thus the matter was accommodated to the benefit of both slave and master, and the profits of the master into the bargain. This, at the same time, being something of an improvement upon the old Spanish system, in which, for the consideration of their souls being taken care of, they were removed into deep mines for life, to be out of the way of temptation, giving their Spanish

masters their labour for the forced salvation of them hereafter.

It is not unamusing to see the Southern States, "dignified by slavery," declare themselves of Cavalier descent, the Tory gentry of America exclusively, scouting the New Englanders as Yankees, a mere Puritan canaille—mere Radicals to themselves—low, vulgar dogs compared to the choice Virginian, with his slouched hat and portly bearing, the descendant of the slavers of James River, who boast an antiquity of six or seven years before the Pilgrim Fathers, and are thus early renowned for getting others to do their work while they look on.

^{*} Wilson, Great Russell-street; and Kirkland, Salisbury-street, Strand.

The English public is not master of the statistics of the South and North. We will take the returns of the decade before the civil war broke out, reminding the reader that the increase since is proportionate. These returns will answer sufficiently to exhibit the proportional progress of the States up to the election of Lincoln to the presidency. As it was to the sturdy New Englander that the United States owed their separation from England, so to the North was due the erection of the great commercial edifice reared by the Union, including exports to the extent of more than 530,000,000 of dollars, in spite of the repudiation by some of the States, mainly owing to Jackson, the hero of the South. When the South found there was a chance of a president who was not one of its own creatures to a considerable extent—though not much more than a third of the white population—it threatened severance, and some of the party declared in substance that if certain individuals they did not like were elected to the presidency, they would, as Southern States, seize the public property! Perhaps a minority in any State in the face of a majority wiser, richer, and more industrious, never before exhibited a more factious spirit, the very breathing of a class that had no sense of what was intended by any communal right.

We pass over the abuse lavished by unprincipled native and renegade writers against England, by either side, as unworthy of notice, relying on the good sense of the president and members of the government keeping those who are averse to it to the rule of "Do as you would be done unto." Both sides have enough yet to do before they set out to conquer, or as the dregs of the country so elegantly phrase it, to "whip" both England and France. We are much mistaken if the mutual exhaustion will not be followed by a reaction too great for realising such a bombastic usage of the English language, of which we acquit the better class of the Ame-

rican people altogether. Every nation has its sweepings.

We could desire to guard the public against injustice in balancing questions of a nature similar to that pending in the United States, by any bias from the suffering we sustain in trade. It is truly painful to see thousands of meritorious workmen out of employment, and the numerous families that are destitute, both in England and France. blessing of peace in one country is rendered calamitous by the dissensions in others, and the free course of industry is made a suffering to the industrious. Not a few clear-sighted persons had long foreseen the consequences that would accrue on the stoppage of the cotton traffic with America from any cause. The present cause could not have been foreseen on this side of the Atlantic. Still, all was suffered to proceed, guided by the chapter of accidents, and the dictates of reason and foresight were abandoned to chance. It was well known how vast a population depended for support upon our cotton manufacture, and it was equally clear that those who made their fortunes by it looked with the customary eagerness to the gain of to-day, irrespective of all danger looming in the future. The American is a domestic war, a rebellion of a most unjustifiable character. It is more so than if Wales were to rise in arms against the British Crown, for here is a separate race. The neutral attitude observed by France and England is a positive duty. What should we think of the interference of the United States with ourselves in a rebellion? It does not matter that the arrangements

made on the completion of the American revolution were favourable to secession or to a revolt against the general government, because the different States were rendered unjustifiably independent. That government was an accomplished fact, and had proceeded prosperously for more than two-thirds of a century, when a portion of the governed, which had succeeded by every kind of intrigue in influencing the return of a president after its own fancy, no sooner found that the majority of the nation was of one mind in returning in a solitary case a ruler of which the minority did not approve, than they threatened separation, and soon after rose in rebellion-a rebellion of no common kind, but one of the most inveterate ever witnessed even in the annals of civil war. Articles of export destroyed, recourse had to means of vengeance against brethren unheard of in civilised warfare in Europe, and a spirit of rancour that appears savage in its nature, in laying down shells and planting mines to destroy their brethren at moments free of suspicion we shall hear of poisoning the wells next! How can this war end but -it is to be feared-in the mode described by the great and illustrious Washington, as if he were gifted with the power of divination. These were his words when he took leave of the presidentship: "The alternate domination of one faction over another, sharpened by the spirit of revenge, natural to party dissensions, which in different ages and countries has perpetrated most horrid enormities, is itself a frightful despotism. But this leads at length to a more formal and permanent despotism. The disorders and miseries which result, gradually incline the minds of men to seek security and repose in the absolute power of an individual, and sooner or later the chief of some prevailing faction, more able or more fortunate than his competitors, turns this disposition to the purposes of his own elevation on the ruins of public liberty."

Such were the warnings of Washington, and we have seen party dissension and the spirit of vengeance abroad doing the work of mischief, of waste, and of destruction, far beyond what we could have anticipated. That the South is in rebellion, and most unjustifiably so, cannot be doubted, and that the cessation of its undue influence, in no inconsiderable degree, was a main cause of the war. It is not to compare with the North in knowledge, commerce, wealth, activity, or moral duty. Before going farther into the case, let us see how matters stood at a recent period before war commenced, and we shall be better able to judge how the hostile parties were physically situated. The Slave States were thirteen in number, to which two semi-States have to be added, or half those of Maryland and Delaware. They covered 851,448 square miles. The Free States were sixteen in number, covering 612,597 square miles; but neither the industry nor the product of the Slave States was to be compared to that of the Free, though the former were more than 230,000 square miles larger. As with the industry so with the popula-The population of the North and South at present is above 30,000,000, but we will take the returns somewhat earlier. In 1790 the Slave States had a population of 1,961,372, and the Free States 1,968,455; so nearly once were the South and North upon an equality. In 1850 the Slave States, slaves included, had increased to 9,612,769, and the Free States to 13,434,922—a majority of above 39 per cent. The number of inhabitants to the square mile was nearly two to one in

favour of the North. In 1856 the population of the South had grown to 10,793,413, that of the North to 15,887,399, or a majority of 47 per cent. over the Slave States. But in the latter States, in 1850, the whites numbered in the Slave States only 6,184,477, as opposed to 13,238,670 in the Free. Thus the whites in the North more than doubled those in the South since the year 1790. The slaves in the slaveholding States numbered, in 1790, only 657,527, and had increased, in 1850, to 3,200,304, and are now nearly 4,000,000, or one-third of the total of the Southern population. Some of the States employ few negroes. but breed them for the South. Virginia is an example of this kind of traffic, and in some years has sent 6000, reared like cattle, only for the market. It is remarkable, too, that the negroes thus born in the northern portion of the Slave States lose twenty-five per cent. introduced into the extreme Southern States, so that the climate is nearly as deleterious to the negro as the European. The planters pay an extra price for "acclimated" negroes—a curious fact. The ill treatment of the slave, after the fashion of our treatment of them formerly in the West Indies, or that of the French and Dutch there, must not be credited. Their increase proves the contrary, as no slave-trade exists in the United States, and arithmetic cannot be refuted. An example here and there may occur, but in general they are not ill used beyond what other valuable domestic stock The fact of their slavery is a slur enough upon modern civilisation. The justification of the home traffic in negro carcases by some of the Southerners is really edifying. One of them in Virginia, a few years ago, in a public speech, said, "It has always (perhaps erroneously) been considered by steady and old-fashioned people, that the owner of land had a reasonable right to its annual profits; the owner of orchards to their annual fruits; the owners of brood-mares to their product; and the owners of female slaves to their increase. We have not the fine-spun intelligence nor legal acumen to discover the technical distinctions given by some gentlemen. The legal maxim of partus sequitur ventrem is coeval with the existence of the right of property itself, and is founded in wisdom and justice. It is on the inviolability of this maxim that the master foregoes the service of the female slave, has her nursed and attended during the period of her gestation, and raises her infant offspring. The value of the property justifies the expense, and I do not hesitate to say that in its increase consists much of our wealth!"

The slaves have increased out of all proportion to the white population, and in some States bid fair soon to rise beyond it. In South Carolina it is 57 per cent. of the population; in Louisiana, 47; Mississippi, 51; and Alabama and Florida, 44 per cent.! At this rate the slaves must soon outnumber the masters. When that occurs, of course they must be killed off, lest they become masters in the end by the power of knowledge and number. We should slaughter cattle too numerous for our lands? In five States between slave and free land the average value per acre is 22.17 dollars; in five border Slave States only 9.25; and in the remoter Slave States from the free the average is only 3.74. Yet the land of the South is far richer than that of the North. In 1850, the value of the produce was 846,525,297 in the Free States, and 627,101,316 in the Slave States. In the Free States, on less productive land, the number

of persons engaged in agriculture was, in 1850, 2,509,126; in the Slave States, 2,500,000 slaves. The return was, in the Free States, 342 dollars per head; in the Slave States, 171. These were the results with worse land. Only two-thirds as many were employed in farming in the North and paid wages, who produced 227,000,000 of dollars in value more than the South; twice as much in the acre, and double the value per head for every one employed in farming. In addition, the South paid no wages for labour, and, with superior land, had a monopoly of cotton, rice, canesugar, and nearly of tobacco and hemp, with two crops at least in the year. So much for slave tillage and idle masters.

Virginia, it appears, has been impoverished by cotton cultivation more than enriched. Even Washington complained of the land having been used till it was abused, and in 1855 the effect of slovenly slave labour and want of due attention had turned rich lands into poverty, and added "poverty to poverty." When restored or improved, it was the work of Northern emigrants. In 1850, Mr. W. Newton complained, and said it would take two hundred pounds of guano an acre to recover the land. In North Carolina they complain that the land is worn out, the effect of working it to the utmost by slave labour without proper restoration.

The value of manufactures in the Free States in 1850 was 375,444,572 dollars; in the Slave States, 106,233,713. Under the head of domestic manufactures and as live stock, reckoning breeding slaves as other stock, the Southern value was 18,631,054, against 8,853,090 in the North. The commerce of the Free States was valued at 1,377,199,968 dollars; of the Slave States, 410,754,992. The commerce of the North is three times that of the South. The foreign trade of New York alone was more than double all that of the Slave States together in 1855, while their united tonnage was but a little more than half that of New York alone. There were 528,844 tons of shipping built in the Free States to 52,959 in the Slave States. In 1854, in the paper called the Richmond Enquirer, it was stated that throughout the State merchants had nearly disappeared! It was said that a vessel loading for Virginia had not been seen at Liverpool for three years. In the same year there were in the Free States 3682 miles of canal, and 15,080 of railroad open. In the Southern States the canals measured 1116 miles, and the railroads 5250.

In sixteen years after the Pilgrim Fathers landed at New Plymouth, or in 1636, they established Harvard University for education. In the Slave States, the first university established was that of William and Mary, in 1692, fourscore and four years later. Harvard College has now 365 students; that of William and Mary, 82. The former has a library of 101,000 volumes; the latter, 5000. The libraries in the Northern colleges are two to one larger than the Southern. The number graduated in the North, 47,752; in the South, 19,648. The ministers educated in the North, 10,702; in the South, 747, or 14 to 1. In the public schools of the Slave States there were recently 581,861 scholars, and the income of the schools was 2,719,534 dollars. In the Free States the number of pupils was 2,769,901, and the annual income 6,780,337 dollars. In the South more scholars in proportion attend private schools, the numbers there being 104,976, to 154,893 in the North. The number of public schools in the South was lately 18,507; in the North, 62,433;

and the teachers in the South, 19,307, to 72,621 in the North. The single State of New York had more scholars at school in 1850 than the fifteen Southern States, or respectively 727,222, to 699,079. In Arkansas, a Slave State, it was not the want of means, but the utter indifference on the subject of education that pervaded the public mind! In the farfamed Kentucky, with a population of 1,086,587, the scholars, in 1854, were only 76,429. In Ohio, a Free State, with 2,215,750 inhabitants, the scholars were 279,635. The public libraries in the Slave States were 695 in number, containing 649,577 volumes; in the Free States, 14,911 in number, with 3,888,234 volumes. The persons above twenty who could not read nor write show the same kind of superiority in favour of the North. In regard to the periodical press in the Slave States, 72 daily, 68 tri-weekly, 8 twice a week, and 517 weekly papers were published in 1850, the numbers printed being respectively 47,803,551, 6,485,250, 62,400, and 25,296,492. In the Free States the daily papers numbered 177, and the number 181,167,217; the tri-weekly, 47, the number 4,167,280; twice a week, 28, the number 5,502,776; and the weekly, in number 1374, printing 124,475,020. Of periodicals, not newspapers, there were published fortnightly, in the Slave States, 30; monthly, 16; quarterly, 3. In the Free States there were 64 fortnightly, 84 monthly, and 16 quarterly, religious, literary, scientific, and political. It was also remarkable that only 8,000,000 of neutral and independent papers were printed in the Slave States, to 79,000,000 in the Free!! Of religious, 4,000,000, to 29,000,000; of scientific, 372,000, to 4,000,000 in the North; and of political, 47,000,000, to 163,000,000. In the single State of Massachusetts there are five times as many scientific papers printed as in all the Southern States together. In the State of New York alone there are three times as many religious papers printed as in all the Slave States, and of neutral and independent papers in Pennsylvania alone, there are in the proportion of twenty-one to eight for all the Slave States.

To refer to the Post-office, an excellent criterion of similar differences, we find, as late as 1855, that the total sum collected for postages in the Slave States was 1,553,198 dollars, and in the Free States 4,670,725. In the Slave States the postages did not pay the expense of the transportation, in the Free they cleared that expense, and left a profitable balance of above 200,000 dollars, paying the deficit of the Slave States, and leaving 1,200,000 dollars over. For Bible societies the South contributed 68,125 dollars; the North, 319,667; for missionaries, the South 101,934; the North, 502,174; tract societies, the South, 24,725; the North, 131,972. The value of the churches in the Slave States was 21,674,581 dollars; in the North or Free States 67,773,477. churches in New York alone are equal in value to all in the Slave States put together. In the Northern States we find an activity almost unparalleled, and a mode of life which scarcely admits of intermission from business. All is perpetual action. Agriculture, commerce, manufactures, all are followed with a degree of bodily labour and unremitting attention which have made their inhabitants remarkable, and their success has shown that, compared with the South, free labour and free men possess a great advantage over that state of slavery, which is certainly in general, as to severe ill-usage, not what it has been represented, except in

rare cases. Still it is slavery, a hideous blot upon civilisation, and a crime which does not even repay the evils it costs, or match with the product of free labour. The evils it generates to those connected with it are well understood, and have been proved again and again. The States of the North compose two-thirds of the American people who have a voice in the government, and we hold that it is with that government alone that we can politically treat, and that in adhering to that principle our statesmen have done rightly. Nor must we suffer the braggadocio of some of the American papers, or their sneers-conducted, as it is probable such particular papers may be by renegades from British rule, as we have said already—to change an honest course on our part into one of passion or virulent abuse in return. Let us not imitate the Bourbons, in whose behalf we entered upon the war of 1793, when just before Louis XVI. unprovokedly interfered between England and her colonies in the hope to reduce her power. Let us act rightly, and fear no consequences, remembering fiat justitia, ruat cœlum. What should we denominate an interference of America with a Welsh rebellion, as we have already hypo-

thetically put the point?

But slavery has entailed its usual character on the slaveholders. had long assumed a consequence to which they were by no means entitled. Slavery corrupts human nature, and by conferring unjustifiable pride and power upon man over his kind, possessing equal rights, he is thus rendered insultingly arrogant and insufferably overbearing. If we might use the phrase regarding the Southern States in arms, they are in the midst of all humorously aristocratic. They cry, "Those vulgar New Englanders, poh!" We have said that it was from the time of the settlement of the Southern States they have pretended with an aristocratical air to hold the Northerners in contempt, those men of principle who settled at New Plymouth, carrying freedom over the Atlantic, and not willing to be slaves themselves, would do as they would be done unto. According to the Southern planters, the Pilgrim Fathers were fanatics. The slavers are the élite of the United States, the cavaliers of America. They may be known by their works, by their neglect of all but their own ease, their attachment to slavery and slave-breeding and dealing, the bad cultivation and working out of their land, and the high sense they have of themselves, of which there must be remembered scenes enough on the floor of the Houses of Congress, as reported in the American papers, to show their assumptive spirit and strong desire to be paramount, and make slavery so too from the Atlantic to the Pacific. So true it is that the curse of slavery inflicts a blight on all who are connected with it. In the present day, when things are to be judged by themselves on the ground of right or wrong, when civilisation, knowledge, and the principles of justice prevail, the arrogance of any man inflated with self-consequence, who is idle, hospitable to friends, lives on the labour of slaves, and imagines himself of superior consequence from the notion that being one descended from the James Town settlers he has an advantage over his Northern brethren—the arrogance of such—a very good fellow at his table-in the great world can only excite derision. Hospitable as friends, but the most virulent and venomous of enemies are some of these American Southrons. Be of their opinion, agree with them in their obsolete and barbarous ideas, and it is impossible to be more hospitably welcomed.

Oppose them, no matter for having reason on your side, their blood is up, and you had better, as the vulgar say, "cut your stick." The Northerners are twitted with being rebels in their origin, but the Northern colonists withdrew long before the peace at home was broken. They did not kidnap and sell their fellow-men to cultivate their lands, or constitute a part of the only civilised country that still continues to justify the crime. The Cavaliers have no reason to be grateful for the compliment paid them by their would-be descendants. The power to maintain a separate nationality constitutes no justification for a nation subdividing itself, because, being a minor part, it cannot be supreme in direction. The majority must be allowed to have some right to express its opinion, and a power to back that opinion when its own interests are so deeply involved in the question.

It is not the slave question per se which has caused the rebellion, it is the ambition of the South to dictate to the North so far as that its chief officer shall be either an open or concealed friend to the extension of the slaveholding power. While Mr. Lincoln was no friend to slavery openly or covertly, the South knew very well that he had no idea of abolishing slavery upon his coming into office. He knew the difficulty too well, but they were aware in the South that he was no friend to the extension of the evil, that he would resist as far as possible any further plunge of the United States into disgrace, and that was enough to rouse them into the

step they have taken on the excuse of the tariff!

"Let them secede," say some ill-judging ignorant persons, "the North is extensive enough." It would appear with such persons that, if the Northern States were to disregard the necessity they would be under of continually guarding a new frontier of a great extent, inhabited by a people who would be inveterate in their animosities, and who, sooner or later, would have a servile war among themselves, for in some of the Southern States the negroes have multiplied so fast, as already shown, that they will in no distant time equal the white population—if they would disregard so impolitic a claim, and if they would not consent to a fugitive slave law with the new foreigner, violating the freedom which would be the main feature of their constitution—they must be at continual variance with the new State, to the secession of which they had given so impolitic a consent. Does not every reflective person perceive that with England on the North, ten times less likely to quarrel with the Northern States than the seceders would be, that the Northern Union would be placed in a position it becomes them to resist when arising out of an unprovoked rebellion? Lastly, if the Northern men feel themselves one among the great nations of the civilised world, are they to extend yet farther, and fix upon their territory for ever, that evil which they hoped might in some way be removed in the end, and thus a foul blot on their country be obliterated? A great number of Northern Americans had this hope. To consent to sanctify the rebellion, would extinguish such an expectation at the time when even in Russia the blessings of an improved government are seen in the effort making to abolish serfship. America, which started into existence in the later day of civilisation, with the acquired experience and knowledge of the present time in her favour, to become a byword for the most barbarous species of servitude within her borders, while boasting of liberty?—one-sided liberty, as the Southern

States would have it. Have the majority of freemen in America no

right to judge on those points, or to feel shame for their country?

The multiplication of Slave States fearfully extended the evil, and made it more difficult to cure. No one was ever insane enough to suppose the slaves could be turned loose, and their masters be ruined at a blow, when it was considered how the evil had grown up in preceding generations. When the Americans became free it should have been provided that there should be no farther extension of slavery beyond the States then in existence. It is clear, however, that the Northern States would have had a difficult task to obtain even that. From what is said of some of the Southern at the revolution or separation from England, had the troops in the pay of England not conducted themselves with gross violence and committed shameful devastations, so as at length to disgust the people, the Southern States were not at all inclined to favour liberty in any great degree, or care about a severance from Eng-Charleston proposed, through its governor, that the State of Carolina should remain neutral till peace came. So little are countries which cherish slavery really regardful of public freedom! "Leave us alone; it is all we require, and we shall be content."

But the extension of slavery from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the North to the South, was and is the great desire of the Slaveholding States, and, by one means or another, they had succeeded down to their impolitic outbreak, which, we trust, has arrested slavery in the United States, happen what may. At work in the elections, in the Congress, among adverse political parties, they met with great success. They stopped at nothing. "The Statutes of the Territory of Kansas, passed at the first session of the Legislative Assembly there in 1855," will show this, and the kind of legislation the Southern States would introduce into the States they formed. These things are little known in Europe.

There was one chapter which provided for the right of citizenship and voting. It enacted, that the Fugitive Slave Act having been violated by any voter, should incapacitate him. All persons who were candidates for any office were to take an oath to support the same act, and others supplementary. All officers when elected were to swear to support the same slave law; and no one was to be a juror in any case in which the right of slavery was involved, or any injury done to or committed by a slave, who was opposed to the right of holding slaves in the territory. Any person who intended to practise law was to take the same oath with that provided to organise the territories. Such may be thought tolerable exactions from mere voters, officers, and men of the law, but the despotism so far was lukewarm. In chapter 151, regarding slave property having thus, with Machiavellian policy, qualified voters, jurors, and judges, for trying cases, it was enacted, that raising a rebellion or insurrection of slaves, free negroes, or mulattoes, the punishment should be death, be the party free or slave! Sect. 2. Furnishing arms, or committing any overt act in such a case, free or slave-death. Sect. 3. Speaking, writing, printing, advising, persuading, or inducing slaves to rise by any writing, or printing in books, paper, magazine, pamphlets, or circulars-death. Sect. 4. Any one decoying or enticing a slave out of the territory-death, or imprisonment for not less than ten years with hard labour. Sect. 5. Every attempt to procure the freedom of a slave,

by depriving the owner of his services—death, or ten years' hard labour. Sect. 6. Any one bringing into the territory from any Slave State a slave belonging to another, in the same way as if carried out of it-death, or ten years' hard labour. Sect. 7. To harbour a slave, or assist in his escape-hard labour for five years. Sect. 8. The same punishment for aiding or assisting, or aiding or harbouring, a slave from another State as if he had attempted to escape from that in which the offender lived. Sect. 9. Resisting any officer in attempting to seize a slave, whether the owner be in or out of the territory—two years' hard labour. Sect. 10. Marshals, constables, sheriffs, and others who refuse to assist in capturing a slave belonging or not to the territory, to be fined from one to five hundred dollars. Sect. 11. Enacts that printing, writing, publishing, introducing into, or causing so to be done, or aiding in printing, publishing, or circulating, any book, paper, pamphlet, magazine, handbill, or circular, containing any statements, arguments, opinions, sentiment, doctrine, advice, or inuendo, calculated to produce disaffection among the slaves, or induce them to escape or resist authority, shall be punished with imprisonment and hard labour for not less than five years. Sect. 12. Enacted that if any free person by speaking, or writing, asserted, or printed and published, that persons in that territory had not a right to hold slaves, they should be imprisoned with hard labour for not less than two years. Sect. 13. No person holding that slavery is not right in or out of the territory, to be allowed to sit as a juror under the act to be in force from September 15, 1855.

Thus there was a provision for the qualification of judges, juries, and officers, a striking proof of what is meant by "law" in slaveholding republics, and how justice may be caricatured. Nor is this said in reference to slave law alone. The arbitrary effects of slavery in Southern America, its slovenly tillage, and impoverishment of land from bad management, are pushed, until over the old parts of Alabama, portions of Virginia, and the Carolinas, the "spirit of desolation seems brooding." The capabilities of the finest States, as in Virginia, are neglected.

In the Slave States, justice is difficult to be procured where interest interferes, and inconceivable lawlessness prevails. For example, the cost and difficulty of cleaning cotton in the South, and the success of that operation, was obviated by a machine, or gin, invented by an American named Whitney, of Massachusetts. Cotton cleaned by hand will not admit of more than one pound per day being cleaned by one slave. Whitney's invention made the fortunes of most of the planters at the commencement of its use. How did they requite him? While he was obtaining his patent he kept his machine locked up. They heard of its great value and perfect At once, without any ceremony, they broke open his place, stole his machine, made others by it, and, by the time he had obtained his patent, machines were at work on several plantations. The poor man appealed to the Georgian law courts for justice, and he was told that his gin would be a source of great wealth to the planters, and that it was too great a power to allow any man the monopoly of a right to make such machines. South Carolina agreed to pay Whitney fifty thousand dollars for the invention, and paid down twenty thousand; that State then repudiated poor Whitney, sued him for the sum paid down, and threw his partner into prison for it. The law here did relieve him, reversed the

injustice, and made the State fulfil its agreement. Tennessee, not an iota behind in the same dishonest conduct with South Carolina, escaped with impunity! North Carolina alone behaved honourably of all the Slave States. Years were spent in the petty courts, until the patent was just expiring. The planters made their fortunes by the invention before the inventor could get his patent. Whitney then applied for an extension of his patent, but the rapacious planters easily influenced the courts. In one case the poor man had difficulty in proving that the machine had been used in Georgia at all, yet three separate sets of the pirated machine were actually at work within fifty yards of the court, and the rattling of its wheels was distinctly audible from the court-house steps! Such is the sense of justice among slaveholders!

The slavery of the servant breeds insolence, injustice, and gross immorality in the master, wherever it exists, and what is a community where justice is set at defiance but one that ought to be placed at the ban of civilisation, to be abandoned to its own course of ultimate ruin—at least, in

the present advanced days.

It was sufficient that the election for a president had fallen upon one who was not of the approved party of the Southern planters, to make them rebel, and crying havoe, "let slip the dogs of war." The termination of the contest no one can foresee. The South, by its perseverance, intrigues, and threats, had succeeded in extending the curse of slavery from the Mississippi to the Colorado river, and thirsted to extend it over California. With its despotic enactments, of which a specimen is given above, it would have sanctioned an odious crime, if possible, beyond all hope of ultimate extinction, and have established a despotism under the mock title of republicanism, which would make civilisation within its territory a nickname, and the Southern portion of the United States a byword, a standing object of disgust for humanity, a bar to national advancement, and a mark of opprobrium among the nations.

"But were we to suffer ourselves to be ruined by permitting the emancipation of our slaves?" the Southern States would say. "Are we to be driven from our estates, or are they to be left uncultivated to our ruin, and, in fact, to that of the negro himself? We found the existing state of things handed down to us, and therefore have only continued for our

own support a system already established."

This is not the question. The existing state of slavery as it fell into the hands of the holders who were not its authors was never endangered in any way that could give a colour of injustice being done to them. The abolition of slavery, when the slaves were comparatively few, and the Slave States less in number and importance, was never taken into consideration by the government, although the feeling against the continuance of the criminal evil was strong with no inconsiderable portion of the population. This naturally enough reasoned, "While the slaveowners and slaves were comparatively few, we had some hope of seeing the disgrace upon our moral character as a nation wiped out." Every day lessened that expectation, for it made the remuneration to the owners of the slaves larger and larger. They were ambitious of extending the system in every possible way over fresh territory, and by some means or another, by intrigue, threatening, and their violent conduct even in Congress itself, they succeeded in their efforts to render their immoral

system stronger, and place the United States for ever on a footing with Morocco. It is an evil the removal of which became every day more

hopeless in consequence.

Such was the just inference of every thinking man in the North, whether he openly declared himself or not, and a vast number naturally would not do so, seeing the difficulty of the question. The South, in the mean while, declared tacitly, and in some cases openly, that the North had no business to intermeddle in the matter at all. Thus, 13,238,670 natives of the North had no right to make the degradation of their country by 6,184,477 (the white population in 1850), any concern of theirs. If the slaveholders had said, "We admit the evil. We did not originate it. We have no objection to get rid of it in any reasonable manner, but you cannot suppose either upon our own account, or that of the slaves themselves, we can consent to turn them loose, leave our lands uncultivated, and place ourselves in destitution," such an argument would have been irresistible, and with a hearty desire for the general good on both sides, might have been attended with results ensuring safety to property, honour to humanity, and elevation to the national character. But slavery was the pet of the Southern States. The slaveowner lived in ease and indolence, though slave labour is dear labour. He could breed his negro cattle, here black, there black and white, or mulatto, or cross them up to the fifth degree. People of colour of both sexes would sell as well as the pure negro from the breeding-hutch, in some places better. Women of colour make good mistresses. A Creole is one of the kindest of her sex, and they make good nurses for bachelor planters beyond the middle age, or may be sold, semi-whites as they are. No, the system of slavery has its conveniences, and we will hold it against all the world. Abolition by indemnification or any other mode is out of the question; we will support our system by peaceable means as long as we have no president favourable to opinions opposite to ours, no matter whether he interfere or not. If one should be elected who only disapproves of our system, and will probably exert himself to prevent its farther progress, we will secede from the Union or fight for it. Mr. Lincoln had no scheme to propose for abolition, but he was favourable to the removal of the stain from the character of his country if possible, and that was a sufficing cause for a sanguinary war on the basis of Southern morality. The materials had been preparing, and if the result were self-annihilation, such was the intense hatred to all that showed cause against them, that it became "war to the knife."

The rage of the Southern States at finding that neither England nor France will interfere shows their feeling towards the two countries. The Parkersburg Express said, not long ago, showing its teeth, but harmless to bite: "The losses which we have sustained, and the now hopeless prospect of any European interference in the war, will nerve us up to a confident reliance upon our own resources. We were guilty of an egregious folly in ever permitting ourselves to indulge the thought of recognition and blockade raising. It is pretty clear that the base, calculating policy of England is getting to be as well understood South as North. She will have few friends indeed in either section of the country when the war is over. If upon no other ground, North and South can yet cordially unite in dealing a deadly blow at the heart of the most selfish and un-

principled power that ever cursed the earth with its existence. Whatever antagonism may hereafter exist, there will always be one bond of sympathy between the North and South, hatred of England—intense

and enduring."

Thus we may guess of what stuff the Southern States are made, and how well they understand the obligations of nations to each other. England and France can only know the government to which they have accredited ministers, and with which they have exchanged relations. It is unfortunate for both countries that the civil war should have thus broken out, but it is more unfortunate for those who have provoked it. It will have the certain effect of opening other markets for cotton, and the slaveholders of America will be sufferers as well under this head, with less of the world's compassion than the patient, meritorious workmen of England and France, whose employers will, we trust, learn a lesson of forecast from these painful events on both sides of the Atlantic.

We have before us two pamphlets of Southern origin which originated these remarks, both supplicatory in their nature, but neither containing one word other than may tend to support the principles of the war separation, to consummate a slave-labouring and slave-breeding empire. Again we must repeat, Fiat justitia, ruat cælum. One pamphlet touches the right to make men slaves, and justifies it. The other pamphlet would fain entreat Pennsylvania to be mediator between the North and South. It breathes hatred to the sturdy patriotism of New England, and makes certain that if Pennsylvania would but interfere and join the South, all would be right. It affects to be written by a Pennsylvanian -most probably to appear more plausible—justifies secession, vituperates the New England men who fled to the wilds of America with Spartan fortitude, and really made the United States the great empire it has become, in place of the advocates of slavery in the South, who desired to remain neutral in the contest of the mother country with her colonies. It was New England that primarily resisted the efforts of George III. to enchain the colonies, and bore the first brunt of the contest. Every "son of New England" must be proud of his birthright, speaking as an American. The cunning writer only wants Pennsylvania to join the slave confederation—that State which was one of the first to exhibit its honest indignation at slave-dealing by wiping out the black stain from its territory! If Pennsylvania would but do that, the South would be as glorious in her position, and her cherished man-selling markets, as her "Cavalier" sons could desire, who parallel themselves with the satellites of Charles I. in their ideas of their own importance. The desire thus expressed is idle. The Quakers of Pennsylvania are uncompromising enemies of slavery.

The second work to which we allude is a "Letter to Napoleon III. on Slavery in the Southern States," purporting to be by "a Creole of Louisiana." This may only be a ruse, though we do not deny that there are slaves who hug their chains. Europe does not understand what slavery is, and therefore she is to be set right by this address to the French emperor. Oh, for another Blaise Pascal, with a Provincial Letter, to expose the extraordinary jesuitism of the writer! It has all the cunning, all the sophistry, all the will without the power of Ignatius Loyola; the author should have been born in Guipuscoa. His first

position is:

That men must work, since it is only by working they can rise from ignorance and barbarism to knowledge and civilisation. It is the destiny of man, and work is his duty. Therefore slaves of course must be stolen, bred like cattle, and be bought and sold.

That those who do work have a right over those who do not, and men, being co-partners, have a right to compel such slaves as they obtain to

work, and stick to it.

That this right of violence and compulsion by man of his fellow and

equal is the way God advances humanity in progress!!

That in making the black race work because they have been idle, the white man only fulfils his duty, and that there is no tyranny exercised, because the contrary would be impolitic as regarded the services of the black man. So the latter must work, and the former look on in idleness and luxury, that the black may this way be civilised while enriching the white.

That God has confided to slaveowners the education of the infant

people of Africa!

That it is the interest and duty of Europe to break the Southern blockade to prevent the blacks from returning to vagrancy, and to supply

their own operatives with work!

There is certainly one recommendation in this work, if the world will give it credit for such, and that is as a study for sophistication. Justice and the freedom of men by birthright are of no moment! The most unblushing selfishness attempts to justify violence and crime by acts partaking of both—the crime of man-stealing and selling, the rearing of families to be torn asunder and sold like hogs-families as capable of being instructed in the duties of civilisation as any others of their class among the whites—are all justified on such hollow pretensions, when it is notorious that the real motive of the compulsion of the black race towork, and the fancy of his master to be idle, are neither civilisation, directly nor indirectly, but "filthy lucre." It is notorious that in orderto this end the progress of the black in knowledge is sedulously arrested. There is no right in man to steal, buy, and sell his brother-man to put the profits of the forced labour into his own pocket. So far from it, the slave before God, by the eternal principles of justice, has a right to free himself by the use of force, and to slay in the effort the agent, white or black, who attempts to prevent him:

> He may bend the yoke, if he cannot break, He may raise the sword and brand, He may rise in the strength of his cause and make Fierce war with avenging hand; He may conquered be, and the death he dies, A torture keen and slow, But his cause is just, and his dying cries Call vengeance sure, but slow. But he may not bury his chain and live, He may not contented be, With a life where virtue is negative, . And breath a calamity; Where the free sun shines on a will-less man That oppression's whip hath torn, And the birds that fly, and the breezes that fan, And all, save himself, free-born!

May not every slave in his freedom's cause
Whet the sword for liberty,
Since Nature enacts no partial laws,
But demands that all be free?
She thunders, "Who presses with slavery's yoke,
And refuses to slacken its chain,
Shall perish at last with the thunder-stroke
That shivers the captive's chain!"

Let "The Creole," the real or pretended writer, for of that we cannot judge, remember the foregoing lines, or, as they are anonymous, take the sentiment of *fiat justitia* in another form, as in the speech of the eloquent Sheridan. Let the author remember that the day of the abolition of

slavery must come, however bolstered up for a time.

The letter to which we allude is also signed Eugène Musson, which would seem to mean that he is "The Creole." But if so, Mr. Musson cannot suppose he gains anything by proclaiming himself a man of colour; on the contrary, as he himself and all the world knows the smallest taint of negro blood in America is never forgiven—it is slave-branded. Such are as liable to be slaves as others. How then can he expect to obtain partisans by hugging his chains in this way, and not be deemed false to his race? Let Mr. Musson and all the world reflect on the quotation to which we allude, that as far as concerns the present part of the American contest, now become relative to slavery, is one of the most just as well as grandest passages ever put into words. Every slave who is put to death in attempting to escape from slavery is murdered, and every slave who, in endeavouring to effect his escape, kills him who seizes upon him, is fully justified. On what moral or religious tenure, then, does slavery rest? Is not Sheridan right?-" Patience under the detested tyranny of man is rebellion to the sovereignty of God, because allegiance to that power which gives us the forms of men commands us to maintain the rights of men; and never yet was this truth dismissed from the human heart-never in any time, in any age-never in any clime where rude man had any social feeling, or where corrupt refinement had subdued all feeling-never was this one unextinguishable truth destroyed in the heart of man, placed as it is in the core and centre of it by his Maker, that man was not made the property of man—that human power is a trust for human benefit, and that when it is abused revenge becomes justice, if not the bounden duty of the injured."

To follow the different apologetic assertions of "The Creole" would be idle, because in Europe they need only be read to be refuted; they are suicidal with every impartial person, and are painful as subterfuges, from the reflection that the hand which wrote them could descend so low in argument as to believe the people of Europe are in understanding beneath the level of their kind on the American side of the Atlantic. There is an audacity in the attempt thus made to legalise slavery and bring it within the pale of morals, which could only emanate from one to whom

custom had made slavery a matter of easiness.

CYRUS REDDING.

THE LAST OF THE LATER YEARS OF PITT.*

WHILE contending—and sometimes at the same moment—against "malice domestick, foreign levy," mutinies in our fleets, and a scarcity of food such as, in England, has never since been felt, the firmness of Pitt at no time yielded, till he was weakened by the immediate approach Our war-triumphs—and they were almost the only wartriumphs that repaid him for his labours and anxieties-were the great naval victories to which we owe an empire of the deep that has never passed, and does not seem likely to pass, away. Our position as a military power could have given him little satisfaction. Wellington had only become known to him on his return from India in 1805. For him it was too late. In his last interview with his "dear and long absent friend" Lord Wellesley, he told him that he had been happy since they last met to become acquainted with "his brother Arthur;" and he spoke of him with admiration and respect. "I never," he said, "met any military officer with whom it was so satisfactory to converse. He states every difficulty before he undertakes any service, but none after he has undertaken it." Of Nelson he must have seen more; but only in official Their interview before he left England to die a conqueror at Trafalgar, is very interestingly told. † When asked by Pitt what force would be sufficient, he gave his opinion, but added that his object was not merely to conquer but to annihilate; and, on his return to Merton, "Mr. Pitt," he said, "paid me a compliment which, I believe, he would not have paid to a Prince of the Blood. When I rose to go, he left the room with me, and attended me to the carriage." All this, however, is of a later time.

During the great pressure of the scarcity in 1795, the legislature directed its earnest attention to mitigating the distress; and Mr. Pitt proposed the appointment of a select committee "to inquire into the causes of the high price of corn." He had, in the mean time, tried a variety of temporary expedients; some of them not such as his great master in political economy would have sanctioned, but the best that his disciple could devise. In the same session he adopted additional measures of severity for the repression of sedition, and for the control of public opinion. They led, as may be supposed, to violent and protracted debates, and in some of them expressions were used which have not died with the occasion. Bishop Horsley's declaration that he "did not know what the mass of the people had to do with the laws but to obey them;" and Mr. Windham's "vigour beyond the law," are still remembered; and were as bad in their way as Mr. Fox's assertion that the obedience of the people would be "no longer a question of moral obligation and of duty, but of prudence." We have already adverted to the subject generally in our second paper. Whatever may be the opinions of others, it is at least certain that Mr. Pitt himself believed that the measures he proposed, and

^{*} Continued from vol. cxxv. p. 475.

[†] Life, vol. iv. p. 329.

[†] They are fully detailed, vol. ii. p. 357-9. § N. M. M., July, 1862 (vol. cxxv. p. 333).

carried, were necessary. It was his conviction that without them the people might have been "hurried by temporary frenzy into excesses not far unlike to those in France." He said to Mornington and Wilberforce—who were supping with him at the time—"My head would be off in

six months were I to resign;" and he said it seriously.

When the rebellion in Ireland was subdued, he became anxious that the two kingdoms should be united. At an earlier period, "he had reflected much on the position of the sister island, and desired to see both islands closely bound together on the footing of equal laws and equal rights. It is not too much to say of him, as Lord Macaulay has not forborne to say, even at the risk of some implied reflection upon Fox, that Pitt was the first English minister who formed great designs for the benefit of Ireland."† To him "the whole system of penal laws was utterly abhorrent." To the Union itself he had gained the full consent of his colleagues, and the king was much in its favour: "I only hope," he said to Dundas, "that government is not pledged to anything in favour of the Roman Catholics."

After an exhibition of real and pretended patriotism, great misrepresentations, and a strange blending of integrity, depravity, and corruption, the Union was accomplished on the 2nd of July, 1800; and the difficulties of its promoters commenced. The expectations of the Roman Catholics were unintentionally encouraged by the king's speech upon the passing of the measure, and especially by the allusion it contained to their participation in "the blessings derived from the British constitution." Mr. Pitt himself felt that although there was no engagement to be redeemed, "they had a moral claim upon the government of England;" and he determined that changes "in the laws affecting them should be laid before the cabinet on its reassembling after the summer recess." His great and only fault on this occasion was, that he assumed the existence of a favourable change of opinion on the part of the king, and addressed himself only to his colleagues; while the mind of his majesty was being poisoned, and his prejudices encouraged, by the intrigues of Lord Loughborough. The whole affair is described by Lord Stanhope in his very best manner.§ Mr. Pitt addressed a letter to the king "containing a masterly argument on the question at issue, and asking leave to resign if he were not allowed to bring it forward with the whole weight of government." It was replied to in terms of kindness and affectionate regard, but the only concession on the part of his majesty was that the subject, without any compromise of opinion, should be "staved off." Mr. Pitt declared himself unable to continue minister on these terms, and the king, four days later, wrote again, accepting with grief, but from a sense of duty, the proffered resignation.

And thus, after very recently surmounting the difficulties of a divided cabinet on the subject of negotiations with France, an administration of

more than seventeen years was abruptly ended.

^{*} Life, vol. ii. p. 328. † Ibid., p. 276. † When Dundas endeavoured to explain that this would not involve a violation

[‡] When Dundas endeavoured to explain that this would not involve a violation of the Coronation Oath, his majesty angrily rejoined, "None of your Scotch metaphysics, Mr. Dundas! None of your Scotch metaphysics!"

[§] Vol. iii. pp. 266—to the end of chap. xxix. Letter of the king, Appendix, p. 29, vol. iii.

As we enter upon a later period of history, we shall dwell still more sparingly than we have already dwelt upon anything that has not an in-

dividual bearing.

The formation of a new ministry was entrusted to the Speaker, Mr. Addington; and (hesitating at its responsibilities) his first step was to consult Mr. Pitt, who warmly counselled his acceptance of office, assuring him of "his own cordial and decided support." It is gratifying to find that, in the arrangements that were made, Lord Loughborough was altogether excluded.* The Great Seal was given to Lord Eldon, and he received it on the express condition that he would hold it no longer than he could continue to do so in perfect friendship with Mr. Pitt. In the Speakership the new minister was at first succeeded by Sir John Mitford, and soon afterwards by Mr. Abbot. "It was understood that the members of the cabinet who had agreed with Pitt would retire with him." The younger and inferior in office, as many as he could prevail upon, were to remain. "He has acted," wrote Wilberforce, "most magnanimously and patriotically." His resignation caused great confusion and alarm in the City, as may be supposed; and, till the circumstances were explained, the funds were seriously affected. We consider this, under all its aspects, as one of the most important passages of his life. He retired from office "without a single conference between the monarch and the minister," and under their manifest differences of opinion a conference was unnecessary. Canning, although one of the most attached of his disciples, seems to have been the only one who complained that the measures of his chief had been taken without sufficient explanation as to the course he intended to adopt; but it was his young ambition that made him impatient out of office; and the feelings it produced were soothed by one of the best of Pitt's letters that we are so fortunate as to possess.† The Marquis of Wellesley addressed the retired minister from Patna, ‡ with assurances of confidence and adhesion, and with the cordiality which an Irishman, when he really feels it, can express so pleasantly.

Though Pitt had nominally given up the duties of the Exchequer, he had undertaken to bring forward the budget for the year, and this alone had a favourable effect upon the funds. Mr. Goldsmid—the Rothschild of the day—had informed Mr. Rose that, on the first intelligence of Pitt's retirement, they had fallen five per cent. When it was known that he would make his financial statement and provide for the ways and means of the year before he finally quitted office, they rallied to within a quarter per cent. of previous prices. His proposed measures of taxation were received without a semblance of opposition; and in the evening he had a long and interesting conversation with Mr. Rose on all that had passed. He said that "it did not occur to him that he could have acted in any respect otherwise than he had done, or that he had anything to blame himself for except not having earlier endeavoured to reconcile the king

^{*} After being created Earl Rosslyn, he died in 1805. The king, upon receiving the intelligence, eagerly questioned the messenger, "Are you quite sure he is really dead?" And when satisfied that there was no mistake about it, "His majesty felt free to exclaim, 'Then he has not left a greater knave behind him in my dominions!" Lord Campbell: Lives of the Chancellors, quoted vol. iv. p. 251.

† Dated April 26 1801. Vol. iii p. 215.

[†] Dated April 26, 1801. Vol. iii. p. 315. † Ibid., p. 317. No one should leave these two letters unread.

to the measure about the Catholics, or to prevail with his majesty not to take an active part on the subject. . . . There were painful workings in his mind plainly discernible; most of the time tears in his eyes and much agitated." The same evening the king wrote to Mr. Pitt an affectionate letter—the only one in the whole series which commences "My dear Pitt"—expressing his joy at the triumphant success of the budget. Mr. Pitt, in answer, acknowledged his warm sense of the royal condescension, and the king's rejoinder was the close of all direct correspondence between them for a period of more than three years.

But the struggle of conflicting feelings had been too much for the constitutional infirmity of the king, and he had a return of his fearful malady. Rarely has a country been placed in so anomalous a position. Mr. Addington-as Lord Stanhope observes-was, by the king's choice, "minister de jure;" Mr. Pitt, whose cabinet still held the seals of office, was "minister de facto;" and there was virtually a demise of the crown. It was only by the good feeling which then existed between the two statesmen that a very dangerous state of confusion was avoided. The discussions upon a regency had already commenced, when, after a few weeks of severe suffering, his majesty recovered almost as suddenly as he had been attacked. In the account of his convalescence which he desired Dr. Thomas Willis to write to Mr. Addington, Lord Eldon, and Mr. Pitt, he said with respect to Pitt, "Tell him I am now quite well-quite recovered from my illness; but what has he not to answer for who is the cause of my having been ill at all." It must have been painful to have received such a communication; and it had the effect of preventing any statesman in office, whatever were his politics, from again bringing forward the removal of Catholic disabilities during the remaining reign of George the Third. After what had passed, it was too dangerous a responsibility.*

Mr. Pitt, it was thought, might then have resumed office, but he was too proud to make overtures, and Addington evinced no disposition to relinquish a post for which he had sacrificed the Speakership. The king received the Seal of the Exchequer from his faithful servant on the 14th of March, 1801. He showed him the utmost kindness both in words and manner, and hoped that he should still see him as a friend; but Pitt saw, and had on a former occasion told his royal master, "that such visits might give rise to much remark, and would be attended with in-

convenience."

We do not think that the reasons for his retirement from office, though they have been made a question in modern history, require any explanation beyond the facts that we have briefly stated. "He was guided," says Lord Stanhope, "by the same high sense of duty as distinguished his whole career." In matters of importance no one has ever been less influenced by unworthy motives.

On quitting his official residence in Downing-street, he took a small furnished house in Park-lane. "A set of dinners," Mr. Wilberforce writes, "were prepared for him; but he declined them all." In parlia-

^{*} It is curious that the Duke of Wellington, under whose ministry emancipation was ultimately carried (in 1829), should have been the "Mr. Wesley" who seconded the first address in its favour in the Irish House of Commons in 1793.

ment the changes which had taken place gave rise to some angry debates. In the House of Lords, Lord Auckland amongst others described the conduct of Pitt as a mystery, and he spoke of his former friend—to whom he was under many obligations—in language so offensive, that Rose desired him to consider all intercourse with himself as at an end, and Pitt, though too proud to complain, never spoke to him again. During a similar debate in the Commons, Pitt defended his conduct in eloquent and dignified language, and avowed his intention of supporting his successors; of several of whom he spoke individually in strong terms of confidence and praise. Of most that passed, Lord Stanhope has given an excellent summary; and he reminds us that, with these two debates, all systematic opposition to the new ministry ended for the time.

At the close of the session Mr. Pitt retired to Walmer Castle. He had now sufficient leisure to look into the long mismanagement of his own affairs; and an awful entanglement they presented. His debts were of royal amount. They were upwards of 45,000l.; yet he had no expensive tastes; no family to maintain; he never, like Fox, frequented the gaming-table; or, like Windham, had large election-bills to pay. It was sheer bad management. With an official income of nearly 10,000l. a year, he ought to have saved one-third of it; but his housekeeping was a reckless expenditure. His butchers sent in bills for nine hundred-weight a week; poultry, fish, and tea, were charged for in like proportion; and his servants, in wages, board-wages, liveries, and little bills at Holwood and in London, formed a yearly item of more than 23001.* How was the deficiency to be met? He would not have objected to a grant of public money if it had been his "good fortune to have carried the country safe through all its dangers, and to have seen it in a state of prosperity." "Then," he said, "he should have had a pride in accepting it." As it was, "it would have been utterly inconsistent with his feelings to have received anything." He refused a renewal of the generous offer made by the merchants of London in 1789,† because he thought that it would embarrass an independent course of action in reference to their interests, should he again be in office; and he equally refused an offer made through Mr. Rose by the king to place 30,000l. at his disposal from the privy-purse. On its being mentioned to him, we are told by Mr. Rose himself, he was more affected than he recollected to have seen him on any occasion, "but he declined it, though with the deepest sense of gratitude possible:" and near the close of his life he referred to it with considerable emotion. The only plan to which he could reconcile himself was a loan from his friends-sufficient to meet the most pressing claims, and especially to pay the debts of his tradesmen; and the Bishop of Lincoln, Lord Camden, Steele, Rose, Long, Lord Carrington, and his old and esteemed secretary, Mr. Joseph Smith—whom he often visited in his retirement at Saffron Walden undertook to effect such an arrangement. The amount contributed was 11,700l. which, added to the sale of Holwood for 15,000l., enabled the retired minister, with a reduced and reformed establishment, to live in

^{*} Life, vol. iii. pp. 341 et seq. + N. M. M. for Aug., p. 464. ‡ Lord Stanhope gives the names, vol. iii. p. 348.

comfort. From Bishop Tomline's letter on the subject of these arrangements, it would seem that Pitt had some idea of insuring his life, or of capitalising a portion of his revenue from the Cinque Ports, but what provision was actually made, either for the security of the principal or the payment of interest, is not mentioned. We might infer from the disapproval of some of his friends on his refusing to add a sinecure of 3000l. to his income, when the Clerkship of the Pells again became vacant by the death of Colonel Barré in 1802, that their prospects of

repayment were not very certain.*

His opponents in parliament were still active and virulent, but their attempts to obtain a vote of censure on his conduct only led to some unavailing displays of parliamentary tactics, and to a direct vote of thanks to himself for his "great and important services to his country," which was carried by a majority of 222 to 52. Nor was this his only triumph. It was followed, before the close of the month, by the celebration of his birthday at Merchant Tailors' Hall, Lord Spencer in the chair, when Wilberforce tells us there were "823 tickets and people—near 200 more asked for," and when Canning added to the enthusiasm of the guests by the production of his well-known song of "The Pilot that weathered the Storm."

He was now—if he could ever be so—an idle man. When in town during the winter, Bishop Tomline mentions that "he was engaged to dinner every day." In the summer he wrote to Mr. Rose of making a coasting voyage to return one of his visits, and of joining him and his sons in a boating excursion. "I am going on," he says, "extremely well, and expect to pass muster as an able-bodied seaman by the time I see you." He writes later, to Dundas, of riding, sailing, and partridge shooting; that he is delighted more than ever with his residence at Walmer, and preparing to enter a beautiful farm, which would give him constant occupation till parliament met. And he tells Addington that he should be very glad to show him all the improvements of the place, both in beauty and comfort. He scarcely ever mentions it without dwelling upon its attractions.

"There is no reason to doubt," says Lord Stanhope, "that Mr. Pitt at Walmer Castle really felt the cheerfulness and content which his letters express;" though there might, now and then, come over him "some little feeling of languor in his calm retreat, or some short aspiration after the more active scenes which he had left behind." Such thoughts will sometimes pass "like summer clouds, over the retired years, at least in early manhood, of men who have played an important part in

the world's affairs."

But he had been too sanguine as to his health. In the same month he had a severe attack of illness. It was complicated with gout, and after its worst symptoms were overcome, he was persuaded by his "physician and friend," Sir Walter Farquhar, who had attended him two years previous, to try the effect of "the waters" at Bath: which in consequence soon became the rallying-point of political celebrities,† and the scene of political intrigue.

* Addington gave the refused sinecure to his son, a boy of sixteen.

[†] Rose, Canning, Lord Morpeth, Lord Malmesbury, and Lord Mulgrave were amongst his visitors.

Though the new ministry could inscribe upon its annals the battle of Copenhagen, the victories in Egypt, and the accomplishment of a peace "which" (in the words of Francis) "everybody was glad of, though nobody was proud of," it was never popular, and had not the confidence even of its supporters. The friends of Mr. Pitt, rather than his own wishes, urged his immediate resumption of office. He had faithfully kept his promises to his successor, but he admitted that if the erroneous financial statements, which were understood to have been prepared, were laid before parliament, he could no longer support him. They had as yet had no personal difference. The only approach to it was when Addington had not defended him as he ought to have done against a charge made by Tierney, in his absence, of wasteful expenditure and neglect; and Pitt felt that his most dignified and honest course would be to take part in the debates as little as possible, to avoid giving his opinion, and to wait the issue of events.

Amongst those who took a different mode of action few were so zealous as Bishop Tomline and Mr. Canning: the bishop as a medium, the young statesman urged on by his restless temper and ardent ambition—even beyond the limits of discretion, and to the annoyance of Pitt himself. The whole of this period is admirably described by Lord Stanhope, with a fulness of material for which we, unfortunately, have not space, and which it would be an act of injustice to abridge. Addington became at last convinced that a change was necessary. His plan was that neither he nor Pitt was to be Prime Minister, that they were both to be Secretaries of State; or Pitt, if he preferred it, might be Chancellor of the Exchequer; and that Lord Chatham was to fill the office of First Lord of

the Treasury.

Dundas, Lord Melville (who, somewhat strangely, had accepted the peerage from Addington which he had refused from his friend), was despatched to Walmer Castle to lay this notable project before him. It was received as might have been anticipated; and the grounds for rejecting it are ably stated in a letter from Lord Melville to Mr. Addington, written "at Mr. Pitt's desire, and it may be said under his dictation."* Other negotiations followed; the two ministers met; there was no longer any difficulty individually; but objections were taken to friends of Pitt who had been acting in opposition, and the result was as little satisfactory as before. It produced a coldness between the chiefs, and an angry feeling on the part of the king, who was vexed at not having been earlier consulted, and described it as "a foolish business . . . begun ill, conducted ill, and terminated ill."† Of his old servant he is reported to have spoken even more severely. "He desires," said his majesty, "to put the crown in commission. He carries his plan of removals so extremely far and high that it might reach me."

While the discussions, to which we so briefly refer, were in progress, Mr. Pitt had to bear a severe domestic calamity in the death of his mother, Lady Chatham. She died on the 3rd of April, 1803, at Burton Pynsent. Wilberforce, who visited her there in the summer of 1791, describes her as "a noble antiquity, very like Lady Harriot, and the

^{*} Vol. iv. p. 22. † Quoted from the Diaries of Lord Malmesbury. ‡ Her daughter; the wife of Mr. Eliot.

Pitt voice"... "asked about Fox's speaking—is much interested in politics. Seventy-five years old, and a very active mind." She was an affectionate and devoted parent; a personal and liberal benefactress to the poor. "There had been no previous illness to cause alarm, and her sons were not summoned to attend her;" but Mr. Rose records in his journal, when at Walmer Castle on the 8th, that his friend talked a good deal to

him of her death, and of the feelings it had awakened.

Upon our being again involved in war with France, he resumed his place in the House of Commons (reminding the Speaker, as he shook hands with him, that he had been "a long time truant"), and in the debate on the Address, in answer to the king's message of the 16th of May, announcing the renewal of hostilities, he made one of his best, if not one of his longest speeches. He was loudly cheered even before he commenced; his reappearance had created considerable excitement, and "when he sat down," says an eye-witness of the scene, "there followed three of the longest, most eager, and most enthusiastic bursts of applause I ever heard in any place on any occasion."* The writer whom we have just quoted (and who tells us that he "had rather hear him for four hours than one") complains only of his brevity. He prefers, therefore, his speech "against the peace in 1800; that in favour of it the year following; that on the murder of the King of France; and the short but beautiful burst of eloquence with which he followed Sheridan (on the same side) on the occasion of the mutiny." Lord Stanhope, setting aside the luminous expositions of finance, enumerates as his three best speeches, the one on the Coalition of 1783; on the Slave Trade, in April, 1792; and the one that he now delivered, t

As regarded Addington, he adopted that middle course which in politics very rarely succeeds. His support of the ministry was too lukewarm to satisfy its friends, his opposition too guarded to please his own supporters. On a division he, consequently, showed little strength; but the

ministry became daily weaker, and fell at last of itself.

On the 2nd of May, 1804, the king again summoned Mr. Pitt to his aid. They had had no confidential intercourse for three years. His majesty had on one occasion passed him without notice. He was now scarcely recovered from a recent attack of his afflicting malady, and the first proposal submitted to him by his minister was received with displeasure. Pitt, in forming a new administration, was of opinion that to ensure a strong and comprehensive government, Fox and Lord Grenville should be included. This was distasteful both to the king and to Lord Eldon, with whom Pitt had communicated on the subject. It is charitable to believe, as Lord Stanhope suggests, that much that was said or done might be attributed to the royal sufferer's state of mind; but he was firm in his objection to Mr. Fox; on some grounds not unreasonably; and it was not till Pitt showed a disposition to yield to his wishes that he would grant him an interview. When he received him it was with a graceful cordiality that deserved to be remembered. "I must congratulate your

^{*} Letter of the Hon. J. W. Ward, cited by Lord Stanhope, vol. iv. p. 48. † The only speeches which he revised for the press were his Finance speech of

[†] The only speeches which he revised for the press were his Finance speech of 1792; his speech on the Union, January, 1799; and on the overtures from France, January, 1800.

majesty," said Pitt, "on your looking better now than on your recovery from your last illness"-alluding to the spring of 1801. "That is not to be wondered at," answered the king. "I was then on the point of parting from an old friend; I am now about to regain one." After reading such an anecdote we may understand the impression made by

royalty upon the mind of Dr. Johnson.

By the 12th of the month the arrangements for the ministry were completed. Tox neither showed surprise nor resentment at being excluded. His friends, however, were not so placable. Lord Grenville and his followers would not take office without their chief; and, to some extent, the cabinet was weakened by their refusal. Towards the end of the year it also lost the support of Lord Harrowby, whom a serious accident obliged to resign. Pitt then felt how desirable it would be that he and Addington should once more act together. They had had no personal quarrel, nor had anything passed in public that could make a renewal of their ancient friendship inconsistent with the high honour of either. To the party it would bring an accession of not less than forty votes. An interview was soon arranged. They met frankly and cordially. "I rejoice," said Pitt, "to take you by the hand again." After a long conference they again met the following day. Two days later he joined the family dinner of his old friend at Richmond Park, and a perfect understanding between them was soon restored, to the satisfaction of no one more than of the king himself. He had said long ago, when standing between the two statesmen, "If we three do but keep together, all will go well,"‡ and in two separate letters from Windsor he now expresses his joy at their reunion.§

To some of Pitt's friends it was not so agreeable. Lord Camden and Bishop Tomline thought it would have been better deferred till Addington had publicly shown a disposition to give the government his support. But to no one was the reconciliation so offensive as to Canning. He felt that the former minister had been too often the victim both of his eloquence and his wit to make it probable that he would regard him with anything but dislike. Indeed, we are told by Lord Colchester, in reference to these events, " "As to Canning, Addington said his feelings never could be altered; he never could meet him; but he had no desire to interfere with his private friendships or prospects of success." Canning expressed his own feelings as to his proposed colleague in a letter of some length. It was intended for Pitt, and was to be submitted to him by his niece, Lady Hester Stanhope, to whom it was addressed. Lady Hester, upon leaving an uncomfortable home, had been kindly received by him as a constant guest, and had much of his confidence; and from her Canning seems to have heard of the new arrangements which had been made. is a curious letter, full of wounded pride, and intimating that he cannot remain in the position in which Addington's admission to the cabinet

^{*} Quoted from the Diaries of Mr. Rose.

[†] Life, vol. iv. p. 189. His private secretary was Mr. W. Dacres Adams, who is still living, and to whom Lord Stanhope acknowledges his obligations for "many interesting particulars and important manuscripts."

‡ Quoted from Dean Pellew's Life of Lord Sidmouth.

§ Appendix, p. 20, vol. iv.

| Diaries quoted by Lord Stanhope.

would place him. As we hear no more of it, we must believe that he was induced by his chief to sacrifice his feelings to what Lord Stanhope supposes "a call of public duty at a period of national danger."

No one had a more kind and genial spirit in private life than Canning.

In public life he was as sensitive as Sir Fretful Plagiary.

Addington (as Lord Sidmouth) became President of the Council; and his retainers were not to be forgotten. But in little more than six months the alliance was at an end.

For the present, everything seemed to be arranged. It was to be a renewal, for Pitt, of the cares and toils and responsibilities of office. Walmer, with its many pleasant occupations, was to be relinquished. Its distance from the scene of his labours was an obstacle to its enjoyment; and, to avoid residing in London, he again took a small house on Putney Heath. His home was now enlivened by the presence of his The Lady Hester Stanhope of Mount Lebanon was then young and handsome; she was always interesting, and devoted to Pitt as to a parent; and he was gratified by her affection for him. There were no longer any visits to Burton Pynsent. He went to see the king at Weymouth. He was also at intervals the guest of Lord Camden at Wilderness, and of Lord Bathurst at Cirencester. "Nothing," writes one of his fellow-visitors,* "could be more playful and at the same time more instructive than his conversation, on a variety of subjects, while sitting in the library at Cirencester. You never would have guessed that the man before you was prime minister of the country, and one of the greatest that ever filled that situation. His style and manner were quite those of an accomplished idler." Rigid as he might appear in public, there is no doubt whatever that he continued—as he had always been— "a most agreeable and amiable as well as a most interesting companion."†

Even before he was again in office, he had taken a very active part in the movement for organising a volunteer force in defence of the country at the time of the threatened invasion. By great energy and activity he had himself raised an excellent regiment of three battalions, numbering three thousand men. He was constantly, we are told, on horseback, in full uniform as colonel-in-chief, exercising and reviewing them. His whole heart was in the cause. Both his volunteers and his martello towers were ridiculed by his enemies, and sometimes, privately, by his friends. "Can anything," said Lord Grenville, "equal the ridicule of Pitt riding about from Downing-street to Wimbledon, and from Wimbledon to Coxheath, to inspect military carriages, impregnable batteries, and Lord Chatham's reviews?" It was honest zeal, at any rate; and, as regards the volunteers, those who have seen the moral effect upon foreign nations of a similar movement in our own time, will be satisfied that he was

right

The remainder of his ministry was uncheered except by the victory of Trafalgar; and was embittered by the impeachment and disgrace of his valued, and for many years his most intimate, friend, Lord Melville. As in the trials of Hastings and of Lord Cochrane, there

^{*} Lord Fitzharris. Quoted from the Malmesbury Diaries.

[†] From "Reminiscences" by Lord Stanhope's father: Life, vol. iv. p. 83.

is no doubt that there was much both of personal and political feeling in these proceedings. Out of parliament, the general opinion acquitted Lord Melville, at the time, of anything worse than negligence or culpable indulgence in allowing a subordinate in office to use the public money for his private speculations. There had been no loss to the nation—though there might have been-and in the profits Lord Melville had had no participation. Yet-forgetful of his great services at the Admiraltyhis punishment was pressed even to forcing him to resign his position as a privy councillor. It was most painful and mortifying to Pitt himself: and that it tended to impair his health, more perhaps than any event that occurred during his last short tenure of office, we cannot but believe. "I shall never forget," says Wilberforce (speaking of the Report of the Commissioners of Naval Inquiry), "the way in which he seized it, and how eagerly he looked into the leaves without waiting even to cut them open." We are told by Lord Fitzharris, who sat close to Pitt when the resolution condemnatory of Lord Melville was passed, that when the Speaker, Abbot (after looking as white as a sheet, and pausing for ten minutes), gave the casting vote, "Pitt immediately put on the little cocked-hat that he was in the habit of wearing when dressed for the evening, and jamming it deeply over his forehead, tears were distinctly seen trickling down his cheeks. Again, when he announced to the House that he had felt it his duty, in compliance with their wishes, to advise his majesty to erase the name of Lord Melville from the list of privy councillors, "I certainly," he said, "felt a deep and bitter pang in being compelled to be the instrument of rendering still more severe the punishment of the noble lord;" and it is told upon the authority of Lord Macaulay, that as he uttered the word "pang" his lips quivered, his voice shook, and his hearers thought he was about to burst into tears; but "he suppressed his emotion, and proceeded with his usual majestic self-possession."

Such painful conflicts were sure to tell upon a frame already shattered. On his first returning to the House of Commons in 1803, Mr. Ward informs us "that his physical powers were perceptibly impaired. exhibited strong marks of bad health. Though his voice had not lost anything of its depth and harmony, his lungs seemed to labour in those prodigious sentences which he once thundered forth without effort." Not two years later, Lord Harrowby writes to Pitt himself: "I have just heard that you cough and look ill, which I do not like at all; but I should have liked it much less if the intelligence were not accompanied with an intimation that you talk seriously of a long Easter recess, and propose spending it at Bath." It was not, however, till the close of the year that he again sought the benefit of its waters. What might have been their effect under other circumstances it is impossible to say. The mind's disease which mingled with his malady was beyond their power; for his last great effort on the Continent had been mortifyingly defeated by the surrender of the Austrians at Ulm and the victory of Napoleon at Austerlitz. He was as truly amongst the slain as if he had fallen in battle. "It was the relapse of a single day," said Canning, "which reduced Mr. Pitt to the wreck he now is:" and that was "the sad day of the Austerlitz despatch." It was "the immediate cause of his

* See an interesting note by Lord Mahon, vol. iv. p. 363.

death."*

Still he clung to the hope of being present at the opening of parliament. Upon his leaving Bath, in January, 1806, Lord Hawkesbury, Lord Camden, Mr. Long, and Mr. Canning, all, with kind solicitude, offered him their houses as more healthy localities than Putney; but he preferred returning to his own home; and on the 23rd HE DIED.

The narrative of his closing days, as given by Lord Stanhope, is of deep and painful interest. His manly resignation, his Christian charity, his kind consideration for those around him, and the grief of his attached friends, are simply and impressively brought before us. We can well believe that his last words were, Oh, my country! how I leave my country! * How much that he purposed was left unaccomplished! The slave-trade still existed; notwithstanding all he had done for Ireland, she had still just cause for disappointment and complaint; his projects of progress and improvement had been reluctantly laid aside; and the struggle for which all had been sacrificed seemed to be leading to nothing but

disaster and disgrace.

Unless we have greatly failed, the four papers that we have written will sufficiently have shown the qualities of Pitt without our again dwelling upon them in any formal estimate. His measures, his eloquence, his habits, and his friendships must have become familiar to our readers in the passages we have selected. Lord Stanhope has instituted a comparison between Pitt and Fox on one point where there appears to be less of similarity than even in their politics. It is true that they were both fine scholars; and Pitt continued to read and to enjoy the works which he had studied in his youth. But Fox, who had more leisure for such pursuits, was also himself a writer-though not, perhaps, a very successful one—while to Pitt, with the exception of his boyish tragedy, we are offered no good evidence for attributing a single line in the usual form of authorship.† It has also been charged against him, as his biographer observes, "that during his long administration he did nothing, or next to nothing, to encourage literature or the fine arts, or to reward the men who were rising to eminence in those walks of life." He had certainly neither the fine sympathy with artists and men of letters that distinguished the late Sir Robert Peel; nor the ready and good-humoured compliance of Lord Palmerston, who seems to think that a writer ought to be rewarded by the crown, on the ground of his not being likely to be rewarded by the public; but in securing a pension to Burke, Mr. Pitt showed a high and generous feeling which might excuse a host of minor neglects. Those who had any personal claim upon him he never forgot. His first tutor, Mr. Wilson, was made a canon of Windsor; and Dr. Pretyman (who had taken the name of Tomline) had a canonry at Westminster and the bishopric of Lincoln.

When the circumstances connected with his death were brought before

* An attempt has been foolishly made by a correspondent of the *Times* to disturb Lord Stanhope's conclusive testimony as to the exact expression.

[†] The last words that he spoke in public were worth half the books that have ever been written. When his health was proposed at the Mansion House as "the Saviour of Europe," he replied, "Europe is not to be saved by any single man. England has saved herself by her exertions, and will, as I trust, save Europe by her example." He was scarcely up two minutes (wrote the Duke of Wellington), yet nothing could be more perfect.

the House of Commons, a public funeral, a statue in Westminster Abbey, forty thousand pounds towards the payment of his debts, and pensions to Lady Hester Stanhope and her sisters, were not considered more than

adequate acknowledgments of his services and claims.

It was said not long since by a noble lord, upon his death-bed, that his had been a lost life. Pitt's was a life made useless for the objects to which he had purposed to devote it; and embittered, towards its close, by disappointments and regrets. We have heard it questioned whether his ministry was more productive of evil or of good; but as long as public virtue is honoured, or talent and eloquence are admired, as long as an unselfish devotion to its service can claim a nation's gratitude, the name of PITT must be numbered amongst the greatest that our country has produced.

After dwelling—perhaps too long—upon the whole, we now close the last volume of Lord Stanhope's work. We are still of opinion that it need not have been extended to four volumes; we might allege that there are passages which have more of the graceful negligence of conversation than would be sanctioned by the canons of criticism; but altogether it is immeasurably the best life of Pitt* that we possess, and it must be long before another will be produced that may be read with so much interest

and with so much pleasure.

GRANVILLE DE VIGNE.

A TALE OF THE DAY.

PART THE TWENTIETH.

I.

HOW DE VIGNE MARRED HIS OWN FATE A SECOND TIME.

WINTER in the Crimea—the Crimea of 1854-55. The very words are enough to bring up again to one that sharp, stinging wind, of whose concentred cold none can imagine in the faintest degree, save those who have weathered a winter in tents on the barren steppes before Sebastopol. Writing those very words is enough to bring up before one the bleak, chill, dark stretch of ground, with its horrible roads turned to watercourses, or frozen like miles of broken glass; the slopes, vast morasses of mud and quagmire, or trackless wastes of snow; the hurricane, wild as a tropical tornado, whirling the tents in mid-air, and turning men and horses roofless into the terrible winter night; the long hours of darkness,

^{*} It is always with reluctance that we speak unfavourably of the hard-workers of literature, who share none of its fame and little of its profits; but we feel compelled to say that the index to a standard Life of Pitt—such as Lord Stanhope's—should be more comprehensive and complete than we at present find it. Whoever has been employed by the noble author or his publisher, we hope that he will be permitted to amend his work, and make it a more useful and satisfactory table of reference.

of storm, of blinding snow, of howling wind, of pouring ink-black rain, in which the men in the trenches and the covering parties and pickets watched with eyes that must never close and senses that might never weary; the days when under those pitiless skies officers and men shared alike the common fate, worse clad than a beggar, worse cared for than a cab-horse;—all rise up before one as by incantation at those mere words, Winter in the Crimea.

I need not dwell upon it; I read the other day that people had heard quite enough of the "undivine story" of the Russian war. I scarcely know what that epithet may mean; wars never, that I am aware of, set up for being "divine;" but if we could boast but little divinity amongst us (and I think the "most eminently pious person" would have been tempted to swear hard had such a one been present to enjoy the hurricane of the 14th of November), I fancy the men showed what was better and more to the purpose—heroism true and dauntless; the heroism most difficult of all in life—the heroism of endurance. I think one can want nothing nobler, or so far more "divine," than Tom Troubridge, with his legs upon the gun-carriage, refusing to move "till the battle's won;" or Strangway's gentle "Will any one be kind enough to lift me off my horse?" than the steady work in the trenches in ten hours of furious rain and freezing cold; work done day after day, night after night, turning out into the mire and misery of the traverses with hungry stomachs and

clothes that were rags?

My left arm turned out so tedious and tiresome that I was obliged to go down to Balaklava for a short time. The day before I went up again to the front, anxious, you are sure, to be with the Dashers as soon as ever I could, a transport came into harbour with a reinforcement of the -th from England. I watched them land: their fresh healthy faces, their neat uniforms, their general trim, and all-over-like-going look, contrast enough to the men in the trenches at the front; and as I was looking at them disembark I saw a face I knew well, indeed—the face fair and delicate as a girl, with his long light curls and his blue eyes, and his lithe slight figure, of Curly, our little Curly of Frestonhills. Twelve months before, as I have said, Curly had changed from his captaincy in the Coldstreams to the lieutenant-colonelcy of the -th, and had been savage enough at having done so when the Household Troops went out to the Crimea; but now his turn had come, to his own unspeakable satisfaction, for Curly had always longed to have a taste of that real campaigning which De Vigne had invariably passionately assured us was the sole good thing in life. We met as old friends did meet out there, doubly bound together by a common cause, and we had a long haver that night; over pipes and some of the pure Cognac he had brought out with him to the land where brandy, like everything else, was filthy, adulterated, and fabulously priced; of mutual acquaintance and topics of mutual interest; of the things that had been done in England since we left, and the things we had done ourselves in the Chersonese. Knowing nothing of those fierce words which had passed between Curly and De Vigne, I was surprised at the silence with which Curly listened to my details of the heroic pluck with which our Frestonhills hero had cut his way through the Russian squadrons on the morning of the 25th; knowing nothing, either, of the wild love which had

entered into them both for the same woman, I set my foot in it unawares by asking him if he had seen the Little Tressillian before he left? Curly, though Heaven knows life had seasoned him as it had seasoned us all, till our faces could be as silent and impassive under the most stinging mental pain as any soulless, bloodless statue's, busied himself with poking up his pipe, while a flush rose over his fair girlish brow, and the muscles of his lips twitched nervously, as he answered simply, "No!"

"No! What, didn't you even go to bid her good-by? I thought you admired that little thing beyond expression, though she used to compliment Sir Folko at your and my expense? Do you mean to say you

never went down to St. Crucis before you came off here?"

"For Heaven's sake, Arthur, hold your tongue!" said Curly, more sharply than I had ever heard him speak; he who, when Poulteney Hay had forged the cheque in his name for 500l., had begged us not to be hard on "the poor dear fellow," and had busied himself in hushing the matter up as anxiously as though he were the criminal. "It is grossest brutality to jest on such a subject."

"Brutality to ask after the Little Tressillian?" I repeated, in sheer amazement. "My dear fellow, what on earth do you mean? What has

happened to Alma? Is she dead?"

"Would to Heaven she were, rather than what they say she is: an-

other added to Vane Castleton's list of victims!"

The anguish in his voice was unmistakable. I stared at him in amazement. The Little Tressillian gone over to Vane Castleton! That girl whose face was truth, and innocence, and candour in itself; who had seemed never happy save in De Vigne's presence; who had lavished on him whenever she saw him such fond, enthusiastic words, with all a woman's eloquence and all a child's abandon! I stared at him in mute bewilderment. The bursting of Whistling Dick between us at that moment would not have startled or astonished me more.

"Alma-Vane Castleton! My dear Curly, there must be some mis-

take."

"God knows!" he answered between his teeth. "I do not credit it, vet there are the facts: She has left St. Crucis; her nurse saw her leave in Castleton's brougham, and she has never returned. She must have been deluded away; she never could have gone willingly. He may have lured her with a false marriage. God knows! women are sometimes dazzled by rank, and he is bad enough for anything. I should have found him out to know the truth, and shot him dead if he had beguiled her away against her will, but I never heard of it until the very day before we sailed. I could not leave my regiment at the eleventh hour."

"Do you care so much for her, then?" I said, involuntarily, in surprise; for, though I knew Curly had often sworn the Little Tressillian was the most charming thing he had ever come across, he had lavished equally enthusiastic epithets on no end of other women, and I never dreamt he

had felt anything deeper for her.

"I loved her very dearly," said Curly, simply, with his pipe between his lips. "Don't talk of it again, Arthur, please; she cared nothing for me, but her name is too precious to me to hear it mentioned without respect, and I am sure there is some error yet. I will never believe her face told a lie."

He was silent; and since the loss of Alma had stung him so keenly and so deeply that not even the elasticity of his gay, light, affectionate nature could rebound or recover from it, it was easy to understand how it had overwhelmed De Vigne's stronger, more fiery, more vehement, and far more retentive nature, if, as I doubted not, the love that Sabretasche had predicted had come between himself and the Little Tressillian.

The fierce words that had passed between them were not forgotten. De Vigne was not a man to forgive in a moment that bitter accusation of cowardice, which no one but Curly would have breathed to him without receiving punishment, whose mark he would have carried on him all his life. Curly, with reasons of his own for believing that, true or untrue, the story of Alma's flight with Vane Castleton, the heart of the woman he loved was De Vigne's, and De Vigne's alone; sought no reconciliation with his once idolised Frestonhills hero. Perhaps he harboured a suspicion-unjust indeed, but men in love and jealous of their rivals seldom pause to do them justice—that it was to Granville, and not to Vane Castleton, Alma had flown, for he knew De Vigne was so thorough a soldier that he would have left the most exquisite happiness, or the woman he most tenderly loved, at any call to arms. They seldom met-De Vigne being in Lord Lucan's camp, and Curly in that of the Light Division—and they avoided each other by mutual consent. love of woman had come between them, and stretched like a great gulf between De Vigne and the young fellow he had liked ever since he was

a little fair-haired, bright-eyed boy.

Curly came just in time for that grey wintry dawn, when the bells of Sebastopol rang through the dark, foggy air, and the dense masses of troops, for whom mass had been said, stole through the falling rain up the heights of the valley of Inkermann. He was in time for those handto-hand struggles, those wild assaults, those daring repulses, with which, in glen, and glade, and valley, in separate knots and remote corners, amidst thick rain and tangled brushwood, and thorny brakes and foggy gloom, through which they could see neither enemy nor friend; in which the steady heroism of England and the dashing gallantry of France repelled the picked troops of the Muscovite, stimulated by brandy, assured of victory by their Czar's son, and promised the best joys of Heaven by their priests if they should fall. He was in time to rush to the front with the rest of the Light Division on that dark and desperate morning when the Duke and his Guards held the Sandbag Battery under the deadly mitraille and the volleys of rifle and musketry; when officers dropped like hail, singled out, as they ever are, in the onslaught; when Cathcart fell with the bullet through his brain, and Sir George Brown was carried wounded off the field, and the Zouaves dashed to the rescue at their merry Pas de charge, and the Chasseurs d'Afrique, on their grey Arabs, charged with all the brilliance and elan of their nation; and all through the dark, gloomy valley raged those fierce struggles, those desperate rallies, those sanguinary combats hand to hand, which made up the battle of Inkermann, and strewed the wet, marshy ground with groups, under every bush and in every ravine, of the bearskins of our Guards, the grey great-coats of the Russians, and the bright blue uniforms of the Chasseurs, the men lying pêle-mêle together as they had fallen in the death-grapple-some calm, tranquil, with their lips just open as the rifle had hit them down, life ceasing instantaneously; others horrible to look upon, with every feature

wrung in the agonies of their last throes, clenching the grass they had torn up in their suffering as existence had passed slowly, unwillingly,

agonisingly away.

Curly was in time for Inkermann—that battle where not twenty thousand English and French repulsed fifty thousand or more Russians, which was heroic as Thermopylæ, sanguinary as Maya; and he was in time for the winter work in the trenches, where he, so late the young Adonis of the Guards, the "best style" in the Park, the fashionable young blondin. the darling of Belgravian boudoirs, who at home never began his day till two o'clock-a day of morning calls, of dejeuners, of flirtations, of gay mess-luncheons, of gayer opera-suppers, with his dinners perfection, with his wines of the best, and his greatest exertion to get up in time for Epsom, or cram all his engagements into one night—had to turn into the trenches in rain, which made the traverses like Dutch dykes, or in blinding snow blown into his eyes by a wind that cut into him sharply as any bayonet's thrust; to come back to a tent without fire, to food either semi-raw or else burnt black as a cinder; to sleep rudely, roused by a hurricane that whirled away his sole frail shelter, and turned him out into the bitter black Crimean night. That winter showed us campaigning with the gloss off; there were no marches through pleasant countries, no halts at villages or towns, no billeting in different places, where there was change of scene, and wine, and pretty women, as our fathers and grandfathers had had in the Peninsula; no brilliant succession of battles, the space between each filled up with the capture of fallen cities, and balls and love-making in friendly ones, such as make the history of the war among the green sierras of Spain so favourite a theme for fiction and romance; there was nothing but an eternal cannonading from the dawn of one day to the dawn of another—nothing but a long, dreary, protracted siege, and confinement to a camp, to get away from which a reconnaissance party was hailed with delight—nothing but months dragging away one after another, seeing horses and men dying off by scores.

We should soon have been dismounted if we had not been ordered into Balaklava—our light, sinewy, fiery, gallant greys lay rotting in heaps, or stiffened and frozen in the mud. The first thing that seemed to soften the stern, silent gloom that had gathered round De Vigne was when his horse, Sultan, that followed him like a dog, and took sugar from his hand, and that had brought him safe out of the lines at Balaklava, weakened with starvation and frozen with cold, turned his dying eyes upon his master, shivered, rolled on his side, and died with one last faint gasping It was the only thing he thought that loved him, and De Vigne loved it in return; the grey had been a truer friend than man, a more faithful one than woman. He stooped over the horse where he lay and kissed him on the forehead, and his eyes were dim as he turned away from the dead charger that had served him so long and had died so painfully—token that despite the ice that his cruel wrong and his great anguish had closed around him, the warm loving heart of the man was still beating strong within him. The sufferings of his men round him, too -the men who all braved that winter, never despaired, rarely complained, and kept stout hearts through all their unspeakable wretchedness, their extremity of misery, while England seemed to forget and to neglect them ;-absorbed as De Vigne was by that passionate and bitter

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love which had cost him so dear, he exerted himself to the utmost to alleviate these sufferings, and it was well for him that he was forced from himself into the midst of the misery around him. He was furious that the army should be left to suffer and rot here, while in England they persisted in believing that we had all we could possibly want. If by paying down all his fortune he could have brought to the Crimea the huts, the warm clothing, the medicines, the supplies, the reserves of strong able-bodied regiments that we wanted, I believe he would have done it without pause or regret. As it was, where the commonest necessaries became luxuries scarcely to be bought at the most extravagant prices, he could do little or nothing. As it was, he had to stand by and see men and horses dying away for simple lack of care and shelter; the flower of that army wasted, which-a soldier's son-he loved as devotedly as Quintus Curtius Rome; holding his own life as nothing could he by any personal sacrifice have given any aid or added any glory to the Service, caring nothing as long as he had opportunity to do his best and justice done his regiment, whether his own deeds were unnoticed or rewarded with a line in the Gazette. He did all he could to cheer and animate the men, and they listened to him as to a demi-god, revering him for those slashing back-handed strokes which had cut his way for him through the carnage at Balaklava, and having a sort of superstitious belief in his Indian sobriquet of the "Charmed Life." The exertions which his devotion to the Service impelled him to, did him a certain good, it roused him a little from the dead gloom which had closed around him; the sufferings he saw and could not aid, not those of wounds and death-to such he was accustomed—but the sufferings of disease which common aid might have prevented; of privations excelling those of beggars, which he justly thought a disgrace to an age of civilisation and luxury; these to a certain extent softened that harsh and bitter indifference to every living thing which had grown upon him, and the reality of the life he led awoke him in a degree from his own thoughts; while at the same time the weary inactivity of the siege, which weighed down even the lightest hearts before Sebastopol, was but one long torture to a man who longed for danger and excitement as the sole anodyne to a passion which pursued him as the Furies pursued Orestes.

Those who knew Sabretasche as we had known him, the luxurious owner of the luxurious Dilcoosha; as the fastidious man of fashion, of art, of taste, whose senses were so refined at once by nature and by indulgence, that he shrank from everything that was not the highest perfection of refinement, as the young Mozart shrank from a discordant chord and fainted at the harsh notes of a horn-those who knew as I did that all his life long there had been no elegance, no beauty he had not gathered round him to shut out the coarser and harsher material world, would have wondered at the simple uncomplaining heroism with which he bore deprivations and discomforts, at the mere recital of which he would have shuddered and turned away twelve months before, asking you, with his soft low laugh, "Not to jar on his feelings with such distressing and distasteful details!" Many of those who had sneered (behind his back) at his Sybaritism, bore the miseries of that Crimean winter far less uncomplainingly and gallantly than the high bred gentleman who came from the heart of the most refined luxury, with all his aristocrat's habits, his artist's tastes, his inborn fastidiousness, into greater privation, discomfort, and wretchedness, than any not present there can imagine, to endure a campaign, where the wild Chersonese hurricane turned him out at night, shelterless, to the full fury of the storm, where his food was often such as at home he would have forbidden to be given to his Newfoundland, where his servant had sometimes to fight with another for some scanty brushwood to light his fire, where loathsome centipedes crawled over his very bed; where he had to wade through mud, and rain, and filth, over paths marked out by the sick and dying fallen by the roadside, and the carrion birds whirling aloft over the spot where the corpses lay. Yet I never heard him utter a complaint, except, indeed, when he turned to me with a smile:

"How horrible it is, Arthur, not to be able to wash one's hands!"

The winter in the Chersonese was contrast enough to the life of love, and luxury, and joy he had painted with all the brilliance of his poet's mind, all the tenderness of his lover's heart, sitting in Violet Molyneux's boudoir, looking into the loving, radiant eyes of the woman who should now have been his wife! He was uniformly gentle and kind to those with whom he came in contact; his very delicacy and extreme sensitiveness, joined to his proud hatred of anything like pity or discussion, made him hide as much as was possible the deadly grief he carried with him day and night. Sometimes he would exert himself to talk in something of his old strain, though he never affected to conceal that he had lost all in losing her; and beneath the sad, grave gentleness of his manner, it was easy to see how bitterly his heart was achingaching with that dull, hopeless anguish for which time has no cure. One night, just before we were ordered into Balaklava, a friend of his, a member of the Lower House, who had come out to have a look at the Crimea, and was staying on board one of the vessels in the harbour, was dining with Sabretasche—De Vigne, a French colonel of cavalry, whom Sabretasche had known in Paris, a man of the 9th Lancers, and myself, making up the party. All of us thought of the Colonel's charming dinners in Park-lane or the Dilcoosha; of his rare wines, his exquisite cookery, his noiseless servants, his perfect appointments, his choice company, the best wits, the greatest authors, the men of highest ton, as we sat down to this, the best money could procure, and miraculously luxurious for the Crimea-a turkey, some preserved beef, and a little jam, with some brandy and whisky, for which his man had paid a price you would not believe, if I recorded it parole d'honneur.

"I am equally glad to see you, Carlton," said Sabretasche, "but I'm afraid I can't entertain you quite so well as I did in Park-lane. Il faut manger pour vivre, else I fancy you would hardly be inclined to touch

much of anything we can give you in the Crimea."

"Peste, Sabretasche! il ne pensera guère à cela; nous avons ici la meilleure chose—notre Amphitryon," said De Courcy-Reynal, with a

warmth that meant more than mere Parisian courtesy.

"Quite true, monsieur," said Carlton, "Sabretasche's wines were perfection, but they were not what made those 'little dinners' of his the most delightful things in town. I wonder when we shall have you back among us, Colonel,"

"Not till we've given the Muscovites such a thrashing as they'll never get over," said Egerton of the 9th—those dashing Lancers who were cut up at Balaklava almost to a man; which remark was a prelude to such

a discussion of tactics, probabilities, justice and injustice, what had been done that shouldn't have been done, and what hadn't been done that should have been done, with all the different versions of the Light Cavalry charge, as was certain to take place where there were five cavalry men talking, and an amateur, who wanted to hear everything we had to tell him.

"You're quite a héros de roman, De Vigne, in England," laughed "Lady Puffdoff and scores of your old loves are gone more mad about you than ever, and have been working their snowy fingers to the bone over all sorts of wool things for you and the rest of the Dashers, that are now tumbling about in the holds, and will rot in Balaklava har-

bour, I suppose, till the hot weather comes."

"Héros de roman!" said De Vigne, with his most contemptuous sneer. "If the people at home would just believe the men are dying away here, more than three thousand sick in camp, and would provide for them with just a little common practical sense, instead of sending us unroasted coffee, and stoves that may kill the fellows as they killed poor Smeaton of the Artillery, and letting the warm clothing rot in the holds, and the huts go to pieces on the beach, they'd do us more service than by writing ballads about us, and showering poetical epithets on us that they'll forget in twelve months' time, when they are running after some

De Vigne spoke prophetically!

"But you still like campaigning, despite it all, old fellow?" asked

"I wish my life could be one long campaign," said De Vigne, his eyes flashing with something beside even his love for his Service; then he laughed, as he went on, "If I were a medical man, and had to deal with hypochondriacs, frenzied poets, nervous littérateurs, or worn-out public men, I would send them all off to active service. Boot and Saddle would soon have all the nonsense out of them, and send them back much healthier and better fellows. Campaigning is the only thing to put a

dash of cayenne pepper into the soup of life."

"Our cayenne gets rather damped here," smiled Sabretasche. remember when I was five-and-twenty, and lounged down the shady side of Pall Mall, I thought nothing would be so pleasant as a hot campaign in India; and when I had had five years of hot campaigning, I thought nothing would be so pleasant as the shady side of Pall Mall. It was very agreeable as far as the danger and excitement went, but I confess I preferred my house in Park-lane to a tent for continuous residence. I missed my studio-to sketch with the thermometer at 130 was simply impossible. I had plenty of models, but no marble, no chisel, and no time. I missed my Times, my reading-chair, my periodicals, my papers; above all, society. All these are great agrémens of life."

"But confess, Colonel, weren't you less fastidious and less dandified after India than before?" asked De Vigne.

"I never was much of a dandy. I dress well, of course; any man of good taste does that by simple instinct. As for fastidiousness, I managed with a shirt a week in India, because I couldn't have more; but I hated it, and had one or two per diem as soon as ever I went back. I let my beard grow there because I had no possible time to have it shaved;

but I was delighted to have it off again as soon as ever I reached Calcutta---"."

"Nonsense! What are shirts or beards, compared with the verve, the excitement, the reality of existence that one finds in active service? I remember one night, when I was riding through a hilly pass in Lahore, with only my man Niel with me, we were set upon by half a dozen mountain robbers, some ten miles north of Attock, where the road, shelving on a precipice, wasn't more than twenty paces wide. I shot one of the devils dead, the other revolver flashed in the pan, and poor Niel rolled over the precipice, carrying his foe with him, in their death-grapple. There was I, single-handed against those four brutes, and I never enjoyed anything better."

"Of course. How did it end?"

"Oh! in nothing wonderful," continued De Vigne. "I set my back against the rock and defended myself as well as I could. I ran one of them through the body, and before I could draw my sword out one of them sent his spear into my wrist. I've the mark of it now. That put up my blood. I pitched one poor wretch over the rock; another turned and fled, yelling out it must be that cursed Feringhee, the 'Charmed Life,' it was no use trying to kill me; and I held the last, and gave him such a drubbing with the flat side of my sabre that I left him there prostrate, and utterly unconscious to anything that happened. My horse had been grazing quietly, I caught him easily, and galloped back to Attock considerably elated, I assure you. Could a soilless shirt and a smooth chin outweigh an hour of real life like that?"

"Certainly not. If our days here were all twenty-fifths of October, they would be too delightful," said Sabretasche, with that sad smile which, when he exerted himself to be cheerful, showed how painful and unreal the effort was. "All I say is, my dear Granville, that I do prefer an Auxerre carpet to this extremely perilous mud; that I do like much better to have nice hot water and almond soap, to being only able to wash my hands at very distant intervals. It would be ridiculous to pretend that I don't think a dinner at the Star and Garter more palatable than this tough turkey; nor my usual Bond-street coats more agreeable

to wear than these ragged and nondescript garments!"

"And yet one has never heard a word of complaint from that fellow from our first bivouac till now!" said De Vigne to Carlton. Granville had an evident attachment to the Colonel, strengthened, if possible, by the uncomplaining courage and gallantry with which, in common with almost all there, the man of fashion and refinement bore every deprivation.

"Cui bono?" smiled Sabretasche. "It all comes in the fortune of war, and it is a soldier's duty to take whatever turns up, whether it is exactly to his taste or not. Besides, there is not a murmur heard out here; the Dashers will hardly set the example! Come, Carlton, you have not told

us half the news."

Carlton told us plenty of news; of marriages and deaths; intrigues of the boudoir and the cabinet; of who had won the Grand Military, and who was favourite for the Cesarewitch—that race due to the Romanoff, whose forces lay in the great city we besieged; of how Dunbar had married Ela Ashburnham, and Jack Mortimer's wife run away with his

groom; of how Fitzturf had been outlawed for seventy thousand, and Monteith made a pot of money at the October meetings; of all the odds and ends of the chat, on dits, scandales, and gossip he had brought from the lobby, the clubs, and the drawing-room; of that set of which we were members.

"I say, De Vigne," said he, at the last, "do you remember that bewitching Little Tressillian that was at the ball in Lowndes-square, and that all the men went so mad about? You knew her very well, though,

didn't you?"

Carlton had never heard of the extreme intimacy between De Vigne and Alma, and never guessed on what dangerous ground he trod; Sabretasche had gone back in thought to that ball in Lowndes-square, where life and love had smiled so sweetly on him; I longed to check him, but I could not; even by the feeble lamplight I could see De Vigne's face grow crimson with the blood that leapt into it; then a grey, ashy paleness grew over it, all hue of colour leaving his very lips. He had need then of his iron nerve.

"What of her?"

Carlton never noticed the chill stern tone of those brief words, hissed

rather than spoken between his set teeth.

"What of her? Only that people say she levanted with that cursed fool, Vane Castleton. I pity her if she did! But she won't be the first woman idiot enough to have believed him. I fancy it's true, too, because as I came through Paris—where I know he is—on my way here, I saw her in a carriage in the Champs Elysées that was waiting at a door—a very dashing carriage, too. I didn't know her enough to speak to her, but I recognised her blue eyes in a second—it's a face you can't forget. I should have thought she'd been a nicer little thing than that, wouldn't you? But, bless you, women are all alike."

De Vigne sat quite still without moving a muscle, but I knew all he felt by the iron rigidity, the death-like pallor of his face, for I had seen it on his marriage-day. Happily for him, at that moment an orderly came to the door with a despatch from head-quarters to Sabretasche, and De Vigne, rising, bid us good night, and went out into the storm of piti-

less, drenching, driving rain to seek his own tent.

Those two men had chatted over the tough turkey and the brandy, listening and laughing as though no curse were gnawing at their heartstrings; yet when he was alone Sabretasche took from his breast a little miniature that, when his horse went down at Balaklava, had swung loose from his uniform by its gold cable-chain, and that he had stopped, even in the midst of that wild work, with the balls whistling around him, to put safely back in its resting-place—a miniature he had painted in the earliest days of their engagement, Violet's lovely face, half laughing, half tender, turned over her shoulder, and looking at him with those fond soft eyes, into which Heaven knew whether he might ever look again, and over the senseless ivory, which seemed to give her back to him in cruel and mocking semblance, Sabretasche bowed his head in bitterness unspeakable at the thought of that life-long barrier which stood ruthlessly between them. And De Vigne, whose iron nerve his comrades envied, and whose strength his enemies feared, groped his way through the storm and the darkness, insensible to the wild battle of wind and rain, and entering his own tent dizzily and unconsciously as

though he had been suddenly stricken with blindness, threw himself forward on his narrow bed with one wild prayer from his breaking heart,

"My God! my God! that I could die!"

The next morning a mail came in (our own letters were lying in a heap at the tumble-down British post-office, where we posted them, often with very little hope that they would find their way to their destinations): there were some from Violet, I think, by the flush that rose on the Colonel's impassive face as he received his epistles, and there were more than a dozen for De Vigne, some from men who really liked him, and with whom hors de vue was not always hors d'esprit; some from Leila Puffdoff, and women of her genre, who liked to write to one of the most distinguished men of the famous Light Brigade, to whom in days gone by they had used to make love. He read them pour s'amuser. The last he took up struck him keener than a sabre's thrust-it was in Alma Tressillian's handwriting. Twenty-four hours before how eagerly he would have seized it, hoping against hope for a reassurance of that love which alone made life of value to him; an explanation of that mystery which had robbed him so strangely and suddenly of her. But now, so sceptical of all good, so credulous of all evil, as he had grown, he never for a moment doubted, or dreamed of doubting, Carlton's story. Circumstantial evidence damned her, and with that mad haste which had cost him so much all his life long, without waiting or pausing, but allowing her no trust, no justice, not even a hearing, as he tore her letter open, for the moment with a wild and suffocating hope trembling at his heart; he flung it from him, with an oath and a groan, as he saw its heading, "No. 100, Champs Elysées, Paris." It was confirmation only too strong of Carlton's tale for him to doubt it. Going, as people often do from one extreme to the other, he who had been in his early youth far too trusting, was now in his manhood equally far too sceptical. Overconfidence had lost him his liberty; over-doubt now lost him his love. A folly one way had tied him to the Trefusis; a folly in another way now robbed him of Alma.

"He has deserted her, and she turns to me to befool me a second time!" was the mad thought with which he flung her letter from him. It was a cruel, an unjust, an ungenerous suspicion; though appearances might tell against her, he had no right to condemn her unheard; her lips had never lied to him; her eyes had never fallen beneath his most searching gaze; he had never heard from her an indelicate thought, a coarse word, a feeling that was not noble, high, and true; he had no right, unheard, to condemn her as the most artful, the most heartless, the most unprincipled actress and intriguante. How he could think it, with the memory of her fond, frank affection; after the interchange of thought and opinion that had passed so long between them, I cannot imagine. only excuse is, that he was well-nigh mad at the time, and knew not what he did while the agony of disbelief was on him; his grief was a wild delirium, from which his scepticism excluded every possibility of hope, and in which, in the first sting of agony at his betrayal, he sealed her letter again without reading it, and directed it back to her before his purpose should fail him. So, in our madness, we fling our happiness away! One letter still remained unread, indeed unnoticed, in the torrent of emotion awakened by the sight of Alma Tressillian's writing, which De Vigne never saw until he took it up to light his pipe late that night; then he

opened it mechanically, glanced over it, saw the signature was "Your humble servant, Charles Raymond," the valet whom he had discharged for reading Alma's little note in Gloucester-place: "A begging-letter, of course," thought De Vigne, too heart-sick with his own anguished thoughts to pay more heed to it, as he struck a match, held it in the flame, and lighted his meerschaum with it.

So we throw aside, as valueless cards, the honours life deals us in its

uncertain whist!

II.

THE GAZELLE IN THE TIGER'S FANGS.

VANE CASTLETON had gone mad about Alma. I do not mean that he loved her, as poor Curly did, well enough to marry her; nor as De Vigne, who would have thrown everything away to win her; but he was wild about her, as very heartless men, cheres demoiselles, can be wild about a face that has bewitched them. He was first of all fascinated by those "beaux yeux bleus," then he was piqued by the wish to rival De Vigne, whom he disliked for some sharp sayings Granville had sometimes thrown carelessly at him; then, he was maddened by Alma's contemptuous treatment of him—certainly she was very provocative, with her eyes flashing angrily, and her soft, child-like lips curled in haughty yet petulant annoyance; and at last he swore to go there no more, to be treated de haut en bas by "that bewitching little devil," but to win her, coûte que coûte. She might hate him, he did not care for that; he did not think, with Montaigne, that a conquest, to be of value, must be de bonne volonté on the part of the captured; and if he had been in the East he would have sent his slaves, had her blindfolded, and kept her in his seraglio, without regard as to whether tears or smiles were the consequence. Not being able to act so summarily, he feeling certain that he should never win her of her own free will, for Alma's dislike to him was undisguised, and long years before he had entered the lists with De Vigne, and been cut down, as most men were in that sort of game, by Granville, and the House of Tiara having been, from time immemorial, as eccentric as Wharton, and as unscrupulous as the Mohawks; he hit upon a plan seemingly more fitted for bygone days than for our practical and prosaic age, where police prevent all escapades, and telegraphs anticipate all dénouements. But the more eccentric the thing the more pleasure was it to Castleton, who had something of the vanity of Sedley, and liked to set the town talking of his bad deeds, as other men like to make it gossip of their great ones; he liked to out-Herod Herod, and his reputation for unscrupulous vice was as dear to him as though it had been the fame of the soldier or the statesman; he loved his mere approach to damn a woman's character à la Caligula, and if he could win Alma by some plot which would increase his notoriety—tant mieux!

On the morrow of De Vigne's declaration of love to her, Alma sat in her bay-window, waiting to catch the first faint music of his horse's hoofs upon the highway. She had done nothing that morning; her easel had lost all charm for her; Sylvo and Pauline obtained but little attention; and after she had filled the room with

flowers, to give him a brighter welcome, singing soft yet wild Italian barcarolles and love-songs while she gathered them, till the goldfinches and the thrushes strained their throats to rival her, she threw herself down on the steps of the window, only guarded from the noontide sun by the chesnut-boughs, to watch for her lover's coming, full of that feverish, impassioned joy which can scarcely credit its own being. To Violet Molyneux happiness came as the meridian sunlight comes after the bright dawn, a deeper gold, indeed, but still only an intensifying of the sunrays that had gilded her cloudless life before. To Alma, accustomed to a solitary, thoughtful, and intellectual childhood with Boughton Tressillian, taught sorrow by his death, and trial by the almost destitution from which her talent alone had rescued her, leading a lonely and—but for her great gift, the elasticity of her spirits, and the resources of her own mind-a sad life for so young and lively a girl, it came like the burst of a Southern sunset, rising in all its deep-hued glories, its purple, and crimson, and golden splendour, passing the pomp of emperors; out of the funereal gloom of tempest-clouds, bathing all the earth that lay quivering from the death-grip of the storm in its own radiant and voluptuous light. At all times impressionable and enthusiastic-readily touched into happiness by the smallest ray of pleasure, as a sun-flower will turn at the first beam after a shower—the rapturous joy which had banished sleep, but given her waking thoughts sweeter than any night-dreams, seemed to her now too great for reality. Under her gaiety and child-like abandon there were vehement passions, the heritage of that Italian blood which Boughton Tressillian had said flowed in her veins; her warmth and impatience of nature were the traits of her character akin to De Vigne's, and those few hours with him yesterday had aroused all the impassioned affections which had been but half conscious of their existence, till told their own strength by the whispers of his love and the touch of his caresses.

Exquisitely happy as she was in memory and hope, she wanted him with her again to tell her it was no dream; she was restless, longing to hear his voice, counting the minutes till those dark and brilliant eyes should look once more into hers. When noon had passed, her restlessness grew into anxiety—she had unconsciously expected him quite early; with a union of child-like and lover-like impatience she had risen almost with her friends the birds, half hoping, I dare say, that he might surprise Twenty times that morning had she run down to the her at breakfast. gate, never heeding the soft summer rain that fell upon her golden hair, to look along the road for his horse and its rider. About one o'clock she stood leaning over the little wicket—a fair enough picture -a deep flush of anxiety was upon her cheeks, her blue eyes, under the shadow of her long lashes, were darkening with excitement and the thousand fluttering thoughts stirring in her heart; and with that longing to look well in his eyes which had its spring in something far nobler than coquetry, her dress was as graceful and picturesque as her simple but always tasteful toilette could afford. As she stood, the ring of hoofs rang upon the highway in the distance; the colour deepened in her cheeks, her whole face lighted up, her heart beat wildly against the wooden bar on which she rested. She was just opening the gate to run down the road to meet him, knowing how he would fling himself from the saddle at the first glimpse of her; she was lifting the

latch, when the horse came nearer to her view; she saw it was not De Vigne, but Curly; not the one for whom her heart waited, but the one whom it rejected. With almost as much eagerness as De Vigne would have shown, he checked his horse at the little wicket before Alma could leave it, as she would fain have done. He threw himself off his saddle, and caught her hand:

"Alma! for Heaven's sake do not turn away from me."

She drew her hand impatiently away: she held it as De Vigne's—it was to be touched by no other. She was disappointed, too, and for the moment forgot anything else. Poor Curly, he came at an unlucky hour

to plead his cause!

"Alma, is your resolution fully taken?" he said, catching her little hands once more in his too tightly for her to extricate them. "Listen to me but one word: I love you so well, so dearly; it is not possible for any other to love you as I do. Can you not give me one hope? Can you not feel some pity?"

Again she drew her hands away more gently; for her first irritation had passed, and she was too sweet a nature not to feel regret for the sorrow of which she was the cause. And a look of pain passed over her

glad face as she answered him very softly:

"Why ask me? What I told you two days ago was the truth. thank you very, very much for all your kindness. I wish to Heaven you cared nothing for me, for it grieves me to pain any one, but I could never have loved you."

"You would have done if you had not met him first," said Brandling,

his fierce jealousy of De Vigne waking up and breaking bounds.

A brighter flush rose over her brow; she lifted her head with a proud, eager gladness upon it; she misunderstood him, and fancied De Vigne had told his friend of their mutual love.

"No," she said, with her pride in Granville's love surmounting her pity for Curly's. "No; if I had never known him I should have loved his ideal, of which he alone could have been the realisation. You are

mistaken; I could never have loved any other!"

The speech had a strange combination of girlish fondness and impassioned tenderness; it was a speech to fall chill as ice upon the heart of her listener; he who loved her so well, and, as is so often the fate of true affection, could win not one fond word in return.

Curly's hands grasped the rail of the gate; his fair and delicate face

looked aged ten years with the marks of weary pain upon it.

"He has told you, then?" he said, abruptly.

He meant of De Vigne's marriage, she thought he meant of De Vigne's love, and answered with a deeper blush,

" Yes !"

"My God! and you will love him?"

"While my life lasts!"

She gloried in her adoration of De Vigne, and would no sooner have thought of evading acknowledgment of it than Chelonis or Eponina of evading exile or death. How woman-like she flung aside the love that would fain have crowned her with all honour, peace, and happiness, and chose, and would equally have chosen had she known her doom, the one that would cost her such bitter tears, such burning anguish!

"Heaven help me, then-and you!"

The two last words were too low for her to hear; but, touched by the suffering on his face, she stretched out the hands she had withdrawn.

"Colonel Brandling, I am grieved myself to grieve you. Forget me; you soon will find others much more worthy of you, and until you do at

least forgive me!"

"Forgive you!" repeated Curly, "what would I not! but forget you I never can. I do not hope for that. Oh, Alma, my darling!" he cried, clasping her little hands close up to his heart, "would to Heaven you would listen to me. I would make you so happy: you will never be so happy with De Vigne. He does not love you unselfishly as I do; he will sacrifice you to himself; if you would but listen to me, all that life can give shall be yours, my name, my home, higher rank than I hold now. I will win you everything you desire, and with time I will make you love me."

At first she had listened to him in vague stupefaction, the thought never entered her head that any man should dare to ask her to forsake De Vigne; when she did comprehend his meaning she wrenched her hands away for the last time, her eyes flashing with anger, fiercer than any that had hitherto been roused in her young heart, passion of another

sort crimsoning her brow.

"Do you dare to insult me with such words? Do you venture to suppose that any living man could ever make me faithless to him? Girl as I am, I tell you that you speak most falsely if you say that he does not love me generously, nobly, and unselfishly, with a love of which I can never be worthy. You are a true friend indeed to come and slander him in his absence; you would not dare to try and rival him with such coward words if he were present. He would have scorned to take such mean advan-

tage over you!"

With those vehement words, natural and right in her, but how bitter to him! Alma swept from him with a dignity of which those who only knew her in her gay and girlish moods would hardly have thought her capable, and turned in to her bay-window, her face full of indignation at what she thought-ignorant of the fact that prompted poor Curly's unwise words—such insult and such treachery to her idolised lover. His hands grasped the gate-bar till the rusty nails that were in the wood forced themselves through his gloves into the flesh, and watched her till the last gleam of her golden hair had vanished from his sight. Then he threw himself across his saddle, and galloped down the road amidst the heavy rain that now began to fall from the gathering clouds, the ring of the hoofs growing fainter on Alma's ear as she listened for those that should grow nearer and nearer till they should bring De Vigne to her side. She had no thought for Curly; I think she would have had more if she had known that never again on earth would she look upon that fair, fond face, that would so soon lie turned upwards to the pitiless sky, unconscious and calm amidst the roar of musketry and the glare of a captured citadel.

She threw herself down upon a couch, excited still with the glow of indignation that Curly's words had roused in her. Impetuous always, though sweet tempered, she was like a little lioness at any imputation on De Vigne: whether he had been right or wrong she would have flung herself headlong into his defence, and, had she seen any faults in her idol, she would have died before she let another breathe them. Scarcely

had the gallop of Curly's horse ceased to mingle with the fall of the raindrops and the rustle of the chesnut-leaves, when the roll of carriagewheels broke on her ear. She started up wild with delight—this time she felt sure it was he—and even Pauline screamed the name she had caught

from Alma, "Sir Folko! Sir Folko!"

But the girl's joyous heart fell with a dead weight upon it when she saw a hired brougham standing at her gate. She knew that if De Vigne ever drove down, which was but seldom, as he at all times preferred being in saddle, he drove in one of his own carriages with his servants. Out of the brougham came a lady, tall, stately, superbly dressed, gathering her rich skirts round with one hand as she came up the gravel path. Alma watched her with irritation and no sort of interest; she did not know her, and she supposed she was some stranger called to look at her pictures—since her Louis Dix-sept had been exhibited at the Water-Colours she had had many such visitors. The lady turned, of course, to the side of the house to approach the hall door, and Alma lay quiet on her couch stroking Pauline's scarlet crest, while the bird reiterated its cry, "Sir Folko!"

She rose and bowed as her visitor entered, and looked at her steadily with her upraised blue eyes—with a trick Alma had of studying every new physiognomy that came before her, forming her likes and dislikes thereupon; rapidly, indeed, but nevertheless almost always unerringly. The present survey displeased her, as her guest slightly bent her stately head. They were a strange contrast, certainly. The woman tall, her figure very full, too full for beauty; her features fine and sharp, with artistic yet deep-hued rouge upon her cheeks, and Oriental tinting round her bold black eyes, her raven hair turned off à l'impératrice, a repulsive, harsh, though undeniably handsome face, her attire splendid, her jewels glittering, yet with some indefinable want of the lady upon her: the girl small, slight, with native grace and aristocracy in all her movements; with the best of all loveliness, the beauty of intellect, refinement, vivacity; with her light girlish dress, her general air of mingled child-likeness, intelligence, and fascination.

Alma rolled a chair towards her, seated herself again, and looked a mute inquiry as to her visitor's errand. The lady's fierce, bold eyes were fixed upon her in curious scrutiny; she seemed a woman of the world, yet she appeared at a loss how to explain her call; she played with the fringe of her parasol as she said, "Have I the pleasure of seeing

Miss Tressillian?"

Alma bent her head.

She still toyed uneasily with the long fringe as she went on, never relaxing her gaze at Alma:

"May I inquire, too, whether you are acquainted with Major de

Vigne ?"

At the abrupt mention of the name so dear to her, the blush that yesterday De Vigne had loved to call up by his whispered words rose in Alma's face; again she bowed in silence.

"You are very intimate with him-much interested in him, are you

not?"

Alma rose, her slight figure haughtily erect, her eyes sufficiently indicative of resentment at her visitor's unceremonious intrusion:

"Pardon me, madam, if I inquire by what title you venture to intrude

such questions upon me?"

"My title is clear enough," answered her guest, with a certain sardonic smile, which did not escape Alma's quick perception, and increased her distrust of her interrogator. "Perhaps you may guess it when I ask you but one more question: Are you aware that Major de Vigne is a married man?"

For a moment the cruel abruptness of the question sent back the blood with a deadly chill to Alma's heart, and her companion's bold, harsh eyes watched with infinite amusement the quiver of anguish that passed over her bright young face at the mere thought. But it was only for a moment; the next Alma smiled at the idea, as if Sir Folko would conceal anything from her—above all, conceal that! Her rapid instincts made her mistrust and dislike this woman; she guessed it was some one who, having a grudge against De Vigne, had tried this clumsy method to injure him, and her clear, fearless eyes flashed contemptuous anger on her questioner; she deigned no answer to the inquiry.

"Major de Vigne is my friend. I allow no stranger to mention his name to me except with the respect it deserves. I am quite at a loss to conceive why you should trouble yourself to insult me with these unwarranted interrogations. You will excuse me if I say that I am much en-

gaged just now, and should be glad to be left alone."

She bowed as she spoke, and moved across the room to the bell, but her visitor would not take the hint, however unmistakable; she sat still, leaning back in her chair playing with her parasol, probably puzzled whether or no the Little Tressillian was aware of her lover's marriage. High-couraged and thoroughly game as Alma was, she felt a repugnance to this woman—a certain vague fear of her, and dislike to being alone with her—and wished, how fervently, that Granville would but come. Unconscious of who was endeavouring to pour poison into Alma's ear, he was leading his troop in sections of threes across Wormwood Scrubbs; even while he gave the word of command, his heart beating high with the memory of the fond and earnest words of love that but a few hours before he had heard, and in so few hours more should hear again.

Her visitor rose too, and took a different tone, fixing her black eyes, in whose bold stare spoke such a dark past, and such an unscrupulous character, on those whose dark blue depths shone clear with frankness, fear-

lessness, and youth.

"You take too high a tone, young girl; if you do not know of his marriage, you are to be pitied; if you do, you are to be blamed indeed; and if you have any shadow of right feeling left in you, you will be bowed down with shame before me, and will never, out of both regard for yourself and justice to me, see Granville de Vigne again, when I tell you that I am his wife!"

"His wife!" With ashy lips poor little Alma re-echoed the words, which came to her with but a vague significance, yet with a chill of horror. His wife!—that coarse, cruel-eyed woman, with her bold stare, and her gorgeous dress, which yet could not give her the stamp of birth; for Time had not passed wholly lightly on the Trefusis, and now that the carnation in her cheeks had ceased to be from nature, and her form, always Juno-like, had now grown far too full for symmetry, handsome as

she still was, there was more trace of the Frestonhill's milliner in her than of the varnish she had adopted from the Parisiennes, and at thirtyseven the Trefusis had grown-vulgar! That woman his wife! Chill and horrible as the words had once sounded in her ear, Alma, true to her glowing faith in, and reverence of, De Vigne, could have laughed at the That woman his wife !- his! when but a few hours mere thought. before he had called her his love, his darling, his own little Alma, and kissed her, when she spoke to him of their sweet future together! She knew it was a plot against him; she would not join in it by lending ear to it. Even had it been true, no lips but his should have told her; but it was not true-it could not be. He could never have loved that womansplendid though she might have been in her early youth—with her rouged cheeks, her tinted eyelids, her cruel eyes, her cold, harsh voice, her style, which struck on the Little Tressillian's senses as something so wholly unlike the refinement, the intellect, the delicacy which seemed to please him now. Alma did not remember that a man's first love is invariably the antipodes of his last!

"You his wife!" she repeated, with a contempt in the curl of her lips which excited the savage nature of her listener, as the Trefusis's words and tone had excited the slumbering fire of Alma's character. "You his Before pretending to such a title, you should first have learnt the semblance of a lady to uphold you in the assumption of your rôle. Your impertinence in addressing me I shall not honour by resenting; but your

ill-done plot, I must tell you, will scarcely pass current with me."

She spoke haughtily and impatiently, anger and disdain flashing from her expressive face, which never cared to attempt concealment of any

thought passing through her mind.

"Plot!" repeated the Trefusis, with a snarl on her lips like a hound catching hold of its prey, her savage temper working up, not warmly, as De Vigne's and Alma's passion did when roused, but coldly and cruelly. "You think it a plot, young lady? or do you only say so to brazen it out before a woman you have foully wronged? If it be a plot, what say you

Not letting go her hold upon it, she held before Alma's eyes the certificate of her marriage.

"Read it!"

Alma, who had never seen a document of the kind, saw only a printed paper, and put it aside with a haughty gesture; she would have none of this woman's enforced confidences. But the Trefusis caught her little delicate wrist in the hard grasp of the large hand that years before Sabretasche had noticed, and held the certificate so that Alma could not choose but see the two names, Granville de Vigne and Constance Lucy Trefusis, with the prolix preamble with which his Grace of Canterbury so graciously permits an Englishman to wed.

Alma's face grew white, even to her lips; her eyes black, as they were sure to do under strong excitement; for an instant her heart stopped with a dull throb of anguished horror, then, true to her allegiance, refused, even in the face of proof, the doubt that would dishonour him; no thought that was treachery to her lover should dwell in her mind, no stranger should whisper of him in his absence to her! She threw off the Trefusis's hand as though it had been the gripe of an adder's fangs.

"Leave my presence this instant," she said, fiercely, her soft eyes

flashing like dark blue steel in the sunlight; "it is useless to seek to in-

jure him with me."

As she spoke she rang the bell, and so loudly that the single servant of the house responded to the summons instantly; Alma bowed her head with the stately grace of an empress signing to her household, "Show

this lady to the door."

For once in her life the Trefusis was baffled; she knew not how to play her next card, uncertain as to whether or no Alma was aware of her marriage to De Vigne, judging, of the two, that she was—for of a love as true, a faith as honourable as the Little Tressillian's, she never could even have imagined. She had hoped to find a weak and timorous young girl, whom her dignity would awe and her story overwhelm, but she was baffled, cheated of her second revenge upon De Vigne. She turned once more to Alma, with her devil's sneer upon her fine bold features:

"Excuse me, Miss Tressillian, for my very misplaced pity for you. I fancied you a young and orphaned girl, whom knowledge of the truth might warn from an evil course; I regret to find one on whom all warnings are thrown away, and who gives insult where she should ask for pardon. No other motive than pity for you prompted my call. I have been too often the victim of Major de Vigne's inconstancy for it to have

any longer power to wound me.'

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Then the woman, whom Church and Law would have termed his wife, swept from the room, and the girl, whom Love and Nature would have declared his wife, was left once more to her solitude. In that solitude poor little Alma's high-strung nerves gave way; while her sword and her shield were wanted she had done battle for him gallantly, but now they were no longer needed her courage forsook her, and she lay on the couch sobbing bitterly. Tears had always been very rare with her, but of late they had found their way much oftener to the eyes which should have been as shadowless as the deep Southern skies, whose hue they took; with passion, all other floodgates of the heart are loosed. Her wild ecstasy of rapture was certain to have its reaction; vehement joys, too, often pay their own price—above all, with natures that feel both too keenly! did not credit what the Trefusis had told her; her own quick perception, true in its deduction, though here not true in fact, knew that no really injured wife would have taken the tone of her visitor, nor so undignified a means of making her wrongs and her title known; there was something false, coarse, cruel in the Trefusis, which struck at once on her delicate senses; she felt sure it was a plot against him, the marriage certificate a forgery; she had read of women who had taken similar revenge upon men. "So many must have loved him," thought poor little Alma, "and so many, therefore, will hate me as I should hate any one who took him away from me." So she reasoned, with that loyal love which, truer than the love that is fabled as blind, if it see a stain on its idol will veil it from all eyes, even from its own. She did not, for an instant, believe what the Trefusis had told her; she was sure her Sir Folko would never have concealed it from her-he would never have deceived her. had left upon her a sort of vague dull weight; she felt afraid, she scarcely knew of what, a terror lest her new-won joys should leave her as suddenly as they had come to her; she longed for her lover to be with her once more, to feel him take her in his arms again, and hear him tell her he was all her own; her thirst for De Vigne's presence became almost

unbearable: she would have given years of her young life to look in his eves again, and hear his voice whisper, as it had done the night before. those love-vows which had awoke all the slumbering passions of her nature.

Once more the roll of carriage-wheels interrupted the ceaseless fall of the heavy rain. Alma started up; dashing the tears from her flushed cheeks, joy beaming again on her changing face, every sense strained to see if at last it was he. But that she would not welcome him with tears she could have wept with delight whens he saw on the carriage-box a man whom she knew to be his servant, his own valet Raymond, whom she remembered so well because he had brought her Pauline, and the flowers that had made De Vigne's first gift; now she knew his master must be there!

Poor little Alma! She had suffered a good deal in her brief life, but she had never known anything like the terror which, crowding the pain of hours into a single minute, laid its leaden hand upon her when she saw not De Vigne but his servant alone approach.

"Oh my God! what has happened? He is ill!" she uttered, unconsciously, her nerves unstrung by her interview with the Trefusis, her imagination seized on all the evils that could have befallen one whom she loved so well, that she feared happiness with him was too much rap-

ture to be given to her.

Her face kept changing from a crimson flush to a lifeless white during the few moments while the man was going round to the entrance and being admitted. She stood with her hands clenched in the effort to repress the emotion she could not show to him. As Raymond approached her, with the silken humility which characterised that prize valet, in contradistinction to the pomposity and grandeur affected by his class, he seemed, for that impassive individual, hurried and anxious.

"Madam," he began, with one of the reverential salaams which would have qualified him to be groom of the chamber, "in riding home last

evening, Major de Vigne was thrown from his horse."

"Good God! is he hurt?"

Not the servant's presence could restrain the agony spoken in those few

brief words, or rather she had utterly forgotten his presence.

"Yes he is," said Raymond, hesitatingly. "The hurt might not perhaps be so severe, but inflammation, and consequently fever, have set in. He is, of course, unable to move. He is at times unconscious, and at those times he is constantly speaking of you, Miss Tressillian; muttering your name, and calling you to come to him so incessantly, that the surgeon told me, if I knew who the lady was that the Major meant, to fetch her, for that his life depended on his being kept as calm as possible. madam, I ventured to come and inform you. I could not tell what to do. I hope I have done right. I brought the carriage in case you might be kind enough to come-"

Poor little Alma! how the light died out of the face so radiant but a short time before! She was white as a statue, save for the blue veins which stood out upon her temples and her hands. She gave one low, deep sob, tears would not now come to her relief; then she turned her eyes with all their pitiable anguish upon the valet; and her throat was hoarse and dry as after a long illness, when she answered him inco-

herently:

"Right-quite right. I shall be ready in a moment."

Alma's love was infinitely too true, eager, and active, to stand still and weep while anything could be done for him. She never paused to reason or reflect; all she thought of was De Vigne suffering, perhaps in danger. He wanted her—that was enough! She ran up-stairs, her heart suffocated with the sobs to which she would not give way while he needed nerve and action to aid him. She took her little black hat, threw a large cloak over her dress, and was beside the carriage in an instant.

"The Major was riding towards Windsor, madam, so he is now at the nearest house to the place where Berwick threw him. It is many

miles from here," said Raymond, as he opened the door.

Alma bent her head; her thoughts were too fully centred on De Vigne to notice that the man had said on his entrance that Granville was riding home, now that he had been going across to Windsor; or to remark the improbability of De Vigne's having gone so far the previous night. The door was shut, Raymond got upon the box, and the brougham rolled

away, bearing Alma from St. Crucis.

The drive seemed interminable through the heavy rain, which fell without cessation. Alma heeded neither roads nor weather; her heart was with her lover, chained on a bed of suffering, asking for her to soothe his pain, thinking of her even when his mind had wandered from all else, with only hirelings around his bed to calm his suffering, to watch his fevered sleep, to hold the cool draught to his burning lips, to push the hair off his heated brow, to do all that Alma in her great love longed and yearned to do for him, and would have done more fondly, more unflaggingly, more tenderly, than any other. All her thoughts were with her lover, and every moment that kept her from him seemed an eternity. She could not remember how far Windsor was from Richmond; she knew little or nothing of London or its environs, indeed of England itself, so secluded had her life been since she quitted Lorave; but the drive seemed interminable, in the heavy drenching rain that rattled on the carriage-top and poured off the windows. So horrible grew the long dreary drive, through roads so strange to her, with her fear and anxiety for her lover, and the ceaseless sigh and sob of the drenching rain, that Alma, impressionable as most enthusiastic natures are, became what she very rarely was, nervous and fearful, excited to a vague and heavy dread of some approaching evil. All her radiant joy of the morning had died away. Curly's words, the Trefusis's intrusion, the news of De Vigne's accident, all combined together, had weighed upon her sensitive and excitable nature with a gloom and a dread that she could not shake off or reason away. That dreary, solitary drive! how long it seemed; how horrible the grey, dark rain, the ceaseless roll of the wheels, the wearisome, unfamiliar road! Poor little Alma, as if conscious of her doom, cowered down in a corner of the carriage, like a young child fearful of the dark, looking back on the sweet past of yesterday, as beside the grave of one they have loved, men look back on the time when the dead lips were smiling and the closed eyes were bright.

The carriage stopped at last on the outskirts of Windsor, rolled through iron scroll-gates under some dripping larch-trees, through small grounds very ill kept and untidy, with long grass and flowers run wild, and a statue or two moss-grown, grim, and broken; the very aspect of the place struck a fresh chill into Alma's heart, and nothing in the

house itself reassured her. It was a cross between an old country-house and a lorette's or actress's St. John's-wood villa, and had an untidy, dissipated, unpleasant look about it—at least to her, long used to the brilliant sunlight of Lorave, and since accustomed to her old nurse's bright, cleanly, and picturesque farm-house. It seemed a house that might have seen dark stories and painful scenes, smothered from the light of justice, between those irregular and dirty walls. The carriage stopped again before a low side-door, and Alma thought little of the house—only of the one who had sought its temporary asylum. She sprang from the brougham the instant Raymond let down the steps.

"Where is your master?"

"I will take you to him, madam, if you will have the kindness to follow

me," said that silky valet.

Alma bent her head in acquiescence, and followed him through several crooked passages and tortuous corridors, through which she could not have found her way back unaided; at last he threw open the door of a room, and stood back for her to enter. It was now nearly nine o'clock; the dense clouds and drenching rain had made it as dark in the open country as though it were fully night; and in this chamber, of which the curtains before the windows at the far end were drawn, Alma could see nothing save the indistinct outline of a table and some chairs near her. She turned hastily to Raymond:

"Is Major de Vigne-"

But the valet had withdrawn, closing the door behind her, and she heard a sharp click like the turning of a key in a lock. Then a deadly agony of fear came upon her, and she trembled from head to foot; horrid sights, sounds, thoughts, seemed to hover round her; she had had from infancy a strange, vague terror of being alone in darkness, and she stretched out her hands with a pitiful cry:

"Sir Folko-Granville-oh! where are you?"

In answer to her call a man's form drew near, indistinct in the less than demi-lumière, and in her ear a man's voice whispered:

"My love, my beautiful, my idolised Alma, there is one here who loves you dearer than him you call. If I have erred in bringing you

hither, pardon at least a fault of too much love."

A shriek of loathing, despair, horror, and anguish burst from Alma's lips, ringing shrill and loud through the darkened room, as she knew the speaker to be Vane Castleton. She struggled from his grasp so fiercely that he was forced to let her go, and mastering her terror with the courage that was planted side by side in her nature with so much that was poetic and susceptible, she turned on to him coldly and haughtily, as she had spoken to the Trefusis:

"Lord Vane, what do you think to gain by daring to insult me thus? Major de Vigne's servant brought me here to see his master, who was dangerously hurt. I desire you to leave me, or, if this be your house, and you have one trace of a gentleman's honour left in you, to tell me at

once where I may find my friend."

Castleton would have laughed outright at the little fool's simplicity, but he was willing to win her by gentle means if he could, perhaps, for there are few men entirely blunted and inured to shame; he scarcely relished the fiery scorn of those large blue eyes that flashed upon him in the twilight.

"Do not be so severe upon me," he said, softly. "Surely one so gentle to all others may pardon an offence born from a passion of which she of all others should show some pity. I would have told you yesterday how madly I love you—and my love is no cold English fancy, Alma—I love you my beautiful, idolised, divine little angel; and my love has driven me perhaps to error, but an error such as women should surely pardon."

"Do not touch me!" cried Alma, fiercely, as he stretched out his arm again towards the delicate form that he could crush in his grasp as a tiger's fangs a young gazelle. "Your words are odious to me, your love pollution, your presence hateful. Insult me no more, but answer me, yes

or no, where is Major de Vigne?"

"De Vigne? I do not know. He is with his wife; he cannot hear

you, and would not help you if he did."

"It is a lie!" moaned Alma, almost delirious with fear and passion.
"He has no wife; and if he cannot help me now he will revenge me

before long for all your dastard insults."

"How will he hear of them, pretty one?" laughed Castleton. "Do you think, now I have you, I shall let you go again? I have hardly eaged my bird only to let her fly. We shall clip your wings, loveliest, till you like your captivity too well to try and free yourself. You are mine now,

Alma; you shall never be De Vigne's."

"I shall never be yours—dastard!—coward!" gasped Alma, striking him with her clenched fingers. Involuntarily he loosened his hold one moment; that moment was enough for her; she wrenched herself from him, flew across the room, tore aside the curtain of one of the windows;-by good fortune it was open, and, without heeding what height she might fall, leaped from its low sill on to the ground without. The window was five feet off the ground-lawn below, but happily for her there lay just where she alighted a large heap of cut grass—all that had been mown off the turf that morning having been gathered together just beneath the window. Its yielding softness broke her fall, but she lay stunned for a moment, till Castleton's voice from the chamber made her spring to her feet, like a hare that has lain down panting to rest a moment in its run for life, and starts off again with every nerve quivering and every sense stretched, at the bay of the hounds in pursuit. She sprung to her feet, and ran with all the fleetness to which her terror of Castleton's chase could urge her feet, along the lawn. The grounds were a labyrinth to her, the light was dim and dusky, the rain still fell in torrents, but Alma's single thought was to get away from that horrible house to which she had been lured for such a horrible fate. She fled across the lawn, and through a grove of young firs, taking the first path that presented itself, the road through the plantation, led her on about a quarter of a mile; she flew over the dank wet turf with the speed of a hunted antelope, yet to her, with the dread of pursuit upon her, thinking every moment she heard steps behind her, feeling every instant in imagination the grasp of her hated lover and foe, it seemed as though leaden weights were on her ankles, and each step she took seemed to take her a hundred steps backward. At the end of the plantation was a staken-bound fence, and a high gate, with spikes on its top rail. Her heart grew sick with terror: if she turned back she would fall into Castleton's grasp as surely as a fox that doubles from a wall falls a victim to the pack. She knew he would pursue her; to retrace her

steps would be to meet him, and Alma knew him well enough to guess what mercy she would find at his hands. An old man, gathering up his tools after thinning the trees and loosening the earth round their roots, was near the gate, and to him Alma rushed:

"Let me through! let me through, for God's sake!" she gasped, her fingers clenching on his arm, the wild terror on her face telling

her story without words.

The old peasant, a hard-featured, kindly-eyed old man, looked at her in amazement.

"Poor bonny child, where would ye go?"

"Let me through quick-quick, for the love of Heaven!" whispered

Alma, panting with her breathless race.

Without another question the woodsman unlocked the gate, and let her pass; she flew through it with a murmured "God reward you!" and as he locked the padlock after her, and took up his axe and spade, he muttered to his own thoughts, "Castleton would flay me alive if he could for that; but I don't care—she's too bonnie a birdie for such an evil

cage."

Once through the gate, she found herself where two cross-roads met; ignorant which led back to London, she took the one on her right and ran on, every step she took plunging her into the heavy and sloppy mud left by the continuous rain in the afternoon, the thick drops of the shower, that still fell fast and heavily, falling on her golden hair and soaking through her muslin dress, for both her hat and cloak had fallen off in the struggle with Castleton; her heart beating to suffocation, her delicate limbs, so unused to all fatigue or exertion, already beginning to fail her, every nerve on the rack in the dread horror of pursuit, strained to tension to catch the sound she dreaded so intensely, that not a bough cracked in the wind or a rain-drop splashed in the puddles as she passed but she thought it was Castleton or his emissaries chasing her to carry her back to that horrible house. On and on she ran, her gold hair loosened and streaming behind her, heavy and dank with water, her thin boots soaked and clogged with the weight of the mud gathered fresh with every step, her strength failing her, and every sinew throbbing, cracking, aching with that merciless race from what was worse than death. At last she could run no longer; with all her terror to push her on, and all her spirit, which was ever much greater than her strength, Nature would do no more, and rebelled against the unnatural strain upon her powers. She could not run, but she walked on and on, at first rapidly, halting every now and then for breath, then toiling wearily, ready to sink down on the wet, cold earth, murmuring every now and then De Vigne's name, or whispering a prayer to God. On she still went, she knew not where, only away, away, away for ever from Vane Castleton. Poor little Alma, so tenderly nurtured, so delicately bred, sensitive as a hothouse flower, the child of art, of love, of refinement, with her highwrought imagination, her delicate mould of form and thought, her childlike fear of solitude in darkness! She must have suffered in that cruel flight more than we, with men's strength and power of endurance and of self-defence, can ever guess. On and on she dragged her weary way, till the dusky haze of rain and fog deepened to the softer grey of night, and the storm ceased and the crescent moon came out over the grand old trees of Windsor Forest. She had toiled on till she had

reached the outskirts of the royal park, and as the moonlight shivered on their gaunt boughs and played on their wet leaves, and the dark hollows of their massive trunks stood out in cavernous gloom, and the summer winds sighed and moaned through the dim forest glades, Alma stopped, powerless to stir again, and a deadly terror of something vague and unknown crept upon her, for, strong as her clear reason was with the daylight of intellect and science, her brain was strongly creative, her nerves exquisitely tender, her mind steeped in poetry, romance, and outof-the-world lore even from her childhood, when she had believed in fairies because Shakspeare and Milton wrote of them. A deadly terror came upon her; a hundred wild stories that she would have laughed at at another hour rose in chaos before her mind, bewildered already with the horrors of the past day. She was afraid to be alone with that vast silent forest, those cold, solemn stars; she was afraid of the night, of the stillness, of the solitude; she who but so few hours before had been gathered to De Vigne's heart and sheltered in his arms, there, as she had thought, to find asylum all her life. She was afraid; a cold trembling seized her, she looked wildly up at those great sighing trees waving their gaunt arms and silver foliage in the moonlight; no sound in the hushed evening air but the hooting of an owl or the clash of the horns of fighting stags. One sob rose in her throat, De Vigne's name rang through the quiet woodlands and up to the dark skies, then she fell forward almost insensible on the tangled moss, wet and cold with the rain of the past day, her long bright hair trailing on the grass, her fair white brow lying on the damp and dirty earth, her little hands clenched on the gnarled roots of a beech-tree that had stood in its place for centuries past, while race after race of immortals, with thought and brain, passion and suffering, had passed away unheeded to their graves. There she lay; and as if in pity for this fair, fragile, human thing, the summer winds sighed softly over her, and touched her brow with soft caresses as they played among her wet and golden curls. She had no power to move, to stir even a limb; terror, fatigue, that horrible and breathless race, that terrible run through the pitiless storm, had almost beaten all the young life out of her. Nature could do no more; the spirit could no longer bear up against the suffering of the body; where she had fallen she lay, broken and worn out; if Castleton had been upon her she could not have risen or dragged herself one other step. She was but half conscious; wild thoughts, vague horrors, shapes, and sights and sounds, indistinct with the unembodied terrors of night-dreams, danced at times before her closed eyes, and hovered on the borders of her brain; still she lay there, powerless to move from the phantasms of her mind, equally powerless to repel them with her will. All volition was gone; terror and bodily fatigue had done their work, till the mind itself at last succumbed, outwearied, and a heavy, dreamless sleep stole on her, the sleep of nature utterly worn out. There she lay on the cold, dank moss, the dark brushwood waving over her, above her the silent vault of heaven, with its mysterious worlds revolving in their spheres, while the great boughs of the forest stirred with a mournful rhythm, and through their silent glades moved with melancholy sigh and measure, the spirit of the summer wind.

A KING OF ICELAND.

HISTORY informs us that a daring German gentleman, Theodore von Neuhoff, founded a kingdom in Corsica, and had he not found a formidable foe in France, we may fairly assume that he would have kept the throne and handed it down to his descendants. Although it is not surprising that the possession of Corsica should have tempted an ambitious man, it is somewhat extraordinary to find that Iceland possessed the same power of attraction over any other man. In our present article we will tell the whole story, which only one Danish historian has rescued from utter oblivion.

In January, 1809, an armed merchant vessel put into one of the southern ports of Iceland: it was called the Clarence, sailed under the North American flag, and was principally laden with provisions, and other indispensable articles, the sale of which to the Icelanders promised a handsome profit, or at least Captain Jackson, of the Clarence, anticipated such. This gentleman, however, had entirely forgotten the Danish trade monopoly, which prohibited by heavy penalties any trading with foreigners, in order that the privileged Danes might not have their right of extorting money from the poor natives infringed on. For this reason the Danish authorities on the island forbade any buying or selling of the pretended American goods, and did not allow their sense of justice to be moved by the hunger and nakedness of the natives. What did these gentlemen care for the English war, which prevented the "mother land" from sending vessels to the distant colony? that was no reason to make any exception from the rule. Mr. Jackson, however, was one of those steady men who do not allow the chance of making a good bargain slip so easily through their fingers, and for the sake of the starving Icelanders he suddenly unmasked himself as an Englishman, authorised to carry on hostilities against the Danes. The latter are an extremely polite race, the more polite the more roughly they are treated, and are only brutal when they are approached politely. In the present case, they at once remembered that Captain Jackson's countrymen had been kind enough two years before to save Denmark the trouble of providing for its numerous and The gentlemen also assumed that the representative of expensive fleet. that nation with whom they had to deal at the moment would partly relieve them of any care for their private property, the more so because they were able to convince themselves of the fact by ocular demonstration, for Captain Jackson had no sooner threatened than he took the Justitia, a vessel which arrived from Norway, and declared it and its cargo a fair His next step was to confiscate all its sails, for, as an experienced mariner, he knew that a ship without sails cannot get away, even with the most favourable wind; but he overlooked sundry bales of linen among the cargo, with the help of which the Justitia got under weigh one fine night for Norway. The Briton was not downcast by this mishap, but straightway went ashore, and put the screw on the Danish officials. As we have said, Mr. Jackson's eloquence and the logic of facts imposed on the Danes, and they most readily granted him leave to trade with the natives as much as he pleased. The Clarence thereupon ran into the harbour of Reikjavik (the capital of the island), all dressed in flags, and landed her cargo. Business was dull, however, for the natives could not come to town, owing to the severity of the weather; it is true that the officials bought all the more, but only on credit, in the possible event of cheating the intruder, and with the certainty of defrauding the poor Icelanders in the barter. Jackson, therefore, when he sailed back to England in the spring with his empty yessel, was obliged to leave behind him his

supercargo, one Savignac, to look after the business.

At the period when these events occurred, in the reign of Frederick VI. of Denmark, the higher officials of the "colony" were frequently absent from it for a lengthened period, by which the independence of their subalterns, at the cost of the natives, was greatly heightened. What was the good of a high office unless it were a sinecure? The viceroy, Count Trampe, at any rate, was of this opinion, and had thought it advisable to spend the winter in better-provided Norway, whence he returned in the beginning of May, 1809, on board the Orion. He was greatly surprised at what had occurred, but could not help confirming the agreement made with Jackson; still, in his paternal wisdom, he issued a warning to the people to restrict their dealings with the foreigner as much as possible, and content themselves with the produce of their island. The benighted Icelanders would have willingly obeyed the latter clause, could they have only dispensed with flour and grain so well as European clothing and other luxuries of the same nature. Accident willed it that the English man-of-war brig the Rover appeared off Reikjavik, and the count straightway signed what he called an advantageous convention with Captain Nott, in command of the man-of-war, which he notified to the population and to M. Savignac. The brig sailed away again, and had only been out of sight for a few days, when a twelve-gun merchantman, the Margaret and Anne, of London, arrived on June 21. vessel was commanded by Captain Liston, and on board were a Mr. Phelps, the outfitter, who had come to take in charge the unsold portion of the cargo of the Clarence, several passengers, and also the hero of our narrative, Jörgen Jörgensen, who had accompanied Captain Jackson before to the island in the capacity of interpreter.

It is worth while to devote a few words to Jörgen Jörgensen's antecedents: he was a Dane, and the son of a Copenhagen watchmaker, but his father's quiet trade does not appear to have suited him, and though we are unaware whether he ran away from home, he certainly became a sailor and master of a well-equipped Danish privateer. In this capacity he acquired wealth, and quite as much renown as his glorious ancestors, the honest Vikinger, who plundered the whole of Europe, and on that account have remained to the present day the pride of the Scandinavian north. But every mortal man's hour arrives at last, and such was the case with Jörgen Jörgensen: his vessel was captured by an English cruiser, and himself, the brave leader, made a prisoner. It is difficult to say whether from his early youth he had revolved lofty schemes, or whether such thoughts were aroused in him by his wearisome confinement, but that he was glad to leave his prison for any occupation is proved by the fact of his appointment as interpreter on board the Clarence, and eventually on board the Margaret and Anne. these preliminary remarks, we will revert to our narrative. Mr. Phelps

found that Savignac's trade had been very bad, and this resulted from the machinations of the Danish officials, high and low. The former prevented the natives from buying, and the latter would not pay for the goods they had bought, in the hope of forcing Savignac to take a heavy discount off, or getting out of payment altogether. They trusted to higher protection, and were as arrogant as they were fifty years later in Schleswig-Holstein. Phelps, however, was not a man to enter into any melancholy interchange of diplomatic notes, but, on the contrary, eagerly listened to the suggestions of his interpreter, who, himself a Dane, was well acquainted with a remedy against Danish tricks and want of feeling. On Sunday, July 25, 1809, the events so memorable in the history of Iceland began immediately after service was over, by Captain Liston and Jörgen Jörgensen placing themselves at the head of ten or twelve sailors armed with cutlasses and muskets, and proceeding to the governor's house. The latter was breakfasting with his sportsman Kofod, when Liston and Jörgensen walked in unannounced, and informed the count of the important fact that he was their prisoner-in the heart of his capital—and must at once proceed on board the Margaret and Anne. The Danish king's viceroy, on hearing this, flew into a violent passion, and threatened a declaration of war and bloodshed; but at this time, as if to heighten the solemnity of the deed, Phelps and Savignac, armed to the teeth, suddenly walked into the office. The count then appealed in a thoroughly Danish way to treaties, especially the one which he had made with Captain Nott. Jörgensen, however, smilingly intimated to the great man that it was the breach of this treaty which led to their interference: then, perfectly seeing through his countryman, he told him bluntly that there was no time for negotiations, but that he must go on board willingly or perforce. The governor yielded to this nautical eloquence, and after taking the quite needless trouble of putting seals on his office-door, he gave himself up to the band that was waiting for him. At this point the citizens hurried up—as our reporter says, to liberate their governor—but the coarse fellow Liston declared by all that was good and great, that he would put a bullet through his prisoner's head at the slightest attempt to liberate him; and as he held a pistol behind the governor's ear while saying this, the latter was in such a terror that he earnestly implored the citizens not to interfere with these rough cus-The worthy townsfolk consequently found themselves condemned to inaction and the position of Greek chorus, and accompanied, of course at a respectful distance, the abduction of their chief with lyric or heroic strains, according to the nature of their feelings on witnessing the sight.

The count endured his fate in a very calm and dignified manner. When he had been carried off by a dozen pirates from the seat of his government over 48,000 souls, he had plenty of time, devoid of official cares, on board the Margaret and Anne, to reflect whether the Danish government, and himself especially, would not have acted more wisely in doing something for the defence of the now helpless island instead of converting, by Danish bureaucracy and monopoly, the daring temper of the descendants of the Norwegian gentry who fled to this island to protect their liberty and religion against the royal power, into despondency and indifference. After the capture of the governor had been com-

pleted, a gun was fired, and the Orion declared a good prize by hoisting the English flag; while all that remained of the cargo was distributed among the suffering natives. Jörgen Jörgensen, who did not feel in the slightest alarm about his personal safety, went into the town and informed the inhabitants that Captain Nott had exceeded his authority in signing a convention, and that, consequently, Liston had been sent after him with sealed despatches, which he had instructions to open in the event of his not finding Nott at the island. He had done so, and the measures he had taken were the consequences of these orders, which also determined that the island should be taken possession of on the following day in the name of England. The occupation would last till the arrival of two English frigates with 100,000 rix dollars on board; and by the aid of this money a bank would be established, by which Iceland would be materially improved, and the road to perfect independence paved. By this crafty speech, Jörgen Jörgensen made a favourable impression on the natives, which was heightened on the following day by the issue of two proclamations, in which the bold searover called himself "We," like a monarch, and signed his own name to these most decidedly manu propria. The contents of these proclamations, which were drawn up in the true Danish piratic style, are very

interesting, and we will summarise them:

"All Danish authority over Iceland ceases, and the island is declared henceforth free and independent. All Danes and factory overseers, as well as Danish officials, will not be permitted to leave their houses, meet, or exchange letters. All arms of every description will be at once given up. [This took place without the slightest resistance or loss of time. Everybody will be punished as an enemy of the state who sends a message to a Dane, or receives one from him. If a child, in its ignorance, commit such an offence, its parent or guardian will be punished. All the kevs of the public or private storehouses and shops [they were all Danish!] must be given up. All money or bank-notes belonging to the king or the Danish factors must be at once given in and placed under lock and key, and the same must be done with the account and other public books. Two hours and a half are allowed for obeying these orders in Reikjavik, and twelve in Havenfyord: as regards the other towns, special regulations will be made for them. Any one who opposes the contents of these proclamations will be tried by courtmartial and shot two hours after the commission of the crime. Any man who can prove any infringement of the proclamations will receive a reward of fifty dollars. A respectable man, acquainted with the state of Iceland, is to be sent from each bailiwick and district as representatives; the deputies chosen will draw up a constitution, be paid by the state, and enjoy the same respect as their predecessors at the time when Iceland stood under the kings of Norway. No Dane can be elected as representative. The hospitals and schools are to be placed in a better condition. All debts due to the Danish crown or to Danish factors [the vampires of the land] are hereby discharged. The price of corn is to be reduced, and all the Icelanders are only to pay half a year's taxes for the present year. Until the representatives assemble, the 'public' officials, and all other persons, are to send in their receipts or cash to Jörgen Jörgensen. Offences will be tried by a

jury of twelve men. Care will be taken that at least one year's provision of grain will be kept in the storehouses. Iceland has its own flag, and lies in peace with the whole world, more especially with Great Britain, who is about to take the island under her protection, and the country is

to be placed in a proper posture of defence."

These proclamations were obeyed without the slightest resistance, whence we are justified in assuming that they were perfectly agreeable to the natives. The cunningly promised liberties and ameliorations were certainly greatly needed by the country, and have been since partially carried out, and the violence committed on Danes and Danish property, which would benefit Jörgen Jörgensen less than Liston, met with unbounded applause on the part of the Icelanders, for the monopolists, and every official was one, had mercilessly plundered the people. Jörgen Jörgensen, therefore, took up his quarters at the governor's house, broke open the office, seized the archives, and established "a governmental bureau for Iceland," wherein he began governing the island with the assistance of Phelps. He marked his accession to the government by an act of grace, by setting at liberty four prisoners who were in gaol; but on the next day he had one of them arrested again, because he was suspected of having committed a murder. After this humane beginning he gave his government a more practical tendency, though his selfish comrades forced him into it, as he fancied he could not do without their help: he, namely, ordered the traders to sell the goods of broker Phelps at regulated prices, which was an encroachment upon the promised free trade. In addition, he established a "state chest," an institution intended to act as an exchequer. For the profit of this chest he confiscated all that was "legally" attainable: first, the royal factory and the storehouses of the Danes living out of Iceland. At the same time he was as liberal as a conqueror of the olden times: thus, he allowed his favourite Savignac to select whatever he liked from the confiscated property, and authorised the natives, by a decree of June 26th, to divide among themselves the fortune and property of the Danish merchant, Jess Thomsen. This "permission" the down-trodden Icelanders availed themselves of only too readily, and the same hands which had been once raised to the blue sky in taking the oath of allegiance to the Danish king now greedily seized the property of the royal protégés. The new monarch, we need scarce say, was willingly recognised. Jörgensen, moreover, did everything in his power to invest himself with the royal dignity, as will be seen from his decrees, which always commenced in the following way: "We, the protected and highest authority of Iceland by land and sea, R. Jörgen Jörgensen, hereby makes known," &c. The R. stands for Rex, in the same way as the kings of Denmark are wont to employ it in their proclamations.

Though the usurper displayed such little restraint in his treatment of Danish officials and Danish property, he was very cautious in his treatment of the clergy, which presupposes a tolerable amount of political sharp-sightedness. This is proved by the following decree to Bishop Vialdin, bearing date June 27: "My Lord Bishop,—It is hereby made known that we have reason to be dissatisfied with several officials" (this refers to the bishop himself), "and have hence ordered the land-bailiff, Frydensborg, to pay nothing out of the chest until these officials have

declared in writing how far they intend to carry out our proclamations, and whether they wish to regard the King of Great Britain and his subjects as foes, as in that case it will be publicly notified to his majesty's cruisers and vessels-of-war.—JÖRGEN JÖRGENSEN." Surely gentleness adorns a ruler.

The daring pirate who had seized a kingdom with twenty sailors, thought it necessary for his dignity and safety to create a body-guard: it certainly consisted of only eight men, and in it served the two liberated prisoners and Icelandic vagabonds. After having thus laid the basis of a standing army, he had the assessor of the supreme court arrested, and kept him in prison for ten days, because he refused to accept the office of the late governor; and he also imprisoned Land-bailiff Frydensborg, on the charge of making treasonable plots against him. But these immaterial matters did not cause him to neglect his liking for exercises of style through the issue of proclamations. Thus he bitterly complained that the officials had not yet taken any steps to elect the House of Representatives, in consequence of which he could not but obey the plebiscite, for, as he says, "We have, therefore, no longer been able to resist the wishes of the communes, which have not only begged us to govern the land, but who also enlist for the defence of the country without the slightest compulsion. Hence, it is hereby declared that we, Jörgen Jörgensen, have taken on ourselves the government of the land as its protector until a constitution is drawn up, and intend to wage war and form a peace with foreign potentates. The militia has appointed us its commander-in-chief, afloat and ashore. The flag of Iceland will be blue, and bear three white codfish, and we have undertaken to defend its honour with our life and

It appeared, however, that he could not do without the Danish officials, whom he had treated so roughly at the outset, or else he sought to make his throne more legitimate in the sight of the people by forcing the servants of the rightful king to accept office at his hands, and thus render them his accomplices and fellow culprits. In a proclamation relating to this affair, we read: "All those officials who, through love of their country, have expressed a desire to remain in office, and serve the island in its present difficult and dangerous position, will draw their pay without interruption: those, however, who have not declared themselves, will be entirely discharged. All those officials who ask for their dismissal or receive it, will have a free passage to Copenhagen, whenever the opportunity offers; in the mean while, we order and command that they shall hold themselves in immediate readiness to go to Westman's Island, that they may not disturb the general happiness and tranquillity by their cabals." In another passage, he threatens with death these and other officials who may commit any offence against his royal dignity or laws. He seems to have gradually won the affections of the native clergy, for he praises them in the following terms in a decree: "As we have learned with the greatest pleasure that the Icelandic preachers have maintained peace and order in these dangerous times, we promise to pay them their salaries in full, grant their widows pensions, and, in addition, improve their position as far as is possible."

Our hero cleverly recognised that a public electoral demonstration, as well as the recognition of his government by a great power, was ne-

cessary to ensure his throne, and hence he appointed July 1, 1810, as the day for the assembly of an Icelandic parliament, "from whose hands he would again receive the authority or abdicate;" but the common man would be quite as privileged as the nobleman in this parliament. These were conditions which attracted both friends and foes. In order to obtain recognition from England, which was of the utmost importance to him, he also took the correct course by promising British subjects a free settlement, and especially free trade with the island, and threatened heavy punishment to those who encroached on British interests. Then, an ambassador would be sent to England "to sign a peace with his Britannic Majesty." He repeatedly ordered the confiscation of all Danish property in the storehouses and shops, which was very tempting for the poor natives, and made them his accomplices by their carrying out his orders. The declaration of Icelandic independence was effected in the following way: The Margaret and Anne was dressed in flags, and fired ten rounds; after which the Iceland flag, with its three codfish, was hoisted upon the Reikjavik custom-house, which Phelps occupied; then came nine cannon shots, a festal procession, and fresh proclamations. After this solemn act, which was not at all adapted to restore the imprisoned Count Trampe's good temper, measures were taken to carry out the long promised defences of the island. A battery was thrown up at the mouth of Reikiavik harbour, and it was armed with a number of iron guns, one hundred and fifty years of age, which had been buried somewhere, and were now discovered and dug up by the help of the natives. The battery received the name of "Fort Phelps," and a Danish cooper, who had hitherto simultaneously held the office of a policeman, was appointed commandant. The required ammunition was collected from the royal storehouses. Though this fortification was so paltry, had it existed prior to Jörgensen's coup de main, it would have sufficed to keep the pirates at arms' length. Many citizens were of this opinion, and especially the captured governor, who had plenty of time to see what can be done in this respect with trifling means.

How high the usurper had risen in respect is proved by the fact that he ordered Bishop Vialdin to re-marry several persons who were clerically separated. In this he resembled one of his great contemporaries, who was in a similar position with himself. If vessels from the "motherland" had previously remained away, to the great injury of the island, they now arrived all the more frequently-to the great delight of Jörgensen and his English friends. The first to arrive was the merchant vessel Tykkebay, provided with an English license, from Copenhagen. It brought ten thousand dollars to pay the salaries of the officials, a valuable cargo, as well as letters and documents. Ship, money, and cargo were naturally declared a good prize by the grinning pirates; the letters and documents were broken open by Jörgensen and Co., and read, and then sent to their address. From these documents the new regent learned that the servants of the old regent-more especially the sysselman, Rofod, and the land-bailiff, Frydensborg-had hitherto concealed twenty thousand rix-dollars, which were now, however, very rapidly produced, to the delight of the laughing partisans of the protector, who is said to have shed tears of emotion at this double fat haul. Two other Danish vessels, with monopoly goods, which entered the port, were also confiscated, and the captain of one of them, who behaved improperly, was even thrown into prison. The regent now thought it advisable to proceed upon his coronation tour, not only to show his face to his subjects in the most northern parts of his land, but also to alarm the officials, and get in any outstanding royal moneys. He did not require the escort of his body-guard, which had been raised from eight to ten men, for wherever his majesty did not think proper to appear in his own person, he sent a single agent, who was blindly obeyed in everything. These scamps went so far—though probably without Jörgensen's knowledge—as to force the natives to exchange their produce for English

articles of luxury, which they could hardly be able to use.

The people had already requested the king to interfere in clerical affairs, and this took place more frequently in judicial and other matters; still, the autocrat did not blindly follow his own views, as is proved by the fact, that in consequence of complaints made to him, he ordered the sysselman of Westman's Island to remove the factor and send him under escort to Reikjavik. This was done, but he only kept him a few days in prison, when he ordered the judge of the supreme court to investigate the affair and pass sentence, "but to send in the documents for our nearer inspection." In this way Jörgensen carried out, with a bodyguard of ten men, everything for which he felt inclined; he interfered in all the branches of the administration with a bold hand, and no one dreamed of resistance; and had not the English government interfered he would have been king for a long time, and Count Trampe his prisoner: but fate decreed it otherwise. Only one Icelander had dared to protest against his robbery of a throne; this was the sysselman of Skaptafyell, who lived at Wyk, some hundred and fifty miles from Reikjavik. sent Jörgensen a written challenge, in which he stated, among other things, "The safety of thyself and thy friends will cease so soon as thou hast crossed the river Jökuls." The sysselman prepared for the worst; but as Jörgensen did not come, and the sysselman did not go, the danger for both was not very great, although the latter still remains a hero, for when he sent his challenge he could not know that the usurper's rule would cease so speedily.

On August 9th, the English man-of-war the Talbot, Captain Jones commanding, appeared off Reikjavik. The captain was surprised by the codfish flag which floated from the custom-house, and even more by the battery, and could easily see that matters were not all right here. Some of the higher Danish officials, who could not endure the rule of the watchmaker's son, plucked up a heart, and asked the help of Captain Jones, which the latter promised, and at once set to work, so that the rapidlyerected Icelandic throne fell with even greater rapidity. In the first place, Captain Jones demanded the liberation of Governor Trampe, then he thoroughly demolished Fort Phelps; the flag of Iceland was lowered, and the flag-mast cut in pieces. After these measures of security and profanation, a new convention, resembling the one made by Captain Nott, was drawn up with the restored governor. Thus ended a kingdom, which a pirate had founded at the head of twenty sailors and ten vagabonds, and had held over forty-eight thousand souls for seven weeks, without a single drop of blood being shed. This is an isolated fact in history, and can only be explained in one of two ways: either the Icelanders were too much habituated to a feeling of their helplessness to offer resistance, or else were glad to see Jörgensen's overthrow. As regards the Danish officials, they had behaved with as much cowardice as servility to the usurper. After Jörgensen had seen his fair creation annihilated by British mariners, he reflected, and considered it advisable to proceed to London with his acquired experiences and his more solid wealth, and he carried out this sensible idea on August 25th. He went on board the captured Orion, and ordered the other two prizes to follow, while the Margaret and Anne sailed ahead. On board the latter vessel was the governor, Count Trampe, who intended to go to England to demand public as well as private compensation, as well as the punishment of Jörgensen and his accomplices. On August 28th, however, the privateer caught fire, and was devoured by the flames, in spite of all the exertions of the crew. The count might, therefore, consider himself fortunate in finding a refuge on board the Orion, although he was obliged to share it with the detested ex-king. The latter ordered an immediate return, and landed the governor again at Reikjavik, under the pretext that he had no room for so many passengers. The Talbot, however, received the governor and his witnesses on board, and conveyed them to England.

Jörgensen reached England with his prizes and money safely, and retired into the silence of private life. He, the Dane, had so provided himself, that he could live not only on sweet reminiscences, but more solid fare, and not die in a prison for debt, like the idealistic and romantic Theodore, ex-king of Corsica. The complaint made by Count Trampe must have been unsuccessful or rejected; it is, at least, certain that Jörgensen in his idyllic retirement, and his accomplices in their activity, were not disturbed by English justice. The poor Icelanders came off worst of all, for not only did the Danes try to compensate the injury they had suffered by trade monopoly, but no sooner had the news of what occurred reached Copenhagen, via Drontheim, than, on September 10, 1809, the king's strange order reached Iceland: "That all export of goods to Iceland will cease until further orders." Probably the merciful sovereign wished in this way to soothe the minds which had been excited by a moment of independence, and it also served to prove to all the dissatisfied people, placed on half rations, the blessing of the connexion with

Denmark.

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

vol. cxxvi.]	OCTOBER, 1862.	[NO. DII.
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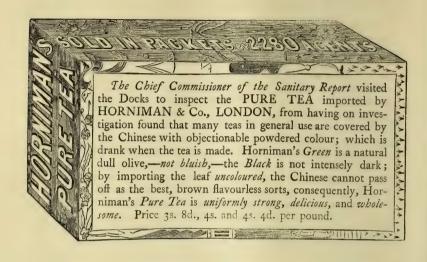
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NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

DENMARK.

HOLSTEIN AND SCHLESWIG.

THE projected alliance of a Princess of Denmark with the heir to the throne of Great Britain attaches a new interest to that "land of the Danes," which is highly deserving of such upon many other grounds; upon none more than upon that spirit of indomitable self-reliance, which has not only preserved the national integrity amidst innumerable dangers and spite of a relative weakness, but has also insured to the people a moral and intellectual development, and political immunities second to

those of no other people in Europe.

The latest writer upon this remarkable country, M. A. de Flaux, a member of the two Royal Academies of Stockholm, and of the well-known Royal Society of Antiquaries of the north of Copenhagen, occupied on a laborious historical work connected with the House of Wasa, went to Scandinavia to examine with his own eyes the localities celebrated by their exploits. Denmark arrested him at the threshold of his inquiries. "The sight of this people, marching," he says, "with so firm a step towards progress and liberty, although surrounded by dangers which compromise its very existence, awakened sympathy for her in my heart and enthusiasm in my mind. I was surprised at thinking how little this friendly and devoted nation, so intimate with our past, and so interested in our future, was known to us. I was moved in thinking that I had scarcely ever met it on the field of battle opposed to us. On penetrating more deeply into the mysteries of its history, I saw that all its successes, as also all its failures, all its faults, as well as all its wisest projects,—indeed, every one of its actions, bore the stamp of loyalty, devotion, and goodness. It was out of love for its sovereigns that, making a litter of its liberties, it precipitated itself, in 1660, into servitude. It was out of fidelity to an unfortunate ally that, in 1814, it lost Norway. No history in these times of weakness and rashness appeared to me so fertile in good lessons."*

What M. Flaux says with regard to the relations of Denmark to France is just as applicable to England, only that the intercourse between Great Britain and Denmark is a very different thing to what it is between France and Denmark. The same spirit of maritime enterprise which actuates both peoples, a similar religion, and the same inflexibility in regard to national rights, have also ever served to uphold ties which have

their foundation in an almost common origin.

^{*} Du Danemark. Impressions de Voyage, Aperçus Historiques et Considerations sur le Passé, le Present et l'Avenir de ce Pays. Par A. Flaux.

The island of Zeeland (Skiæland of the Danes) is the largest, the fairest, and the most fertile of all the islands which the hand of Providence has scattered over the sea that separates Jutland from Sweden. Tradition relates that these islands were placed in such close proximity that the magicians of old could travel with the greater ease from the one to the other. A terrible magician of modern times, Charles Gustavus by name, passed from one to another, laid siege to Copenhagen, and dictated peace at Roeskilde in a manner so extraordinary as to be without a precedent in the history of the world. In 1657, Charles Gustavus, adopted by Gustavus Adolphus, whose daughter Christina he had wedded, was overrunning Poland like a devouring lion. Frederick III. of Denmark had taken part in the coalition formed by Austria against Sweden. Charles Gustavus, nothing daunted by his reverses—his first successes having led him on to attempt more than his resources were equal to—by the hostility of Russia and of the Grand Elector, invaded and as quickly subdued Holstein and Schleswig, and he was preparing to invade Funen, when the winter of 1657-58—one of the most severe on record—came to his assistance, and enabled him to pass over the ice to Funen, to cross the great Belt, enter into Zeeland, and invest Copenhagen, as if the Danish archipelago had become part of the continent of Europe! Passing by the island of Brandsoe, in the middle of the little belt, the Swedish king first reached Funen in safety. But there was still the Great Belt to pass; the cold, it is true, was intense; bread, beer, and wine had to be cut with a hatchet, but the passage over the ice with an army was not the less perilous. Starting from Odense at nine in the evening, Charles Gustavus arrived at Nyborg at six in the morning. He intended passing thence to the island of Sprogoe, and thus reach Korsoer. It was the shortest road, but the most dangerous. Nowhere is the sea so deep or the currents more impetuous, and the ice could not be depended upon. Wrangel, Uhlfeld, and the other Swedish generals, exhorted the king not to make the venture, but Gustavus was resolved that he and his should perish in the Baltic rather than not succeed. It was in vain that it was represented to him that for four centuries not a single man had ventured across the strait. At the very moment a peasant arrived with a message who had crossed the ice. This decided the king, only he changed his route. He started with all his cavalry for Svenborg, and a party pushed on in advance by the islands of Langeland, Laaland, and Falster. The whole army followed, and after overcoming unheard-of difficulties, the Swedish flag, hoisted on the 12th of February on the tower of Wordingborg, informed the unfortunate Frederick III. that his last asylum was invaded, and that an ambitious and pitiless enemy was at the gates of his capital. On the 26th of the same month the treaty of Roeskilde was signed. Frederick, however, had his revenge in 1658. Charles Gustavus, defeated at Hollanderbye, was obliged to press the siege of Copenhagen, and to make an attempt at a general assault, which was repulsed by the gallant Danes. England, Holland, and France interfered, and an English and Dutch fleet made its appearance in the Sound. The Dutch extirpated the Swedes in Funen, whilst Gustavus was being treacherously amused in the island of Falster by Queen Sophia Amelia, and Terlon. Obliged to pass over to Gothemburg, he was there seized with a fever, of which he died on the 13th of February, 1660. Had Charles Gustavus lived

Denmark.

(and he perished in his thirty-eighth year), it is possible that he would, notwithstanding the indomitable resistance of the Danes, have founded that great empire of the North—that powerful Scandinavia—which is still as indispensable for the equilibrium of Europe as it was when he was one of the greatest warriors of the seventeenth century, and when Austria, Spain, and France, enormously extended during the middle ages, had just unveiled the vastness of their powers. Sweden preserved all the prestige of heroism under Charles XI., but with the mad pranks of Charles XII. came a downfal as rapid and as decisive as had previously

been the rise and ascendancy of this kingdom of the North.

Korsoer, where Charles Gustavus was joined by General Stenbock and the Count Palatine of Sultzbach, all that remained of the numerous and brilliant army which had conquered and held Funen, and who had escaped in disguise in a fisherman's boat, is now the terminus of the Zeeland railway, for travellers crossing from Jutland, or arriving per steam-boat from Kiel. It is far more interesting than is generally imagined to cross Zeeland by that railway. The island is the gem of the Danish Archipelago. The meadows are superb, the forests incomparable. Before harvest-time the landscape is splendid. The meadows are superb, the Nothing is more gratifying to contemplate than a Danish farm. Cleanliness, comfort, and order, manifest themselves everywhere, and only in England is a similar amount of well-being, united to cultivated intelligence, to be met with. The first station is at Slageloe, a charming little town, with a church of the eleventh century. Close by, in the forest of Antovorokov, was the abbey of the same name, founded by Waldemar I., in 1177. One of its monks, named Andrew, canonised by the Church, enjoyed a reputation for unwonted sanctity. When he said his prayers in the open air, he hung his hat and mantle on the sun's rays, and Waldemar having promised him all the land he could traverse on an ass's foal, he mounted a new-born donkey, which set to work with such good will, that it would have acquired the whole island to the abbey, had not the king's counsellors interfered.

It might be imagined that the Danes, living a hardy northern life, were a dull unimaginative people. They are by no means so, and the Copenhageners are as partial to amusements as the people of Stockholm or of Christiana, of Amsterdam or of Hamburg, all places concerning which the same misconceptions exist, and the latter of which has, by those who know it, been called the Capua of the North. Enter Copenhagen on a Sunday in summer-time by the fine avenue of Fredericksborg, a crowd of people will be seen, well-dressed and happy, pic-nicking on the green sward, or refreshing themselves in the taverns that abound. Everywhere, on proceeding to the Royal Hotel opposite the magnificent palace of Christianborg, order and cleanliness is to be observed. Walk out to the Ostergade and the Kongens-Nye-Tory, and

the same crowds will be met with.

This metropolis of the third of the kingdoms into which Scandinavia is now broken up is, like Stockholm and Christiana, of comparatively modern origin. The place where it stands was, in the middle of the twelfth century, the site of a few fishermen's huts. The Bishop of Roeskilde having purchased it of King Waldemar I., erected a stronghold there. The position was favourable, the harbour admirable, and

the country fertile. Merchants came to set up business, as was usual in feudal times, under the protection of a fortress, be it that of a prelate or baron. In less than a century the hamlet became a town, and obtained privileges and franchises. Christopher, of Bavaria, purchased the rights of seignoralty from the prelates of Roeskilde in 1443, and the court having removed thither from the former place, Copenhagen became ever afterwards the seat of government and the capital of the kingdom. It now contains some 150,000 inhabitants, is well built, with wide, long, and regular streets, pleasant gardens, handsome squares, and spacious openings, although enclosed within walls. Frequent fires have caused it to lose that character of originality which we meet with at Hamburg, Lubeck, and Brunswick, but it possesses many remarkable palaces and monuments. That of Rosenborg was erected by Christian IV., whom M. de Flaux amusingly compares to Henry IV. and Louis XIV. in one. The chief of the Oldenburg dynasty differed, however, from the first, inasmuch as he was, it is said, betrayed by all his mistresses, and from the second, inasmuch as he repealed no Edict of Nantes. Rosenborg was designed by Inigo Jones, and is rather curious than magnificent. One room in this château is devoted to the relics of each sovereign that succeeded to Christian IV. It may be imagined how many historical reminiscences are thus gathered together. There is the silver horn, presented to Christian I. when Count of Oldenburg, when alone hunting, by a lady of suspicious beauty, and the liquid in which, spilt upon his horse's mane, burnt off all the hair. There is the sword of Christian II.'s executioner, who never left his side. There is a sword of Charles XII., of perfect simplicity, in a leathern scabbard. The roof of the chief hall is beautifully sculptured. Whole regiments are represented in wood, marching past, with their drummers at their head.

The king resides at Christianborg. Built by Christian VI., this

The king resides at Christianborg. Built by Christian VI., this palatial castle was destroyed by fire in 1795, and rebuilt in the time of Christian VII. upon the primitive plan. It has been criticised as out of proportion with the importance of his kingdom. We have no doubt that the same critic would complacently find that Buckingham or St. James's Palaces were to Great Britain as significative of little importance, and as appropriate as the Tuileries and the Louvre, or Versailles,

are to France.

The museum of Thorwaldsen, the rival of Phidias and Praxiteles, is close by, but one of his greatest works—the entry of Alexander into Babylon—is in the ante-chamber of the Hall of the Knights, one of the most spacious rooms in Europe, in the Christiansborg, where is also the museum of paintings. Thorwaldsen's museum is not only a museum, but also a mausoleum. The immortal artist lies under a mound in the central court, and the architect—Bindesboll—has given to the whole building a funereal character. The interior, however, is well lighted and suitably painted in light blue and yellow, and the sculptor is seen to wonderful advantage in this noble sanctuary raised to his glory. There are some five or six hundred works of art in this museum, and notwithstanding this fecundity of Thorwaldsen, it has been justly remarked of him that he did nothing that was unworthy of his reputation.

The museum of the Society of Antiquaries is indebted for its richness not only to the circumstance that paganism of old insisted upon the

arms, jewels, and accoutrements of a hero being buried along with him, so that he might make a dignified appearance in the Walhalla, and that the Vikings used to bury their treasures before starting upon expeditions from which they often never returned, but to the law which obliges every one who discovers an antiquity to send it to Copenhagen. objects thus gathered together are separated into three classes—those of the age of stone, those of the era of bronze, and those of the epoch of iron. The men of the first age were small and weak - the Lapps and Finns are supposed to be their descendants—but the men of the second era were so powerful that none in the present day could wear their helmets or brandish their weapons. There is also a large collection of antiquities belonging to more modern times, and among them a series of brides' crowns of different epochs. The use of such is common to all Scandinavia, and is characteristically portrayed in several paintings from the North in the International Exhibition. There is also the fragment of a ball brought from Greenland. Danish pastors still labour assiduously in converting the natives of those far-off icy lands, but it is said by some that their intelligence is too restricted to enable them to understand the

sublime doctrines that are preached to them.

The wealthy classes of Copenhagen have their own quarter as elsewhere; the tradespeople dwell in the heart of the city, the learned and the studious are grouped around the university, and the seafaring people dwell around the square of Greenland. Their blood is said to be less intermingled than that of any other class, and the handsomest girls in the metropolis are met with among them. The people generally being well to do-more so, indeed, than in most other countries-are of a cheerful, happy disposition, and, as we have before seen, much given to enjoyment. The environs of Copenhagen are studded with public gardens and establishments for dancing, concerts, and refreshments. When business is over the people rush in crowds to these places of recreation; women, children, and old men, all alike go in search of amusement. In one of the most frequented of these gardens there is an island called St. Helena, and the bridge that leads to it is designated as Waterloo. The orchestra is under Lumby, who is called the Strauss of the north. There are all kinds of amusements, and the entrance fee is only about 7½d. of our money. Had the pré-Catalan, M. de Flaux says, been as cheap, it would have succeeded better. The Danes are fond of caricature. They represent on their open-air theatres Englishmen making love to pretty Danes or Germans, Frenchwomen with their mincing manners, and Swedes in the dress of Charles XII.'s musketeers, blue coats with turned-up lapels, three-cornered hats, yellow breeches, and top-boots. At another garden, the Alhambra, a boy dressed up as a Zouave, with his forehead shaven, and a huge pair of moustaches, does duty as a sentinel. Although the Danes are Lutherans they frequent these gardens on Sundays, on which day the Charlottenlund, charmingly situated on the borders of the sea, is most in vogue. The Danish women, taken generally, are not so good-looking as the Norwegians or the Swedes; they do not, like the latter, help off their features by a national costume. The girls of Stockholm frame their fair hair and complexions and set off their shape in a peculiar black mantle, but at Copenhagen they adopt European costumes—a mixture of French and English—horrible Parisian

shawls and frightful English straw-hats, says M. de Flaux. The same gentleman more than hints that this garden-life corrupts the young girls' morals: we should have supposed where religious and moral, as well as general education is so universally attended to, it would have been otherwise. The girls of the island of Amager, who constitute a kind of colony apart, said to be of Dutch origin, preserve their old national costume.

The best shops in Copenhagen are approached by steps and a passage, a practice which still obtained in France as late as the last century, and the worst are in cellars, as in Hamburg. The taverns seem to have no attractions for consumers unless they are below ground. There are few houses worthy of notice in an architectural point of view, but public monuments are, on the other hand, very numerous. The Exchange and the Round Tower are among the most interesting. The churches are not so unadorned as among the Calvinists. The Lutherans tolerate images of Christ, of the Virgin, and of the apostles. Some of the painted sculptures in wood have a charming effect. The statues and bas-reliefs of the church of Our Lady by Thorwaldsen impart to it an interest

rarely equalled.

People breakfast at nine, dine at three, and sup at ten, on returning from the theatre or the public gardens. Soup follows the fish, and smoked salmon is served up with meat. Tea is taken to breakfast, milk at supper. The theatre opens at five, and closes at nine. The hours for dinner and theatre, albeit denounced by M. de Flaux as a century behindhand, are, in reality, best adapted for the preservation of health and longevity. The celebrated equestrian Rentz, who, with his company, is at Vienna in winter, spends the summer in the North, and more especially in Copenhagen, whose inhabitants are especially partial to horsemanship. The court attend these circuses with the simplicity of citizens. The loyalty and probity of the Danes is proverbial. Even M. de Flaux, a Romanist, says: "It is marvellous to see in how short a time Protestantism has subdued and moralised them." The coasts of Zeeland and the whole archipelago were of yore the repairs of bandits. The hardy natives despised agriculture, and devoted themselves solely to fishing and piracy. Every man was a wrecker, even the bishop at their head. There is now neither burglar, highwayman, nor wrecker in the land. If there is a thief, ten to one he is an alien. Everywhere marshes and forests are giving way to fat pastures and magnificent crops. The people have come down from the hills whence they used to watch the stormtossed ships as their proximate prey, and have gathered together in villages and in towns. The comfort and cleanliness of a Danish cottage can only find its rival in England. The people have also become as calm and as pacific as once they were turbulent and bellicose. In their public gardens, their markets, or even their taverns, such a thing as a quarrel or a row is almost unheard of.

Above all, Copenhagen is the centre of a great intellectual movement. It is a hearth whence light radiates beyond the limits of the Danish monarchy into Sweden, Norway, and even part of Germany. The Academy of Fine Arts subsidised, and with rooms at the Charlottenborg, numbers amongst its artists of reputation Lund, Eckersberg, Abildgaard, Marstrand, Simonsen, Schleiser, Særensen, Slavgaard, and Rump, many

of whom, thanks to the inaugurator of international exhibitions, are now known to the English. Wiedvelt, Freund, Bissen, and Jericho have followed worthily in the footsteps of Thorwaldsen. Unfortunately, while the Norwegian artists look to their own grandiose scenery, and their own striking and peculiar domestic manners, for the subjects with which to fill their canvas, Swedes and Danes prefer Italy and the East, and thus place themselves needlessly in rivalry with art all over the world. The collections of natural history, especially of fishes, are very large. There is a piece of native silver from Konigsberg six feet long, two feet wide, and eight inches thick. The Royal Museum contains several chefs-d'œuvre; a noble collection of armour of the middle ages, and a goodly one of church ornaments.

The University of Copenhagen has a quite different importance to its Academy. Founded in 1478, and reconstituted three centuries afterwards, it has now five chairs of theology, five of jurisprudence, eight of medicine and surgery, and nineteen of belles-lettres, occupied by fifty-two professors. The number of students who follow these courses average twelve hundred annually. The Germanic portion of the monarchy has its own university at Kiel. The number is thus rendered all the more considerable in proportion to the population, and this is owing to the dif-

fusion of education among all classes.

The Danish language, rich and supple, has produced writers who might take rank beside Shakspeare and Corneille, were it not for their limited number of readers. Oehlenschlager, one of the greatest poets of Europe, and Oersted, one of its first men of science, would even themselves have been little known had not the one translated his works into German, and the other into French. M. de Flaux says that the charming and ingenious story-teller Andersen, with whom we once had the pleasure of passing a week in quarantine at Orsova, is unknown at Paris. however, appreciated in England, although not to the same extent as in Denmark, where his stories lie by the side of the Bible in almost every cottage. The use of the Latin language once made literature cosmopolitan: Erasmus of Rotterdam, Scaliger of Agen, Calvin of Geneva, Luther of Wittenberg, Saxo-Grammaticus of Soroe, and Tycho Brahe of Hveen, addressed their works to Europe. Unfortunately, in our days, when vapour and electricity have established quicker and cheaper communications between nations, the perfectioning of national languages keeps them intellectually in a greater state of isolation than ever. in the north Copenhagen remains not the less the most luminous centre of science. Its libraries are magnificent, and well kept. The Royal Library, founded by Christian III., possesses upwards of four hundred thousand volumes. Among these are the Oriental manuscripts brought home by the celebrated Niebuhr and Rask; as also many rare Icelandic manuscripts. The present librarian, M. Vevlauf, is one of the most distinguished men in Denmark. The library of the university and that of the brothers Classens, are alike remarkable. The universities of Copenhagen, Christiana, and Stockholm fraternise frequently, and it is possible that dreams of a future united Scandinavia occupy no small space in the minds of the youth assembled upon these occasions. That which contributes more than anything else to the development of the public intellect in the north is the love of reading that is spread among all classes.

Not a palace, a house, or a cottage but has its greater or less collection of books, and a portion of the evening's leisure is devoted to reading them. The intellectual cultivation of the inhabitants of Copenhagen is one of those things that strikes the stranger with most surprise and admiration, and hence it is that it rivals Edinburgh in claiming distinction as the Modern Athens.

If Copenhagen is full of monuments of the Christians and the Fredericks, such is the power of genius that Elsinore is no less so with the reminiscences of Hamlet, or Amleth, as the Danes call the prince twice ennobled by Shakspeare. A commodious steamer, superbly decorated, and in every respect well found, and called the Hamlet, starts from Copenhagen for Elsinore every day at nine, and returns the same evening. For the whole distance the coast is studded with mansions, country-houses. or villages, and boats take off or bring passengers. The sea on a summer's day is translucid and calm. First, Chalottenlund, with its gigantic oaks, is passed, then Bellevue, next the royal park of Dyrhaven, followed by the bathing establishments of Klampenborg, the pretty château called the Hermitage, and the royal palace of Skodsborg. Beyond this again is the island of Hveen, with the ruined palace of Tycho Brahe, and then the forests of Niberod and Nymph, and we arrive at mid-day at Elsinore, or Helsingor of the Danes, with whom Copenhagen is Kjöbenhavn.

It is not our purport to give here the true story of Hamlet from the pages of Saxo-Grammaticus. Suffice it, that in the present day local tradition associates the beautiful site of Marienlyst, crowned by its feudal castle, with the memory of the Danish prince. There is his terrace; there the groves under whose shade he meditated the discovery of his father's murderer, or held discourse with his faithful Horatio; there a stone bench on which he perchance may have sat and conversed with Ophelia. His very tomb is pointed out on the summit of a hill. It is evident that, filling up the absence of positive monuments by fancies like these, it is easy, as M. Flaux has done, to complete the remainder by excerpts from the immortal bard. But Marienlyst is a comparatively modern summer residence of the kings of Denmark. Nor was it there. more than at Kronborg, that dwelt old Claudius and the Queen Gertrude, or within the sturdy walls of the latter, so long beaten by the waters of the Sound, that lived, loved, and hated the personages of that fearful drama. It was not on its ramparts that the shade of Hamlet appeared to Marcellus and Horatio; it was not in its halls that Polonius cheered the sombre court with his quaint wisdom. It was not there that the young Hamlet slew Laertes with his own weapon, and that a climax came to this tragedy of tragedies-" a terrible and sublime work," says M. de Flaux; "the most profound, the most vast, the most complete that issued from the brain of the great Shakspeare."

Kronborg was built by Frederick II. in 1580, and if it could not therefore have been the palace of Hamlet, it has not the less many interesting associations. The prison-chamber of the unfortunate Caroline Matilda is there, as is also the prie-Dieu, on which she may have knelt when she learnt the fate of Struensee and Brandt. There is also the room occupied by the Countess Danner before her marriage. It must not be omitted, however, that a fortress preceded Kronborg. This point, which commands the pass, at which a toll was levied till very lately, was from the

most remote times the site of a stronghold of one kind or other. There still exist beneath the fortress immense caverns capable of holding upwards of a thousand men. These were, according to tradition, the home of Holger, a Scandinavian Roland, whose feats of marvellous heroism are the subject of numerous legends. Holger, the immortal, still haunts these gloomy recesses, but when the country is threatened he reappears, and, putting himself at the head of the army, it becomes invincible. A peasant who had ventured one day into these subterranean passages stumbled upon the hero seated at a stone table, which was almost covered with his white beard. "Give me your hand," he said to the peasant, at the same time holding out his own. The former, terrified, held out a bar of iron. Holger squeezed it so that the marks of his fingers were indented in the metal. "It is well," he said, with a smile of satisfaction, "I see there are still men in Denmark."

So much for the castles, and the court-yard of Kronborg is as imposing and more original than the court of honour at Versailles. As to the town of Elsinore, it is the abode of merchants, tradespeople, and innkeepers, but, like everything in Denmark, it is clean and well kept. Hamlet no more dwelt here than he did at Kronborg or Marienlyst. He was, according to Saxo, son of a pirate chief who ruled in Jutland. The environs of Elsinore are, apart from the traditions that lead excursionists there, among the most picturesque in Zeeland. Near the lake of Gurre are the ruins of a castle, built in the fourteenth century by King Waldemar for his mistress. So happy was he, that he had the imprudence to say that he could do without paradise, if God would allow him to live eternally at Gurre. His wishes were granted to him, and his shade, proscribed from heaven, wanders incessantly, hunting without rest or repose amidst its vast forests. There is not an old woman in Gurre who has not seen him passing over the frozen waters of the lake with his dogs and horses.

Beyond is Fredensborg, built in 1720 by Frederick IV. to commemorate that peace of Neustadt which closed the career of Charles XII., a monarch who had far more of the mania than of the genius of war. The mansion is now in a deplorable condition, but it still contains a few pictures, among which is an excellent likeness of Charles XII. himself. There is little in the physiognomy of this extraordinary personage to indicate the intrepid courage, the stoicism, firmness, disinterestedness, and general elevation of sentiments which characterised him amid excesses so ruinous to his country. The park is little better kept than the palace, but from its terraces, adorned with statues, there are beautiful views of Lake Esrom. The palace of Fredericksborg—the Versailles of Denmark -stood at the extremity of the forest which stretches from this lake to that of Arre. Raised by Heenwinkel under King Christian VI., one wing seemed to have sprung by the hand of an enchanter from out of the waters. Frederick VII., who prefers country life to that of towns, loved this delicious retreat, and had filled it with rare and precious things. Upon one of its windows a touching inscription, scratched with a diamond by Caroline Matilda, "O! keep me innocent, make others great," had been religiously preserved. In January, 1860, this splendid palace was burnt to the ground with all that it contained.

A charming road leads from the ruins of Fredericksborg to Fredericksund, and from Fredericksund to Roeskilde. No one would think on look-

ing at it that this little town, so quiet and so cleanly, at the extremity of an arm of the fiord of Jise, had been once the capital of Denmark, and boasted of its thirty churches and thirty monasteries. and prelates of old thought of nothing but multiplying churches and monasteries. They were the real drones of the land. All that remains of its past fanaticism is its cathedral, which is the Westminster or the Saint Denis of its kings and princes. It is an asylum worthy of them, and one of the finest Gothic monuments in Scandinavia. It was begun by Canute the Great, who, having murdered his brother-in-law, wished to propitiate the church in the eleventh century, but its towers were not completed till the time of Christian IV. (1588-1648). A visit to this vast and grandiose monument is productive of deep emotion. From Harold I., who reigned in 985, to Christian VIII., who died in 1848, scarcely one of those who have occupied the throne but lie side by side in this regal necropolis. Some of these tombs are perfect marvels of art. Some of the great families of Denmark—the Krags, the Hahns, the Krabbes, and the Trolles—have the privilege of sleeping their last sleep in the chapels by the side of their masters.

The cathedral of Roeskilde was in 1070 the theatre of a scene something similar to what occurred in the Duomo of Milan between Bishop Ambrose and the Emperor Theodosius. Some of his nobles having offended Svend Estriden, at that time King of Denmark, he ordered them to be slain, an execution which was carried out within the precincts of the cathedral. The bishop, William, an Anglo-Saxon, and previously secretary to Canute the Great, indignant at the sacrilege, forbade entrance to the sacred edifice, and himself boldly opposed the king's attempts to penetrate into it till he had cleansed himself by a public act of contrition

and repentance.

The abbey of Soroe, where dwelt the monkish historian of the country, Saxo, surnamed Grammaticus, was an old monastery of Bernardins, founded by Asser Ryg in the twelfth century. It was transformed after the Reformation by Frederick II. into a college, but it was to Christian IV. that Denmark was indebted for so endowing it, that the youth of the country who had hitherto pursued their studies abroad, often never returning to their fatherland, or, if they did, polluted by corrupt and foreign notions, became henceforth educated in their own country. The university is rich and powerful, the land for leagues around appertains to it, the building is a palace in itself, the salaries are so satisfactory as to be coveted by the learned, and every professor has his own villa on the banks of the lake. The church attached to it is of pure Gothic, and within repose Archbishop Absalon, the protector of Saxo, Waldemar II., and Holberg, a celebrated poet and historian, to whom the university was largely indebted.

Close by Soroe is the church of Fiendaslöv, which all excursionists make a point of visiting. It is as much one of the show-places of Denmark as the legendary tomb of Hamlet at Marieslyst. Tradition relates that the famous chief Asser Ryg, starting on a distant and dangerous expedition, bade his wife rebuild the church of Fiendaslöv, which was in a dilapidated state, during his absence, and, as she was pregnant, she was to add a spire if she had a daughter, and a tower if a son. On his return what was the hero's surprise at seeing two towers! His perplexity was

only relieved when it was announced to him that his wife had given birth to twins, one of whom was Absalon, one of the greatest statesmen that illustrate the annals of Denmark, a brave captain as well as a pious prelate, minister to Waldemar the Great, benefactor of Soroe, and

founder of Copenhagen.

A noble monument that speaks eloquently to the thoughtful mind stands in the centre of the avenue of Fredericksborg; it is a pedestal of granite, raised by Christian IV. to commemorate the abolition of feudal customs, and upon which are four statues representing Fidelity, Agriculture, Valour, and Patriotism. It is a peculiarity of Denmark that all its revolutions, be they religious or political, have been accomplished by royalty, by the nobility, or by the middle classes, but never by the populace. Hence revolutions have never been accompanied by excesses, and have rather modified the past than overthrown it. In remote times the followers of Odin were not divided into classes like the Romans. There were neither patricians nor plebeians; there were simply merchants and cultivators, beneath whom were the serfs, who were the aborigines, Lapps or Finns. As the stock diminished it was recruited by piracy. Slavery is a very old institution. There were no hereditary privileges; the strongest and the cleverest was elected chief. The feudal system sprang from the admixture of Roman customs with these primitive institutions. The Scandinavians sought to render their tenure hereditary by founding a nobility and endowing an opulent clergy. The tyranny of these intermediary classes soon became so unendurable as to have led to assemblies of representatives of the people, the people being elected, the nobles and prelates free. In the twelfth century the Thing, or Ting, as the parliament was called, was entirely superseded by a senate, or upper house of nobles and prelates, and the middle classes were utterly prostrated; they had to sell their lands, and were actually reduced to the condition of serfs and villains, and were sold as such.

In 1410 the unheard-of doctrine obtained that all peasants were serfs. But political affairs move in a circle; the nobility having become the sole guardians of the national liberties, they entrenched so upon royalty that, as we see in Russia in the present day, Christian II. had to throw himself upon the peasants to protect himself against the encroachments of rapacious and domineering prelates and barons. The latter were not, however, easily defeated; victorious under Frederick I., they were as pitiless to the king as they were to the peasants. All-powerful under Christian III. and Frederick II., their influence shrank for a moment before the imposing person of Christian IV., and fell definitively under his successor, Frederick III., whom they made a vain attempt to exclude from the throne. Frederick III., possessed of many valuable qualities, was ably seconded by his queen, Sophia Amelia of Brunswick-Luneburg. She, by her energy and activity, made of him one of the greatest princes of the House of Oldenburg. We have before alluded to the disastrous wars in which this young prince became involved with Charles Gustavus of Sweden. The treaty of May 27, 1660, put an end to that terrible war, and Stenbock evacuated Kronborg. The States were summoned under the grand-master, Gersdorf, to repair the mischiefs done by war. It was necessary to dismiss the mercenaries, to rebuild the fortresses, to reorganise the army and the fleet. To effect this the nobility urged a

tax upon articles of general consumption, a tax which did not touch them, as they lived upon the produce of their own manors. This was alike opposed by Svane, president of the clergy, and Nansen, president of the citizens, and who represented the two classes. It soon became manifest that a great revolution had taken place in public opinion, and that the constitution of the country, the work of the middle ages, was no longer in harmony with the epoch. The ministers of religion were now men of education and intelligence, and the merchants were men of wealth and experience. The king, the queen especially, and Fieldmarshal Shack were with the middle classes. The latter declaimed against the revenues of the royal domains being monopolised by the nobility; the barons retorted that those who impugned their privileges were not free men. This declaration kindled a war which could not but lead to the destruction of one party or the other. Svane called his most zealous partisans together on the 5th October, 1660, and Nansen headed a deputation to the king on the 9th. Otho Krag, the head of the opposite faction, insulted them on their return, and pointed to the dungeon; the popular party retorted by pointing to the steeple of Our Lady, where the national flag was waving. On the 10th the priests and citizens bearded the nobility in their own sanctuary, the town-hall, after which they went once more in procession to the palace. The same day the gates of the city were closed by order of Frederick III., to the great dismay of the nobility, who found themselves imprisoned with their wives and families. Under these circumstances they gave way at once, and a deputation was sent to the king enfranchising the monarch from all engagements entered into by himself or his predecessors with them as a class, and declaring their willingness to receive for the future the expression of his will as a formal order. Thus was accomplished without bloodshed the revolution of 1660, which completely changed the manners and institutions of the country.

The veteran grand-master, Gersdorf, expressed his hopes upon kissing the king's hand, on the occasion of the submission of the nobility, in a spirit of prophecy engendered by ill-humour, that his majesty would not in return govern the nation after the fashion of the Turks. Certain it is that Frederick III., having attained absolute power, became a mere despot. A vain and foolish nobleman, Kay Lycke, having boasted over his cups that no one could resist him, not even the queen, he was convicted of high-treason, his property was confiscated, and he only saved his life by timely flight. The senator, Rosencrantz, was exiled for want of respect. But the most remarkable cases were those of Ulhfeld and The former had wedded the beautiful Eleanor Christina, the favourite daughter of Christian IV., and he was one of the most powerful nobles in Denmark. Ambitious and unscrupulous, he is said to have even entertained hopes of arriving at supreme power. He had the marriage of the late king with his mother-in-law, Christina Munck, legally recognised; he obtained a declaration to the effect that the crown of Norway was elective, not hereditary, and he imposed restrictive powers upon Frederick himself. But when the latter obtained absolute power, he at once revenged himself for the humiliations he had undergone at the hands of this haughty vassal. Christina Munck was deprived of the title of Countess of Schleswig-Holstein, and Ulhfeld fled to Stockholm

and fought in the army of Charles Gustavus. The treaty of Roeskilde restored to him his vast estates, but he gave up those which were in Zeeland, on condition of being permitted to reside in peace in Copenhagen. But, persecuted by Sophia Amelia, he withdrew to Spa, whence he endeavoured to excite the Elector of Brandenburg to war against Denmark. The latter, however, sent his papers to Frederick. The consequence was that ten thousand rix-dollars were offered for his head, and twenty thousand for his person. It was delivering him up to all the bandits of Europe. Driven from place to place in all kinds of disguises, this unfortunate man at last perished in a boat upon the Rhine. His countess, who had taken refuge in England, was basely delivered up by Charles II., and shut up in a dungeon till her implacable enemy,

Sophia Amelia, died, twenty-three years afterwards.

Schumacker was the son of a wine-merchant of Copenhagen, and had been declared to be a prodigy at the university. Frederick III., after enabling him to complete his studies in England and elsewhere, made him his secretary. Christian V., who succeeded, loaded him with honours, and named him Count of Griffenfeld. Absorbed in his passion for Sophia Amelia Noth, Countess of Samsoe, daughter of an apothecary, this monarch left the reins of government in the hands of the favourite. So great was his power that the Emperor Leopold made him a Count of the Holy Empire, the Elector of Brandenburg gave him the island of Rugen, with the title of prince, and it is said to have been proposed to make an English peer of him, while Rome conferred a cardinal's hat. His offensive pride and haughty jealousy had severed the affections of every one before he lost those of the king. But upon the occasion of the quarrel of the latter with the Duke of Holstein-Gottorp, in 1675, when Christian deprived the latter of a large portion of his estates, Griffenfeld having taken the part of the persecuted prince, the king resolved upon his overthrow, and had him arrested in his own palace, whence he was transferred the same evening in a boat to Kronborg. When his papers were examined the most decisive proofs of treasonable correspondence and practices were obtained, as also of peculations to an enormous extent. Foreign moneys equal to 1,500,000 French crowns were also found. He was brought before a commission of twenty-three to be tried. He defended himself with infinite skill and intrepidity, but on the 26th of May, 1676, he was condemned to death, after the loss of his goods, his employments, and his dignities. Griffenfeld met his fate with resignation. It was in vain that the queen, the queen-dowager, and the aged mother of the convict prayed in tears for a respite. The late grand-chancellor was taken to the scaffold; he had knelt down, laid his head composedly on the block, and even given the signal to the executioner, when Adjutant Shack shouted a reprieve. Griffenfeld jumped up with a bound, and in his joy shook hands with those around him. After four years' detention in the citadel of Copenhagen, he was exiled to the castle of Munckholm, near Drontheim. Here this man, whose pride and ambition had been his ruin, exhibited a most admirable humility and resignation under adversity. He devoted his leisure to the education of the sons of good families, to the translation of the Psalms of David into Danish verse, and other literary pursuits, and he died at Drontheim on the 11th of March, 1689, twentythree years after his conviction. Such was the end of a life begun under such splendid auspices. Like the inventor of the brazen bull, he perished by the royal law which he had himself drawn up—the inventors of things fatal to humanity being, by a law of Providence, often the first victims. The extraordinary advancement and the tragic ends of two extraordinary men—Griffenfeld and Struensee—constitute, it has been justly remarked, the two most curious, most instructive, and most dra-

matic episodes in the modern history of Denmark.

Frederick III. and Christian V., notwithstanding their faults, still possessed sufficient merit not to have brought absolutism into positive discredit. It was after a century of slavery that the inconveniences and abuses of this fatal system made themselves felt. Frederick V., virtuous and good, but of a weak and melancholy temperament, took refuge from hypochondriasm in drink, and perished early a victim of a passion which brutalised himself and all who came in contact with him. He was succeeded by Christian VII., who, only seventeen years of age, gave himself up at once to a frenzied passion for women. Historians have accused the ministers, Moltke and Bernstorf, and the queen-mother, Julia Maria, with having connived at and even prompted these excesses in order to preserve the direction of affairs. But there is little to uphold such a supposition, for both ministers were honest and upright men. The best proof of their non-complicity is the haste with which they brought about a marriage between the youthful monarch and Caroline Matilda, daughter of Frederick Prince of Wales, and sister of George III., at that time seventeen years of age, and one year younger than her husband. She was tall, well-made, and possessed of that incomparable brilliancy which, M. de Flaux say, renders the daughters of Albion the handsomest women in the world. She was enthusiastically received by the people, but it was not the same at court. The king, given up to coarse sensuality, received the chaste companion of his life with indifference. The dowager-queens, Sophia Magdalena and Julia Maria, detested her for her superior grace and beauty. The king had also the weak points of a monomania about him. He was incessantly looking at his hands or feeling his body to see if he was growing fat. He obliged his favourite, Count Holck, to administer to him an occasional chastisement. Like Henri II. of France, who, present at the burning of a Lutheran who had dared to reproach Diana of Poitiers with her licentiousness, and was ever after visited by the phantom of his victim, so Christian VII., present at the tortures of a Saxon soldier, ever afterwards imagined that it was himself who had been executed, and that the soldier was a phantom.

Caroline Matilda was blessed with offspring, but Christian had even less heart than head, and neither the trials of his young wife, or the caresses of his child, could turn him from the fatal path his bad passions had involved him in. His favourite, De Holck, seconded this evil tendency, and did everything in his power to uphold it. Among the king's companions was also a person, come from no one knew where, but who was called "My lady," from having once been a mistress of Lord Goderich's. The orgies and pranks in which the king became engaged with these two precious personages, were conducted in so public a manner as to have become a scandal to the city. "My lady's" fortunes were brief; she was made a baroness, had a palace purchased for her, and was covered with

diamonds, and then she was as suddenly cast into prison.

Queen Matilda lived in retirement during these afflicting proceedings: she supported with dignity and without complaining the ill treatment to which she was exposed. Nor was her position ameliorated by having no friend or countrywoman near her, whilst her attendant, Madame de Plessen, was notoriously a haughty, disagreeable, ill-tempered woman. Among the individuals employed around the king's person was a German doctor, Struensee by name, and son of a bishop of austere and exalted piety. He was a fair and handsome man, about thirty years of age, and well calculated to succeed at court, for he was clever in everything—shooting, hunting, riding, dancing, and of great conversational powers. His great friend and patron was Count Rantzaw, and the two would sometimes

smoke together for a whole night.

After a journey, in which this wicked young monarch was received with every testimony of respect in Holland, England, France, and Germany, he returned to his own kingdom, Struensee having by that time supplanted Holck, of whom he had all along been the rival, in the monarch's favour. This little revolution in the palace occurred, it is said, in Paris. Queen Matilda had improved during the king's absence; although seriously invalided by the treatment to which she had been subjected, she had gained in flesh, and was handsomer than ever. The king could not be totally insensible to her charms, and grieving to observe her constant melancholy, loss of sleep and appetite, he prevailed upon her to consult the young German Hippocrates at that moment so high in favour. Struensee had, we have seen, the most engaging manners. Introduced to the queen, he interrogated her with tact, examined her with care, and promised a cure as prompt as certain. The queen, he said, was suffering from nostalgia; all she wanted was exercise, amusement, and especially her husband's affection. It was in his power to procure her these remedies, and he even took pride in having established a new order of things. Queen Matilda now participated in all the hunts and excursions of the king, and was at every ball and other amusement. Struensee was the more favourably looked upon as he had helped to bring about this happy change. He was scarcely ever away, whether reading or writing for the queen, or attending professionally, Matilda always received with pleasure this man, to whom she considered herself as indebted for her health and her husband's affections. Unfortunately, neither were attentive to the usages of society, and the fact of Struensee reading to the queen, seated by her side on the same sofa, was the first thing to give rise to scandalous whispers. Soon she appeared with him in public, riding side by side, or in the same carriage. She had thus lost her reputation before she had forgotten her duty. Carried away by passions which a husband weakened by excesses and half an idiot could no longer satisfy, Queen Matilda fell; opinions differ when, some say shortly after her intimacy with the seductive doctor, others—among whom M. de Flaux assert that it was only after a year's acquaintanceship, and their being always thrown together.

A certain Madame de Gaehler, a bad woman, and a former mistress of Struensee's, was also an agent in the matter. This corrupt woman had succeeded to Madame de la Luhe as grand mistress of the queen's house, whilst Brandt, an unprincipled courtier, had succeeded the equally corrupt Holek as master of ceremonies. He, with Count Rantzaw-Aschberg

were bosom friends of Struensee. Both unprincipled adventurers, they were solely indebted to the favourite for the positions they held at court.

In the mean time, the guilty relations which had been established between the queen and Struensee were carried on with an imprudent indifference to public opinion, all the more so, since nowhere was the sacred person of the king more regarded than in Denmark. The Princess of Wales, informed of the state of things by the ambassador, Keith Murray, went over to Copenhagen, but the queen would not see her except in the presence of Struensee, and even pretended to have forgotten English. As to the semi-idiotic king, he was isolated in his palace, carefully kept away from all evil tongues, and amused by Brandt, who is said often to have administered the castigation in which he delighted with so hearty a will as to make him disgusted with a buffoon who at times assumed the character of a gaoler. These scenes not unfrequently ended in the most fearful quarrels and regular fights. His only other society was that of an attached Swiss, Reverdil, a black attendant, a white valet, both young, and a Turkish girl, abstracted by the Russians from her harem, and presented by Catherine II. to Matilda. He was allowed to ride, hunt, dine, and attend the theatre or balls, in company with the three intriguers, the queen, Struensee, and Brandt, but to hold private converse with no one. The said three had concentrated all authority in their own hands.

But this state of things could not last for ever. The public was scandalised, indignant, and irritated beyond measure. But the most active and influential enemy of the intriguers was the queen-dowager, Julia Maria, who with her son, Prince Frederick, had been treated with insolent contempt. She had associated with her one Ove Hoegh Guldberg, a preceptor, a man of apparent austere piety, but to whom scandal attributed an intimacy of a very close character with Queen Julia, Behringskold, a Russian spy and adventurer, and Count Rantzaw, who had been roused by the flagrant ingratitude of Struensee to the most bitter hatred of the favourite, and who therefore entered with all the enthusiasm of a contemplated revenge into the plans of Queen Julia and

Guldberg.

The conspirators neglected no means to attain the end which they proposed to themselves. The arrogance and pride of Struensee and Brandt facilitated their proceedings. The first manifestation against the favourites declared itself among some Norwegian sailors who were destined for an expedition against Algiers, and who had been left without pay. This manifestation was quieted, but the queen acquired by it the disagreeable certitude that the man for whom she had sacrificed everything was wanting in courage, and was incapable of protecting her against their common enemies. Guldberg forged an abdication, and gave currency to a report that it was the intention of Brandt to assassinate the king, so that the queen might be declared regent, and could effect a morganatic marriage with her lover. The public mind, ripe for any evil report, gave credit to these sinister rumours. The pusillanimous Struensee did nothing in the presence of these manœuvres. He contented himself with moving with the court from Hirscholm to Fredericksborg in 1771, and to Christiansborg in the first month of the ensuing year. An attempted reform of the guards gave origin to a military insurrection, which was appeased by humiliating concessions. General Eichstadt and Colonel

Koelher gave in their adhesion to the conspirators, and were joined by fifty officers of the guards. A plan of action was then decided upon. An order to arrest the queen was to be obtained from the king by his own good will, or, if needs be, by violence; Koelher was to arrest Struensee; Behringskjold, Brandt; Eichstadt, Falckenskjold, and Rantzaw, Caroline Matilda. The plot was put into execution at half-past three in the morning of the 17th of January, after a court ball. The dragoons of Eichstadt's regiment invested the palace and commanded all the issues. Struensee was fast asleep when Koelher, with three officers, sword in hand, followed by armed soldiers with torches, presented themselves in his apartment. Resistance was in vain, and the favourite in his terror put on a pair of rose-coloured inexpressibles, the same that he had worn at

the masked ball of the previous evening.

A somewhat similar scene was enacted at the same time in the apartment of Brandt. The queen-dowager had undertaken to manage the king. His surgeon, Briegell, enabled her to gain access to his person. She was accompanied by Prince Frederick, Rantzaw, Eichstadt, and Guldberg. Kneeling before the terrified monarch, she declared that a conspiracy against his life had been detected, and that he must at once, to save himself, sign an order to arrest seventeen of the most guilty. Their names were placed before him; his wife's headed the list. The king rose and dressed himself, positively delighted with the prospect of getting rid of the whole set. No sooner had Rantzaw got the desired signature than he presented himself in the queen's apartment. The latter stormed; in her excitement she forgot even to dress herself, and tried first to reach the king's apartment, and then Struensee's, but all evasion was at once prevented. It is said that she even slapped the face of Rantzaw or Eichstadt; historians differ as to which. At length she allowed herself to be dressed, and was conveyed, with Princess Louisa on her knees, Major Castenskjold sitting opposite, and a single attendant with her, to Kronborg. The carriage was escorted by a squadron of dragoons. Pride had sustained her hitherto, but as she passed by Hirscholm nature asserted her supremacy, and she sobbed audibly. Struensee and Brandt were conveyed in a similar manner to the citadel. It is remarkable that the several commandants of Kronborg and of the citadel had no warning as to this palace revolution, yet they received their prisoners without surprise. The public mind had long been prepared for a catastrophe.

This great palace revolution had been carried out by one queen and her paramour against another queen and her paramour. The inconstant populace rejoiced greatly. The streets were filled with shouting multitudes; at night the houses were illuminated, and, in a curious spirit of indiscriminate justice, the houses of the frail were invaded, sacked, and their inhabitants subjected to corporeal chastisement. About sixty houses

and their tenants are reported to have been thus treated.

So complete was the feeling as to the fate of the state prisoners, that in devout Denmark there was only one thought predominant from the moment of their arrest, and that was to save their souls. To effect this, Munther, a pious but austere pastor—one who, like all others who have imposed certain narrow and severe rules upon themselves, was as harsh to others as he was to himself—was selected. This pastor has left behind

him a curious record of his conferences with Struensee, and it would appear from that, as is often the case, that the gloomy, austere piety of the fanatic father, Adam Struensee, had done much towards indisposing the son to follow in the path of virtue. A proximate death is, however, an eloquent preacher, and Struensee repented sincerely. His contrition was as deep as it was unaffected. It was only at the foot of the scaffold that he was permitted once more to meet Brandt. Brandt was of a different nature to Struensee. He was proud and firm, and held by his convictions. A pastor named Hée, who had been deputed to reconcile him with Heaven, had had little influence. Above all, he was comparatively innocent, and even the public were somewhat taken aback by the severity of the sentence against him. The queen was condemned to pass the remainder of her days in the castle of Aalborg, in Jutland, but George III. interfered, and obtained that she should be simply exiled to the palace of Zell, in Hanover. On the morning of the 28th of April, Munther visited his patient for the last time in his cell. His sufferings had been horrible, for he was so chained to his bed that he could not even repose his weary limbs. Nevertheless, he was calm, resigned, full of forgiveness for his enemies. He was then led from his dungeon to the square of Greenland, where a scaffold had been erected, and which was filled with a dense crowd. Brandt was also there, and, as the least guilty, was to suffer first. His conduct was replete with dignity-mild yet firm. He placed his hand and then his head upon the block, and saw the axe that was to cut each off in succession come down twice without even a wince. The unfortunate Struensee, of a more sensitive nature, was utterly prostrated at the scene; to have to place his hand upon the same block, all gory with the remains of his friend, was more than his delicate nature could carry him through. His hand had therefore to be held by the finger while it was chopped off, and his head was afterwards held in the hollow of the block by the hair. The bodies of both were then divided into four, and, with the heads and hands, gibbeted. But what of the bodies—the souls of the two unfortunate malefactors had fled to a heaven far more merciful than human courts of justice, and it mattered very little what became of the flesh? Caroline Matilda did not long survive such fearful events, the blow which struck her being increased tenfold by her children being taken away from her. She died at twenty-three years of age, in all her beauty, but humble, resigned, and contrite. Christian sunk into a state of complete idiocy, and the implacable Julia Maria and her paramour Gulberg assumed the direction of affairs till Prince Frederick, a mere boy, had attained his majority. Julia Maria had supposed him to be a fool, and that she should reign in his stead; but, like Hamlet, he lived within himself, alive to the folly and vices of his father, the sins of his mother, and the crimes of Julia and Guldberg; so he abided his time, and then, aided by Bernstorf, he claimed his own, and another pacific palace revolution was effected, by which Julia and Guldberg were removed from power, but not separated in person, and Frederick VII. ascended the throne. To him belongs all the honour and all the credit of having inaugurated a new state of things, and of having opened his reign by granting a liberal constitution to the country, to which he has ever since adhered. Denmark has consequently been in recent times in a state of transition and regeneration, and bad passions are to be met with side by side with the newly-engendered good and liberal sentiments, but there is little fear but that king and country will yet triumph over all difficulties.

The insurrectional movement in the duchies in 1848 attracted the stranger on the soil of Denmark, and threatened it with ruin. Even after the victory, when the Germans had repassed the Elbe, the peasants who had fought for the country put forward new demands. They pretended that every farmer, upon paying a sum equal to the value of the land farmed by him, should be entitled to the freehold. Colonel Tscherning, the barrister Christensen, and the journalist Hansen represent this party, which is as dangerous to the well-being of Denmark as is the question of the duchies. As yet, however, the peasants, in as far as their political life is concerned, have never abused their privilege of universal suffrage. Political power is in the hands of the citizens, who are represented by M. Hall, minister of foreign affairs, and M. Monrad, minister of worship. The nobility possess counties, baronies, and fiefs, lands, and titles, but they are often nominal possessions, the revenues belonging to the farmers. They do not oppose the democratic spirit of

the day; their hopes lie in a new reign.

The people of the old Cimbric Chersonesus—Germans, Saxons, Angles, Frisons, or Scandinavians-lived in harmony up to 1820. At that period notions of Pangermanism, which took root in the Saxon universities, spread over the land. The agitation did not, however, assume a tangible form in the time of Frederick VI.; it only did so under Christian VIII., when, after two sterile marriages on the part of the prince royal, the proximate extinction of the House of Oldenburg, which had reigned ever since 1448, impended over the country. The duchies claimed to be under the Salic law, and rejected Prince Frederick of Hesse, who, according to the royal law, took precedence of the Duke of Augustenburg, since the renunciation of Holstein-Gottorp. of the old king became the signal for a terrible insurrection. The Oldenburgs are the Bourbons of the North, and the race is far and wide spread. The elder branch of the duchies has the Duke of Augustenburg for chief, and the younger branch the Duke of Glucksburg. princes have, however, been excluded from the throne in favour of Prince Frederick of Hesse, the king's nephew. The development of the Pangermanic ideas in the duchies inspired the Duke of Augustenburg with criminally ambitious views. "It is in vain," says M. de Flaux, "that they attempt to make a hero and a martyr of the duke in Germany; we can see nothing in him in France more than a man of vulgar ambition, justly punished for having attempted to dismember a monarchy formed by his ancestors in the criminal hope of obtaining possession of the spoils." Other countries will probably view the insurrection in the same light, but it is curious that the principle of nationalities which is said to blossom with so much vigour in Italy should be incapable of bearing fruit in the colder North.

Better they had stood upon their Pangermanism than have excited hatreds long buried by holding forth that Christian VIII. was grandson to Caroline Matilda, and the Duke of Augustenburg grandson of her deadly enemy, Julia Maria. The king, Prince Frederick, and Prince Ferdinand, the king's brother, have each married descendants of Caro-

line Matilda. It was in 1842 that the states of Schleswig, in which the German party dominated, demanded union with Holstein. The two duchies were already under one government—that of Prince Nöer, brother of the Duke of Augustenburg. They also demanded separation from Denmark and union with Germany, in case the three last representatives of the royal line of Oldenburg should die without male posterity. The states of Denmark assembled at Roeskilde in 1844 decided that Denmark, Schleswig-Holstein, and Lauenburg were an indivisable state, which, after the Danish constitution, was hereditary in the female line. A royal edict to that effect was issued on the 8th July, 1846. The Grand-duke of Oldenburg, the Duke of Augustenburg, and the Duke of Glucksburg protested, however, against the king's pretensions. Germans fraternised with the states, and excited them to revolt. Prince Nöer withdrew from his functions. The only exception to revolt among the younger branches was in the case of Prince Christian, the youngest brother of the Duke of Glucksburg, who had wedded a niece of Christian VIII., Princess Louisa of Hesse-Cassel. Duke Christian Augustus of Augustenburg was recognised as king of the new confederate states. Christian VIII. was busy counteracting this Pangermanism by liberal edicts when death overtook him (Jan. 20, 1848). Frederick VII., his son, succeeded to him at a most critical epoch. Frederick William IV., of Prussia, had declared in favour of the confederates, and marched troops into Holstein, and these, under Baron Wrangel, penetrated, after a slight check at Bau (April 8, 1848), into Jutland. The Duke of Augustenburg, who had brought about all this mischief, was entirely superseded by Frederick William IV. Diplomacy, however, interfered, and London, St. Petersburg, and Vienna united to force the armistice of Malmoe (Aug. 26, 1848) upon the belligerents.

Denmark, backed by Russia and Sweden, broke the armistice, and after alternating successes and defeats, the battle of Fredericia, gained by the Danes (July 7, 1849), brought this second campaign to a conclusion favourable to their cause. A new armistice was signed in August of the same year, and Schleswig was to be governed by a Danish and German commissioner, with an Englishman for an arbitrator. At length peace was signed at Berlin on the 2nd of July, 1850, but the war itself did not cease till after the battle of Ysted, won by the Danes, and followed by the convention of Olmutz (Nov. 20, 1850). On the 6th of Jan., 1851, Prussian and Austrian commissioners appeared at Kiel, and declared that in case of refusal on the part of the duchies to submit, an army, half of Prussians, half Austrians, should be placed at the service of Frederick VII. There was no alternative but to succumb; and the authority of the King of Denmark was thus reestablished over the provinces in rebellion, while Prince Christian of Glucksburg was called to Copenhagen as the future successor to the dynasty of Oldenburg. The electoral crown of Hesse was reserved to Prince Frederick of Hesse. The Emperor Nicholas stipulated, however, that in case of the extinction of the line of Oldenburg, the Gottorpian portion of the duchies should revert to Russia; an act which was not at all consistent with the protocol of London (Aug. 2, 1856), which averred that the maintenance of the Danish monarchy in its integrity was necessary for the European equilibrium. Prince Christian of Glucksburg

was recognised as the legitimate successor by the treaty of London (May 8, 1852), and the crown is to descend to his heirs. The rights of the princes of Augustenburg were declared to have been forfeited. This arrangement has not, however, been either perfectly satisfactory or The duchies had their own chambers, as also their own representatives, at the Risgraad, but as they had not the majority in the latter they withdrew altogether! The States naturally could not concede, and hence a passionate and systematic opposition between the two. The German Diet has also since interfered in favour of the right of Holstein to a veto of laws voted by the Risgraad, and in which Chambers they have declined to have a voice, unless that voice should be omnipotent. The minister, Hall, has contented himself with repelling such claims on the part of the German subjects of the kingdom. solution of the differences between Denmark and its German subjects and their sympathisers in the fatherland, remains not the less a question of life or death with the Danish monarchy. It has been proposed as a solution to recognise Schleswig as Danish, which it is, and to confer upon it the same liberal constitution that exists in Zeeland, as also to confer the same privileges upon Holstein, reserving the rights of Germany and the protectorate of the Diet of Frankfort. Others recommend that the frontiers of Denmark should be fixed at the Eider, and that Holstein should be given up. But again, it has been justly remarked that the Germans once at Kiel they would never stop till they had subjected the whole of the peninsula.

The actual king, Frederick VII., is now married morganatically to Countess Danner, a lady who is compared to Madame de Maintenon, as amiable as she is clever. The marriage is popular with the middle classes, but not so with the aristocracy. The habits of the king are simple and modest, and he prefers country to town life, and leaves the honours of the court in the hands of the Princess Louisa of Glucksburg, the future Queen of Denmark. The influence of this superior woman is said to be paramount over her husband. There are parties in Denmark who look upon Prince Christian as a German, and who aspire to union with Sweden and to a Scandinavian nationality. A project has been started which would meet both these difficulties. The King of Sweden, having no male issue, is said to be willing to marry his daughter and heir to Prince Christian Frederick, eldest son of Prince Christian, and brother to the possibly future Queen of England. The dim project of Scandinavian unity, so long looming in the distance, would thus,

in part, emerge into a reality.

THE SHADOW OF ASHLYDYAT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF " EAST LYNNE,"

PART THE THIRTEENTH.

I.

THE LOSS PROCLAIMED.

WHETHER carking care or hopeful joy may be in the heart's inner dwelling-place, people generally meet at their breakfast-tables as usual. So long as there's anything in the house to eat, meals are spread; so long as the customary laws of daily routine can be observed, they are observed;

or, at any rate, a pretence to it is made.

George Godolphin sat with his wife at the breakfast-table. Maria was in high spirits: her indisposition of the previous evening had passed away. She was telling George an anecdote of Meta, as she poured out the coffee, some little ruse the young lady had exercised, to come over Margery; and Maria laughed heartily as she told it. George laughed in echo: full as merrily as his wife. There must have been two George Godolphins surely at that moment! The outer one, the one presented to the world, all gay, and smiling, and careless; the inner one, kept for his own private and especial delectation, grim, and dark, and ghastly.

Breakfast was nearly over, when there was heard a clattering of little feet, the door was burst open, and Miss Meta appeared in a triumphant shout of laughter. She had eluded Margery's vigilance, and eloped from the nursery. Margery speedily followed, scolding loudly, her hands stretched forth to seize upon the runaway. But Meta had bounded to her

papa, and found a refuge.

George caught her up on his knee: his bright hair—the same shade once, but darker now—mixing with the golden locks of the child, as he took from her kiss after kiss. To say that George Godolphin was passionately fond of his child would not be speaking too strongly: few fathers can love a child more ardently than George did Meta. A pretty little lovable thing she was! Look at her on George's knee! her dainty white frock, its sleeves tied up with blue, her pretty socks and shoes, her sunny face, surrounded by its golden shower of shining curls. Margery scolded in the doorway, but Miss Meta, little heeding, was casting her inquisitive eyes on the breakfast-table, to see what there might be nice upon it.

"If you'd just please to punish her once for it, sir, she'd not do it,

maybe, in future!" grumbled Margery. "Naughty girl!"

"I think I must," said George. "Shall I whip you, Meta?"

Meta shouted out a joyous little laugh in answer, turned her face round, and clung to him lovingly. She knew what his "whippings" meant.

"But if Margery says so?"

"Margery nobody," responded Meta, bustling her face round to the table again. "Mamma, let me have a bit of that."

Maria hesitated. "That" was some tempting-looking breakfast-dish, very good, no doubt, for George, but very rich for Meta. George, however, drew it towards him, and cut her some, claiming for his reward as many kisses as Meta's impatience to begin upon it would accord. Margery went off in a flounce.

"No wonder the child despises her bread-and-milk in a morning! If I had been let feed you upon them spiced things, Mr. George, when you were a child, I wonder whether you'd have growed into the strong man

you have!"

"Into a stronger," called out George. He liked as much to give a word of teasing now and then to Margery as he had in the old days she referred to. Margery retorted with some answer, which he did not catch, and George laughed. Laughed out loud and merrily, and again buried his face on Meta's.

But he could not stay all day long in that scene of peace. Oh, if we only could! those who have to go out to battle with the daily world. If there were but a means of shutting and locking the door on the woes that

turn a man's hair white before its time!

George took Meta a triumphal ride round the room on his shoulder, and then, having extorted his payment, put her down by Maria. Going into the bank to his day's work. His day's work! rather an embarrassing

one, that day, Mr. George Godolphin!

Taking the keys of the strong-room from the cupboard, also certain other keys, as he had done once before within the knowledge of the reader, he proceeded to the strong-room, opened a certain safe in it, and took out the box inscribed "Lord Averil." This he also opened, and examined its contents. Mr. George Godolphin was searching for certain bonds: or, making believe to search for them. Having satisfied himself that they were not there, he returned the box to its place, made all safe again, went back, and sat down to open the morning letters. Presently he called to a clerk.

"Is Mr. Hurde come?"

"Yes, sir."

"Desire him to step here."

The old clerk came in, in obedience to the summons, taking off his spectacles as he entered, to rub one of their glasses, which had got misty. George leaned his elbow on the table, and, resting his chin upon his hand, looked him full in the face.

"Hurde," said he, plunging midway into his communication, which he

made in a low tone, "those bonds of Lord Averil's are missing."

The clerk paused, as if scarcely understanding. "How do you mean, sir? Missing in what way?"

"I can't find them," replied George.

"They are in Lord Averil's box in the strong-room, sir, with his other

papers."

"But they are not there," replied George. "I have searched the papers through this morning. Hurde, we have had some roguery at work."

Another pause, devoted by Mr. Hurde to the revolving of the communication. "Roguery!" he slowly repeated. "Have you missed anything else, Mr. George?"

"No. I have not looked."

"Oh, sir, there's no fear of there being anything wrong," resumed the old clerk, his good sense repudiating the notion. "Mr. Godolphin must

have moved them."

"That's just what I thought until last night," said George. "The fact is, Lord Averil asked me for these bonds some little while ago, while my brother was in London. I opened the box, and, not seeing them there, came to the conclusion that Mr. Godolphin had moved them. Lord Averil said it was of no consequence then, and departed for London: and the thing slipped from my memory. When you spoke to me about it last evening, of course I felt vexed to have forgotten it, and I put off Lord Averil with the best excuse I could."

"And has Mr. Godolphin not moved them, sir?" demanded the

clerk.

"It appears not. He dropped me a line last night, saying I should find the bonds in their place in the box. I suppose Lord Averil was up at Ashlydyat and mentioned it. But I can't find them in the box."

"Sir, you know you are not a very good searcher," observed Mr. Hurde, after some consideration. "Once or twice that you have searched for deeds, Mr. Godolphin has found them afterwards, overlooked by you. Shall I go carefully over the box, sir? I think they must be in it."

"I tell you, Hurde, they are not."

He spoke somewhat fractiously. Fully aware that he had occasionally overlooked deeds, in his haste or carelessness, perhaps the contrast between those times and these, imparted a sting to his manner. Then, whether the deeds had been found or not, he was innocent; now—

"But, if they are not in the box, where can they be?" resumed Mr.

Hurde.

"There it is," said George. "Where can they be? I say, Hurde, that some light fingers must have been at work."

Mr. Hurde considered the point over in his mind. It seemed that he could not adopt the conclusion readily. "I should think not, sir. If

nothing else is missing, I should say for certain not."

"They are missing for certain," returned George. "It will put Mr. Godolphin out terribly. I wish there had been any means of keeping it from him: but, now that Lord Averil has mentioned the bonds to him, there are none. I shall get the blame. He will think I have not kept the keys securely."

"But you have, sir, have you not?"

"For all I know I have," replied George, assuming a carelessness as to the point, of which he had not been guilty. "Allowing that I had not, for argument's sake, what dishonest person can we have about us, Hurde, who would use the advantage to his own profit?"

Mr. Hurde began calling over the list of clerks preparatory to considering whether a hole could be discerned in any of their coats. He was engaged in this mental process, when a clerk interrupted them, to say

that a gentleman was asking to see Mr. George Godolphin.

George looked up sharply. The applicant, however, was not Lord Averil, and anybody else would be more tolerable to him on that day than his lordship; Mr. Godolphin, perhaps, excepted. As the old clerk was withdrawing to give place to the visitor, George caught sight, through the open door, of Mr. Godolphin entering the office. An impulse to throw the disclosure off his own shoulders, prompted him to hasten after Mr. Hurde.

"Hurde," he whispered, catching his arm, "you may as well make the communication to Mr. Godolphin. He ought to know it at once, and

I may be engaged some time."

So George remained shut up, and the old clerk followed Thomas Godolphin to his private room. Mr. Godolphin felt well that morning, and had come unusually early: possibly lest there should be any further blundering over Lord Averil's bonds. He looked somewhat surprised to see the old clerk approaching him with a long face and mysterious look.

"Do you want me, Hurde?"

"Mr. George has desired me to speak to you, sir, about those bonds of Lord Averil's. To make an unpleasant communication, in fact. He is engaged himself, just now. He says he can't find them."

"They are in the strong-room, in Lord Averil's case," replied Mr.

Godolphin.

"He says they are not there, sir; that he can't find them."

"But they are there," returned Thomas. "They have not been

moved out of the box since they were first placed in it."

He spoke quietly as he ever did, but very firmly, almost as if he were disputing the point, or had been prepared to dispute it. Mr. Hurde resumed after some deliberation: he was a deliberate man always, both in

temperament and speech.

"What Mr. George says, is this, sir. That when you were in London Lord Averil asked for his bonds. Mr. George looked for them, and found they were not in the box; and he came to the conclusion that you had moved them. The affair escaped his memory, he says, until last night, when he was asked for them again. He has been searching the box this morning, but cannot find the bonds in it."

"They must be there," observed Thomas Godolphin. "If George has not moved them, I have not. He has a knack of overlooking

things."

"I said so to him, sir, just now. He-"

"Do you say he is engaged?" interrupted Thomas Godolphin.

"The secretary of the railway company is with him, sir. I suppose he has come about that loan. I think the bonds can't be anywhere but in the box, sir. I told Mr. George so."

"Let me know when he is disengaged," said Thomas Godolphin.

And Mr. Hurde went out.

George Godolphin was disengaged then. Mr. Hurde saw the gentleman, whom he had called the railway company's secretary, departing. The next minute George Godolphin came out of his room.

"Have you mentioned that to my brother?" he asked of Hurde. "I have, sir. Mr. Godolphin thinks that you must be mistaken."

George went in to his brother, shook hands, and said he was glad to see him so early. "It is a strange thing about these bonds," he continued, not giving Thomas time to speak.

"You have overlooked them," said Thomas. "Bring me the keys, and

I will go and get them."

"I assure you they are not there."

"They must be there, George. Bring me the keys."

George Godolphin produced the key of the strong-room and of the safe, and Lord Averil's box was examined by Thomas Godolphin. The bonds in question were *not* in it: and Thomas, had he missed himself, could scarcely have been more completely astonished.

"George, you must have moved them," were the first words he

spoke.

"Not I," said George, lightly. "Where should I move them to?"

"But no one has the power to get into that room, and penetrate to the safe and the box after it, except you and myself," urged Mr. Godolphin. "Unless, indeed, you have allowed the keys to stray."

"I have not done that," answered George. "This seems to be per-

fectly unaccountable."

"How came you to tell Averil last night that the bonds had gone to London?"

"Well, the fact is, I did not know what to tell him," replied George. "When I first missed the bonds, when you were in London—"

"Why did you not let me know then that they were missing?" was the interruption.

"I forgot it when you came home."

"But you should not have allowed yourself the possibility of forgetting a thing like that," remonstrated Thomas. "Upon missing deeds of that value, or, in fact, of any value, however slight, you should have communicated with me the same hour. George," he added, after a pause, which George did not break, "I cannot understand how it was that you did not see the necessity of it yourself."

George Godolphin was running his hand through his hair—in an absent manner, lost in thought; in—as might be conjectured—the contemplation of the past time referred to. "How was I to think anything

but that you had moved the deeds?" he said.

"At all events, you should have ascertained. Why, George, were I to miss deeds that I believed to be in a given place, I could not rest a night without inquiring after them. I might assume—and there might be every probability for it—that you had moved them; but my sleep would be spoilt until I ascertained the fact."

George made no reply. I wonder where he was wishing himself! Mr.

Godolphin resumed.

"In this instance, I do not see how you could have come to the conclusion that I had touched the bonds. Where did you think I was

likely to move them to?"

George could not tell—and said so. It was not impossible but Thomas might have sent them to town—or have handed them back to Lord Averil, he continued to murmur, in a somewhat confused manner. Thomas looked at him; he could scarcely make him out; but supposed the loss had affected his equanimity.

"Had you regarded it dispassionately, George, I think you would have seen it in a more serious light. I should not be likely to move the bonds to a different place of keeping, without your cognisance; and as to returning them to Lord Averil, the transaction would have appeared in the

books.

"I am sorry I forgot to mention it to you," said George.

"That you could have forgotten it, and continued to forget it until

now, passes all belief. Has there never been a moment at any time, George, in this last month that it has recurred to your memory?"

"Well, perhaps there may have been; just a casual thought," acknow-

ledged George. "I can't be sure."

"And yet you did not speak to me!"

"In your present state of health, I was willing to spare you unneces-

sary anxiety-"

"Stay, George. If you really assumed that I had moved the deeds, the asking me the question could not have been productive of anxiety. If any such fear, as that the deeds were missing without my agency, only crossed your mind as a speculative suggestion, it was your bounden duty to acquaint me."

"I wish I could have dealt with the matter now without acquainting you," returned George. "Did not the London doctors warn you that

repose of mind was, to you, essential?"

"George," was the impressive answer, and Thomas laid his hand upon his brother's arm as he spoke it, "so long as I pretend to transact business, to come to this bank, and sit here, its master, so long do I desire and request to be counted equal to discharge its duties efficiently. When I can no longer do that, I will withdraw from it. Never again suffer my state of health to be a plea for keeping matters from me, however annoy-

ing or complicated they may be."

Thomas Godolphin spent half that day looking into other strong-boxes, lest perchance the missing deeds should have got into any—though he did not see how that could be. They could not be found; but neither did any other paper of consequence, so far as could be recollected, appear to have disappeared. Thomas could not account for the loss in any way, or conjecture why it should have occurred, or who had taken the bonds. It was made known in the bank that a packet of deeds was missing; but

full particulars were not given.

There were no certain data to go upon as to the time of the loss. George Godolphin stated that he had missed it a month ago; Thomas, when visiting Lord Averil's box for some purpose about four months ago, had seen the deeds there, secure. They must have disappeared between those periods. The mystery was-how? The clerks could not get to the strong-room and to the safes and cases in it, unless by some strange accident; by some most unaccountable neglect. Very great neglect it would have been, to allow them the opportunity of getting to one key; but to obtain the three or four, necessary before those deeds could have been taken, and to obtain them undiscovered, was next door to an impossibility. The internal arrangements in the house of Godolphin, Crosse, and Godolphin were of a stringent nature: Sir George Godolphin had been a most particular man in business. Conjecture upon conjecture was hazarded; theory after theory discussed. When Mr. Hurde found the deeds were really gone, his amazement was excessive, his trouble great. George, as soon as he could, stole away from the discussion. He had got over his part, better perhaps than he had expected: all that remained now, was to make the best of the loss-and to institute a search for the deeds.

" Of whom?"

[&]quot;I can't call to mind a single one that would do it, or that would be likely to do it," remarked Mr. Hurde to his master.

"Of the clerks in the house, sir. But, one of them, it must have been."

"A stranger it could not have been," replied Thomas Godolphin. "Had a midnight plunderer got into the bank, he would not have contented himself with one packet of deeds."

"Whoever took them, sir, took them to make money upon them.

There's not a doubt of that. I wonder—I wonder—"

"What?" asked Mr. Godolphin.

"I wonder-I have often wondered, sir-whether Layton does not live above his income. If so-"

"Hurde," said Thomas Godolphin, gravely, "I believe Layton to be

as honest as you or I."

"Well-I have always thought him so, or I should pretty soon have spoken. But, sir, the deeds must have gone somehow, by somebody's hands; and Layton is the least unlikely. I see him on a Sunday driving his new wife out in a gig. She plays the piano, too !"

How these items in the domestic economy of the clerk, Layton, could bear upon the loss of the deed, especially the latter item, Mr. Hurde did not further explain. He was of the old school, seeing no good in gigs, still less in pianos; and he determined to look a little after Mr. Layton.

Thomas Godolphin, straightforward and honourable, imparted to Lord Averil the fact of the deeds being missing. Whether he would have revealed it to a less intimate client at this early stage of the affair, might be a matter of speculation. The house would not yet call them lost, he said to Lord Averil: it trusted, by some fortunate accident, to put its hands upon them, in some corner pigeon-hole. Lord Averil received the communication with courteous friendliness: he thought it must prove that they had only been mislaid, and he hoped they would be found. Both gentlemen hoped that sincerely. The value was about sixteen thousand pounds: too much for either of them to lose with equanimity.

"George must have known of this when I asked him for the deeds a

month ago," cried Lord Averil.

"I think not," replied Thomas Godolphin. "It was your asking for the deeds which caused him to visit the box for them, and he then found they were gone."

"Perhaps you are right. But I remember thinking his manner

peculiar."

"How 'peculiar'?" inquired Thomas.

"Hesitating: uncertain. He appeared at first not to know what I meant in asking for the deeds. Since you spoke to me of the loss, it struck me as accounting for George's manner—that he did not like to tell me of it."

"He could not have known of it then," repeated Thomas Godolphin. As this concluding part of the conversation took place they were coming out of the room. Isaac Hastings was passing along the passage, and heard a portion of it.

"Are they deeds of Lord Averil's that are missing?" he inquired con-

fidentially of Mr. Hurde, later in the day.

The old clerk nodded an affirmative. "But you need not proclaim it there," he added, by way of caution, glancing sideways at the bank.

"Do you suppose I should?" returned Isaac Hastings.

II.

A RED-LETTER DAY FOR MRS. BOND.

The fragrant scent of the new-mown hay pervaded the atmosphere around Prior's Ash. A backward, cold spring it had been until the end of April, and wiseacres said how late the crops would be. But with May the weather had burst into the warmth of summer, vegetation came on all the more rapidly for its previous tardiness, and the crops turned out to be

ready early, instead of late.

Never a more lovely day gladdened the world than that particular day in June. Maria Godolphin, holding Miss Meta by the hand, walked along under the shady field-hedge, all glorious with its clusters of wild The field was covered with hay, now being piled into cocks by the haymakers, and Meta darted ever and anon from her mother's side, to afford the valuable aid of her tiny hands. Meta would have enjoyed a roll on the hay with the most intense delight: but unfortunately Meta was in the full grandeur of visiting attire; not in simple hay-field undress. Had you asked Meta, she would have told you she had on her "best things." Things too good to be allowed to come to grief amidst the hay. Maria soothed the disappointment by a promise for the morrow. Meta should come in her brown holland dress with Margery, and roll about as much as she pleased. Children are easily satisfied, and Meta paced on soberly under the promise, only giving covetous glances to the hay. With all her impulsive gaiety, her laughter and defiance of Margery, she was by nature a most gentle child, easily led.

Maria was on her way to call at Lady Godolphin's Folly; and thence at Ashlydyat. Maria was not given to the custom of making morning calls: she deemed it a very unsatisfactory waste of time. Convenient, no doubt, for gossips, but a sad clog on the serious business of life. She made them now and then; just enough to save her credit, and that was all. Mrs. Pain had honoured Maria with about fifteen visits, and Maria was now going to return the lot in one. Nobody could say Charlotte made a business of ceremony; she would run in and out of people's houses as the whim took her, every day in the week sometimes, and on Maria amidst the rest. Of late, she had called more frequently on Maria than usual: and Maria, her conscience weighty with the obligation, at last set

out to return it.

But she had not dressed for it—as some people would count dress, Charlotte herself, for instance. Charlotte would arrive, splendid as the sun; not a colour of the rainbow came amiss to her; a green dress one day; a violet another, a crimson a third, and so on. Dresses with flounces and furbelows; jackets interlaced with gold and silver; brimless hats surmounted by bolt upright plumes. All that Charlotte wore was good, so far as cost went: so far as taste went, opinions differed. Maria had inherited the taste of her mother: she could not have been fine had you bribed her with gold. She wore to-day a pale dress of watered silk; a beautiful Cashmere shawl of thin texture, and a white bonnet: all plain and quiet, as befitted a lady. The charming day had induced her to walk; and the faint perfume of the hay, wafting over the streets of Prior's

Ash, had allured her to choose the field way. The longest way, but in-

finitely the pleasantest.

It took her past some tenements called familiarly the Pollard cottages: in one of which lived troublesome Mrs. Bond. All the inmates of these cottages were known well to Maria: she had been familiar with some of them from childhood: the rector of All Souls' was wont to say that he had more trouble with the Pollard cottages than with all the rest of his parish. For one thing, sickness was often prevalent in them; sometimes death; and they give trouble and anxiety to a conscientious pastor.

"Mamma, you going to see old Susan to-day?" chattered Meta, as

they approached the cottages.

"Not to-day, Meta. I am going straight on to Mrs. Pain's."

Meta, who was troubled with no qualms on the score of ceremony herself, perceiving one of the doors open, darted suddenly inside it. Meta was rather in the habit of darting inside any open door that it took her fancy so to do. Maria walked on a few steps, and then turned and waited: but the little truant did not appear to be in a hurry to come out, and she

went back and followed her in.

A lady in a rusty black stuff gown, covered with snuff, her dirty cap all awry, and her face somewhat flushed, was seated in state before a round deal table, doing nothing; save contemplating certain articles that were on the table, with a remarkably gratified expression of countenance. The lady was Mrs. Bond: and this, as Maria was soon to hear, had been a decidedly red letter day with her. On the table—and it was this which appeared to be fascinating the attention of Meta, for the child seemed glued to it—was a large wicker cage, containing a parrot, a small parrot with a plumage as fine as Mrs. Charlotte Pain's, and an angry-looking tuft on the head, not unlike her hat's tuft of feathers. Mrs. Bond's attention appeared not to be so much absorbed by the parrot and cage, as by a green medicine bottle, containing some clear-looking liquid, and a teacup without a handle. These two latter articles were standing immediately before her.

Several years ago, Mrs. Bond's eldest daughter, Peggy, a damsel who had not borne the brightest of characters, as to sober steadiness, had got taken out to Australia by a family to whom she engaged herself as nursegirl. After sundry vicissitudes in that country—which she duly chronicled home to her mother, and that lady was wont to relate in convivial moments, over tea or any other social beverage—Peggy had come to an anchor by marrying. She wrote word that her husband was a industrious young carpenter, who was making his fortin, and they was quite at ease in the world. As a proof of the latter statement she had sent over a parrot to her mother, as a keepsake, and a trifle of money, which would be safely delivered by a friend, who was going the home voyage.

The friend was faithful. He had arrived on his mission that very morning at Mrs. Bond's, delivering the parrot uninjured and in rude health—if his capacity for screaming might be taken as a criterion. The money turned out to be eleven pounds: a ten-pound note, and a sovereign in gold. Peggy probably knew enough of her mother to be certain that the first outlay made would be for "something comforting," and this may have induced her to add a sovereign, in some faint hope that the note

would be preserved intact. Mrs. Bond had the sense to discern this motive of Peggy's, and openly spoke of it to Maria. She was in an open mood. In point of fact she had gone right off to Prior's Ash and changed the sovereign, bringing home that green bottle full of—comfort. It was three parts empty now, and Mrs. Bond, in consequence, had become rather warm in the face, and was slipping some of her long words.

"But you will not think of changing the note, will you?" returned Maria, in answer to what Mrs. Bond disclosed. "How useful it would be to you in the winter for clothing and fire—if you would only keep it

until then."

"So it 'ould," responded Mrs. Bond.

She dived into her pocket, and brought forth the note and a handful of silver, all lying there loose amidst a miscellaneous collection. "Don't it

look pretty!" cried she.

"Very," said Maria, not certain whether she alluded to the parrot, or the money, for Mrs. Bond's eyes were not remarkably direct in their glances just now. "Too pretty to spend," she added, in reference to the note. "You had better give it to papa, Mrs. Bond, and let him take care of it for you."

Mrs. Bond shook her head at this proposition. "Once the parson gets hold on any little bit of our money to keep, he ain't free to give it up again," she objected. "'Keep it for this,' says he, or 'keep it for that;'

and it ends in its being laid out as he likes, not as us do."

"As you please, of course," rejoined Maria. "I only thought it a pity you should not derive some real benefit from this money. If you keep it yourself you may be induced to change it, and then it might dwindle away in trifles, and do you no good."

"That it 'ould!" acknowledged Mrs. Bond. "I've a'most a mind to

let it be took care on, after all. If 'twas anybody but the rector!"

"Shall I keep it for you?" asked Maria.

"Well now, ould you, ma'am?"
"Yes, I will. If you please."

Mrs. Bond detached the note from the silver and other articles which he had brought up indiscriminately from her pocket. They lay in her capacious lap, and appeared to afford food of gratification to Meta, who had come round from the parrot to look at them. A brass thimble, a damp blue-bag, some halfpence, a recipe for curing corns, a piece of ginger, and the end of a tallow-candle with a long snuff being amongst the items.

"You'll promise to let me have it back if I asks for it?" cried she, clutching the note tight in her hand, and waiting for Maria's promise

before she would surrender it.

"Certainly I will. Whenever you wish for it, you shall have it. Only," Maria added, smiling, "if you ask for it too soon, I shall beg you still to let me keep it on. Don't you remember how sadly off you were last winter? Just think what a ten-pound note would have done for you then, Mrs. Bond!"

"Lawks, ay! It 'ud a got me through the cold beautiful."

"And I hope you will let this get you through next year's cold," returned Maria, putting the note in her purse.

"Ay, sure! But now, ain't it kind o' Peggy!"

"Yes. It is delightful to hear that she is so well settled at last."

"I've been a drinking her health, and better luck still," said Mrs. Bond, taking the cork out of the bottle, and pouring out the half of its remaining contents. "'Ould ye just take a drain, ma'am?"

"No, thank you," replied Maria. "I don't like the smell of it."

"No!" returned Mrs. Bond, who, truth to say, but for the "drains" she had taken herself, and which had tended slightly to muddle her perceptions, would never have thought of proffering the invitation. "Not like the smell! It were tenpence the half-pint."

Maria took the child's hand. Meta gave it reluctantly: that new sight, the parrot, possessing attraction for her. "I'll come again and see it to-morrow," said she to Mrs. Bond. "I'll come with Margery. I

am coming to play in the hayfield."

"Ay," returned Mrs. Bond. "Ain't it pretty! It's the best Old Tom."

She was evidently getting a little indisposed in the intellects. Had Maria been a strong-minded district visitor, given to reforming the evils of the parish, she might have read Mrs. Bond a lecture on sobriety, and walked off with the bottle. Mrs. Bond and such medicine-bottles had, however, been too long and well acquainted with each other, to admit any hope of their effectual parting now: and the last thing Maria caught, as she glanced back, was a vision of that lady's head thrown back, the inverted teacup on her lips.

"The note would have been changed before the week was out!" was

Maria's mental comment.

Without further adventure, she reached Lady Godolphin's Folly. Charlotte had visitors. A country squire's wife with her two daughters had come for a few days from their sober residence at a few miles' distance, to the attractions of the Folly. Charlotte could make it attractive when she liked; and invitations to it were in demand—which has been previously remarked. If people did think Mrs. Pain somewhat "fast" in her manners, she was no faster than some others. And it is said to be the fashion, you know.

Charlotte was in one of her pleasantest moods, and Maria had rarely seen her look so well. She wore a morning-dress of pink spotted muslin, made simply, and confined at the waist by a band. Her hair was dressed simply also, brought rather low on her cheeks and rolled: even Margery

could not have found fault with her looks that morning.

Or with her manner, either. She regaled Meta with strawberries; and when they were finished, caught her up in her arms and carried her out by the glass door.

"Do not keep her long, Mrs. Pain," said Maria. "I must be

going."

"Where is your hurry?" asked Charlotte.

"I am going on to Ashlydyat."

Charlotte departed with Meta, and Maria continued with the ladies, Charlotte's guests. They had been talking a few minutes, when loud screams of terror from Meta alarmed their ears. Maria hastened out in the direction of the sound, her cheeks and lips alike blanched.

She came upon them—Charlotte and the child—in that seeluded, toyely spot amidst the grove of trees, where Charlotte Pain—and you saw

her-had held an interview with her future husband, Rodolf, on George Godolphin's wedding-day. Charlotte had carried the child there, and set her on the mossy turf, and called her dogs around. She had done it, thinking to give pleasure to the child; but Meta was of a timid nature; she was not used to dogs; and upon one of them springing on her with a bark, "all for play," as Charlotte said, her fear broke forth in terrific cries. When Maria reached them, Charlotte had caught up Meta in her arms, and was kicking the dogs off.

Meta sprung from Charlotte's arms to her mother's, with a great cry. Maria, not so strongly-framed as Charlotte, could not hold this child of between five and six at her ease, but was fain to stagger with her to the garden bench. Meta lay in her lap, clinging to her and sobbing con-

vulsively.

"My darling, what is it?" whispered Maria. "What has hurt

"Oh, mamma, send them away. Send them away!" cried the little imploring voice.

"Would you be so kind as to send the dogs away, Mrs. Pain?" asked

Maria. "I think she is frightened at them."

"I know she is, foolish little thing!" answered Charlotte, going off with the dogs. Apparently she disposed of them somewhere, for she was back the next minute without them. Maria was in the same place, holding her child to her heart.

"Mrs. George Godolphin, don't you think you will have to answer sometime for the manner in which you are rearing that child?" began

she, gravely.

"In what way?" returned Maria.

"You are bringing her up to be as timid as yourself."

"Am I particularly timid?"

"You! Why you know you are. You don't ride; you'd not drive for the world; you are afraid of dogs."

"I could manage to ride a quiet pony," said Maria. "As to dogs, I

confess that I am a little afraid of them, if they are rough."

"If a dog only barks, you call it 'rough,' "retorted Charlotte. "But now, what has been the fault in all this? - why, your defective education. Had you been reared amongst horses and dogs, you might have been as bold with them as I am. And you are bringing up that child to the same deficiencies."

"I do not think it essential that a child should be reared amongst horses and dogs," debated Maria. "For myself, I am naturally timid, and I do not think any amount of use would entirely overcome it. Meta is the same. Although she seems so gay and laughing, she is a gentle, timid child at heart. See how she trembles still!"

"Yes, I see, poor little dear! It is not her fault. Meta, pretty one, they were only playing with you. Do you know what I should do, were the child mine?" she resumed to Maria.

"No. What?"

"I should just put her down again, and call the dogs round her, and let her battle it out with them. They would not hurt her; there's no fear of that; and it would teach her to overcome the fear."

"Oh, Mrs. Pain!" Maria involuntarily strained her child closer to

her, and Meta, who had heard the words, pushed her little hot face of distress nearer to its shelter. "It might send her into such a state of terror, that she would never overget it. She would be frightened at dogs for her life. That is not the way to treat children, indeed, Mrs. Pain!"

"It is the way I should treat mine, if I had any: the way to make them grow up brave, and not little cowards. It is the way I should have Meta

treated, for her own sake, had I any influence over her."

Perhaps Maria felt thankful that Charlotte had not. But she could not admit that Meta had shown undue timidity in this instance. "Most children would be frightened, Mrs. Pain, at being surrounded suddenly by a crowd of barking dogs."

"Granted-if they have been reared as Meta has. I wonder Mr.

George Godolphin does not see to it."

"I don't think he would wish her to be too bold with dogs—or brave, as you would call it," was the quiet reply of Maria. "I have seen her play with one little dog. It was the crowd of them, the noise, that frightened her."

Meta could not be coaxed down again. Maria was not strong enough to carry her to the house, so Charlotte took her up in her arms. But the child would not loose her hand from her mother's, and Maria had to walk along, holding it.

"You pretty little timid goose!" cried Charlotte, kissing her. "What-

ever would you do if you were to lose your mamma?"

"It would be a calamity, would it not, Meta?" said Maria, speaking in a half-joking tone; and Charlotte answered in the same light spirit.

"A calamity in one sense, of course. But she might get a chance then of having a little of the rust rubbed out of her."

Maria smiled, a smile of politeness. "What do you call rust?" she asked.

"It is what you would term timidity: I, cowardice. Meta, we must

get some more strawberries after this."

But Meta could not be seduced to strawberries. The dogs had terrified her too effectually, and she was in bodily dread that they might come again. Maria said farewell, and led her away, bending her steps

to Ashlydyat.

She found the Miss Godolphins alone. Janet was reading some serious work; Bessy was looking over her accounts of the "clothing fund" of All Souls' parish; Cecil was seated near the window, doing nothing, save dreamily gazing out of it. Quiet and settled they all looked, until Meta arrived to upset them. Meta, an intense favourite, was allowed to upset Ashlydyat as she pleased: to do anything in it except run into the unused passages.

Cecil woke out of her reverie, caught hold of Meta to run away with her and take her things off; now she was there, she must stay for the day; they could not let her depart again. Meta's feet, however, were rooted to the carpet until she had asked a question: "Would the dogs

come to her."

So Maria had to explain: that Meta had been frightened by Mrs. Pain's dogs. Janet gravely assured her that the dogs would not come to Ashlydyat, and Meta allowed herself to be taken possession of by Cecil, introducing the subject of Mrs. Bond's beautiful parrot and its large cage as she was going away.

"We have heard about the parrot," remarked Bessy to Maria. "Susan Satcherly hobbled up here this morning, and mentioned its arrival. Susan hopes it won't scream all night as well as all day: she can hear it next door as plainly as though the parrot were present there. A ten-pound note has come also, she says. Which I am almost sorry for," added Bessy: "though I suppose Mrs. Bond would think me terribly ill natured if she heard me say so. She will change that note today, and never rest until the last shilling of it shall be spent."

"No, she will not," returned Maria, laughing, and holding out the

note in triumph. "She has given it to me to keep for her."

"Never!" exclaimed Bessy, in surprise. "You must have exercised

some sleight-of-hand, Maria, to get that !"

Maria laughed. "She was in an unusually tractable humour, Bessy. The fact is, a sovereign had arrived as well as the bank-note; and that she had changed."

Bessy nodded her head. She knew Mrs. Bond of old. "I under-

stand," said she. "Was she very bad, Maria?"

"No; not then. But I can't say what she may be before the day is over. She pulled a handful of silver out of her pocket."

"Now mind, Maria-don't you give her up that note, let her ask for

it ever so," advised Bessy. "Keep it until winter."

"If I can; if she will allow me," replied Maria. "But she only resigned it to me on condition that I would give it up to her if she asked for it. I promised that I would."

"I should not; promise or no promise," returned Bessy. "The

keeping it would be for her good, you know, Maria."

Maria shook her head. She could not be strong-minded, like Bessy was, acting for people's good against their will; and she could not go from her promise. She returned the note to her purse, knowing that

Mrs. Bond would get it, if she chose to demand it.

Maria was easily persuaded to remain for the day at Ashlydyat. She sat at the window in the height of enjoyment. It was enjoyment to Maria Godolphin: the sitting in idle stillness on a calm summer's day. The lovely flowers of Ashlydyat's garden, its velvet lawns, were stretched out before her; the white walls of Lady Godolphin's Folly rose in the distance; and Maria sat in the easy-chair in luxurious listlessness, her fair white hands lying in her lap. Meta was away somewhere, fascinating the household, and all was rest. Rest from exertion, rest from care. The time came when Maria looked back on that day of peace at Ashlydyat: and believed it must have been heaven.

Janet sent a note to the bank, to desire George to come up to dinner with Thomas. When Thomas arrived, however, he was alone. George was out, therefore the note had not been given him. They supposed

he would be up in the evening, and dined without him.

But the evening passed on, and he did not come. Thomas's private opinion was that George must have remained to search for the missing deed. Thomas could not be easy under such a misfortune—as it might in truth be called. The sum was by far too weighty a one to be lost with equanimity. And that was not all: there was the unpleasant uncertainty with regard to the disappearance. Thomas mentioned the matter in confidence amongst them. At least, to Maria and Janet: the other two had gone out with Meta. Janet observed that he appeared

absorbed in thought, as if uneasy at something; and he readily acknowledged that he had been rendered uneasy by a circumstance which had occurred during the day: the missing of some deeds that they had believed to be in safe custody.

"What if you cannot find them, Thomas?" asked Janet.

"Then we must make good the loss."

"Is it to a heavy amount?"

"Very."

Janet looked startled. Thomas's grave manner did not tend to re-

assure her. She gave utterance to some half articulate words.

"It is a heavy amount as a loss," explained Thomas. "In fact, it is a large sum in itself. It would cost us over sixteen thousand pounds to make it good."

Janet lifted her hands in dismay. "And all from the loss of a single

packet of deeds!"

" Even so."

"But how can they have been lost?"

"There it is," said Thomas Godolphin. "If we could tell as much as that, it would be some satisfaction. We cannot imagine how or when they were lost. George missed them a month ago, but—"

"A month ago! Did George miss them a month ago?"

It was Maria who interrupted, eagerness in her manner and voice. It had occurred to her that the fact might account for a certain restlessness, an anxiety in George's manner, which she had not failed to remark in it of late. The next words of Thomas Godolphin served to dissipate the illusion.

"George looked for the deeds a month ago. Not finding them in the box, he concluded that I had moved them. Therefore we cannot be said to have known of the loss until to-day."

"George ought to have asked you," said Janet.

"Yes, he ought," acquiesced Thomas. But it was all he said.

"It is just like careless George!" exclaimed Janet. "Should the time ever come that he is sole at the bank, I do not know how it will get on! To whom did the deeds belong, Thomas?"

"To Lord Averil."

"You are sure you had them?" asked cautious Janet.

A half smile crossed Thomas Godolphin's lips. "Quite sure, Janet. You understand," he added, looking at them both, "we do not care that this should be spoken of. You are safe, I know, Janet, and Maria would

most likely hear it from George."

Maria had been buried in a reverie. "I cannot conceive how it is possible for anything to have been lost from the strong-room," she said, lifting her head. "All about us are trustworthy. And, were they not, there would be no practicability of their getting to the safes in the strong-room."

"You are right, Maria," said Thomas. "I have thought of it until

I am bewildered."

Maria seemed to be getting bewildered also. She was thinking of it in its every aspect and bearing. Many little back incidents, proving that her husband was ill at ease, had something on his mind, rushed into her memory. She had not thought much of them before: but they

grew strangely vivid now. The missing of deeds of this value would

amply account for it.

"Thomas," said she, speaking out her thoughts, "do you not think George must have feared there was something wrong, when he missed them at first? I do."

"No. Why do you think it?"

"Because" "Maria stopped. It suddenly occurred to her that it might not be quite right to comment upon her husband's manner, what it had, or what it had not been; that he might not like her to do it, although it was only to his brother and sister. So she turned it off: speaking any indifferent words that came uppermost.

"It is curious, missing a packet of deeds of that value from its place,

that he should not have feared it might be missing in reality."

"The very fact of his not asking me about it, Maria, proves that no suspicion of wrong crossed his mind," was the comment of Thomas Godolphin. "He supposed I had placed it elsewhere."

"That's just like George!" repeated Janet. "Taking things on trust,

like he takes people! A child might deceive him."

"I hope we shall find them yet," said Thomas Godolphin.

"Does Lord Averil-"

What Janet might be going to inquire was never known. The words were stopped by a strange noise, an appalling noise, apparently at the very door of the room they were sitting in. A loud, prolonged, discordant noise, unlike anything they had ever heard. Some might have compared it to the shrieks of a strong giant in his agony; some to the hoarse screams of a bird of prey. But it was unlike either: it was unlike anything earthly.

With one bound, they flew to the hall, on which the room opened, Maria white with terror. The servants came rushing from their apart-

ments, and stood in consternation.

What was the noise? What had caused it? The questions were pouring forth from all. The hall was perfectly empty, save for the startled gazers; the doors and windows had been closed. Thomas walked to the entrance door and looked beyond it, beyond the porch, but nothing was there. The space was empty; the evening was calm and still. At a distance, borne on the evening air, could be heard the merry laughter of Meta, playing with Bessy and Cecil. Thomas came in and closed the door again.

"I cannot think what it could have been!" he observed, speaking

generally.

The servants were ready with answering remarks. One had thought this; one had thought that; another, something else. They ranged their eyes curiously up and around, as accurately as the growing darkness would permit. Maria had laid hold of Janet: glad, perhaps, that it was too dark for her white face to be discerned. It was the sound which had so terrified her: no association in her mind was connected with it: and it was the sound which had terrified the servants and sent their faces white. They had never heard a sound like unto it in all their lives.

"It must have been a night bird, shricking as he flew over the house,' observed Mr. Godolphin.

But, in truth, he so spoke only in the absence of any other possible assumption, and against his own belief. No bird of prey, known to ornithology, could have made that noise, even had he been inside the hall to do it. Ten birds of prey could not have made it. Thomas, like the rest, felt bewildered.

The servants began to move away. There was nothing to be seen in the dark hall more than usual; nothing to be heard. As the last one disappeared, Thomas turned to the drawing-room door, and held it open for his sister and Maria.

At that moment, at that very moment when they had gone in and Thomas was following, the noise came again. Loud, prolonged, shrill, unearthly! What was it? Were the rafters of the house loosening? the walls rending asunder? Were the skies opening for the crack of doom? They gathered in the hall again; master, ladies, servants; and stood there, motionless, appalled, bewildered, their faces whiter than before.

Its echoes died away to the tune of shrieks. Human shrieks this time, and not unfamiliar. One of the women-servants, excited beyond repression, had fallen into hysterics.

But whence had proceeded that noise? Where had been its centre? Outside the house, or inside the house?—in its walls, in its passages, in its hall?—where? Its sound had been everywhere. In short, what had caused it? what had it been?

They could not tell. It was a problem beyond human philosophy to solve. They could not tell then; they could not tell afterwards. It has been no ideal scene that I have depicted, as I could call upon living witnesses to testify. Witnesses who can no more account for those unearthly sounds now, than they could account for them then.

III.

ISAAC HASTINGS TURNS TO THINKING.

THE revelation to Isaac Hastings, that the deeds, missing, belonged to Lord Averil, set that young gentleman thinking. Like his father, like his sister Grace, he was an exceedingly accurate observer, given to take note of passing events. He had keen perception, a retentive memory for trifles, great powers of comparison and concentration. What with one thing and another, he had been a little puzzled lately by Mr. George Godolphin. There had been sundry odds and ends, out of the common, to be detected in Mr. George's manner: not patent to the generality of people, who are mostly unobservant, but sufficiently conspicuous to Isaac Hastings. Anxiety about letters; trifles in the every-day conduct of the bank; one little circumstance, touching a delay in paying some money, which Isaac, and he alone, had become accidentally cognisant of; all formed food for speculation. There had been the somewhat doubtful affair of George Godolphin's secret journey to London, leaving word with his wife that he was accompanying Captain St. Aubyn on the road to Portsmouth, which had travelled to the knowledge of Isaac through the want of reticence of Charlotte Pain. More than all, making more impression upon Isaac, had been the strange, shrinking fear displayed by George, that Saturday when he had announced Lord Averil: a fear succeeded by a confusion of manner that proved his master must for the moment have lost his presence of mind utterly. Isaac Hastings had announced the names of other gentlemen that day, and the announcement, equally with themselves, had been received with the most perfect equanimity. Isaac had often thought of that little episode since, and wondered; wondered what there could be in Lord Averil's visit to scare Mr. George Godolphin. It recurred to him now with double distinctness. The few words he had overheard, spoken between Lord Averil and Mr. Godolphin—the former saying that George must have known of the loss of the deeds when he had asked for them a month ago, that he judged so by his manner, which was peculiar, hesitating, uncertain, "as though he had known of the loss then, and did not like to tell of it."

To the strangeness of manner Isaac himself could have borne ready witness. Had this strangeness been caused by the knowledge of the loss of the deeds?—if so, why did not George Godolphin make a stir about them then? Only on the previous day, when Lord Averil had again made his appearance, Isaac had been further struck with George's startled hesitation, and with his refusal to see him. He had sent out word, as the plea of excuse, that he was particularly engaged: Isaac had believed at the time that George was no more engaged than he was. And now, this morning, when it could not be concealed any longer, came the commotion. The deeds were gone: they had disappeared from their secure abiding-place in the most unaccountable manner, nobody knowing how or when.

What did it all mean? Isaac Hastings asked himself the question as he pursued his business in the bank, amidst the other clerks. He could not help asking it. A mind, constituted as was that of Isaac Hastings, thoughtful, foreseeing, penetrating, cannot help entering upon these speculations, when surrounding circumstances call them forth. Could it be that George Godolphin had fallen into secret embarrassment?—that he—that he—had abstracted the deed himself and used it? Isaac felt his cheek flush with shame at the thought: with shame that he should allow himself to think such a thing of a Godolphin: and yet, he could not help it. No. Do as he would, he could not drive the thought away: it remained to haunt him. And, the longer it stayed, the more vivid it grew.

Ought he to give a hint of this to his father? He did not know. On the one hand there was sober reason, which told him George Godolphin was not likely to be guilty of such a thing; on the other, lay his fancy, whispering that it might be. Things as strange had been enacted lately; as the public knew. Men, in an equally good position with George Godolphin, were proved to have been living upon fraud for years. Isaac was fond of newspapers, and knew all they could tell him. What, if anything came wrong to this bank? Why then, Mr. Hastings would be a ruined man. It was not only the loss of his own life's savings, that were in the hands of Godolphin, Crosse, and Godolphin, but there was the large sum he had placed there as trustee to the little Chisholms.

Isaac Hastings lingered in the bank till the last that evening. All had gone, except Mr. Hurde. The latter was preparing to leave, when Isaac

went up to him, leaning his arms upon the desk.

"What a strange thing it is about those deeds, Mr. Hurde!" cried he, in a low tone.

Mr. Hurde nodded.

"It is troubling me amazingly," went on Isaac.

This seemed to arouse the old clerk and he looked up, speaking curtly. "Why should it trouble you? You didn't take them, I suppose?"

"No, I didn't," said Isaac.

"Very well, then. The loss won't fall upon you. There's no cause for your troubling."

Isaac was silent. In truth, he was unable to give any reason for the "troubling," except on general grounds: he could not say that a doubt was haunting his mind as to the good faith of Mr. George Godolphin.

"It is a loss which I suppose Mr. George will have to make good, as they were in his custody," he resumed. "My sister won't like it, I

fear."

The observation recalled Mr. Hurde's memory to the fact that Mrs. George Godolphin was the sister of Isaac Hastings. It afforded a sufficent excuse for the remarks in the mind of the clerk, and somewhat mollified him.

"It is to be hoped they'll be found," said he. "I don't see how they

could have gone."

"Nor I," returned Isaac. "The worst is, if they have gone-"

"What?" asked Mr. Hurde, for Isaac had stopped. "That perhaps money has been made of them."

Mr. Hurde grunted. "They have not been taken for nothing, you may be sure."

"If they have been taken," persisted Isaac.

"If they have been taken," assented Mr. Hurde. "I don't believe they have. From the sheer impossibility of anybody's getting to them, I don't believe it. And I shan't believe it, until every nook and corner between the four walls here shall have been hunted over."

"How do you account for their disappearance, then?" I think they must have been moved inadvertently."

"Nobody could so move them except Mr. Godolphin or Mr. George,"

rejoined Isaac.

"Mr. Godolphin has not moved them," returned the clerk, in a testy tone of reproof. "Mr. Godolphin is too accurate a man of business to move deeds inadvertently, or to move them and forget it the next moment. Mr. George may have done it. In searching for anything in the strongroom, if he has had more than one case open at once, he may have put these deeds back in their wrong place, or even brought them up-stairs."

Isaac considered for a minute and then shook his head. "I should

not think it," he answered.

"Well, it is the only supposition I can come to," was the concluding remark of Mr. Hurde. "It is next to an impossibility, Mr. Godolphin excepted, that anybody else can have got to the deeds."

He was drawing on his gloves as he spoke to depart. Isaac went out with him, but their roads lay different ways. Isaac turned towards All

Souls' rectory, and walked along in a deep reverie.

The rectory hours were early, and he found them at tea: his mother, Rose, and Grace. Grace—Mrs. Akeman by her new name—was spend-

ing the evening with them with her baby. The rector, who had gone

out in the afternoon, had not come in yet.

Isaac took his tea and then strolled into the garden. Rose and the baby were making a great noise, and Grace was helping them. It disturbed Isaac in his perplexed thought, and he made a mental vow that if ever he got promoted to a home of his own with babies in it, they should be hermetically confined in some top room, out of sight and hearing.

By-and-by, when he was leaning over the gate, looking into the road, Mr. Hastings came up. Isaac told him that tea was over: but Mr. Hastings said he had taken a cup with one of his parishioners. He had apparently walked home quick, and he lifted his hat and wiped his brow.

"Glorious weather for the haymaking, Isaac!"

"Is it?" returned Isaac, abstractedly.

"Is it!" repeated Mr. Hastings. "Where are your senses, boy?"

Isaac laughed, and roused himself. "I fear they were buried just then, sir. I was thinking of something that has happened at the bank to-day. A loss has been discovered."

"A loss?" repeated Mr. Hastings. "A loss of what?"

Isaac explained. Dropping his voice to a low tone, and speaking confidentially. They were leaving over the gate side by side. Mr. Hastings rather liked to take recreative moments of leaning there, exchanging a nod and a word with the passers-by. At this hour of the evening, however, the road was generally free.

"How can the deeds have gone?" exclaimed Mr. Hastings. Like

everybody else said.

"I don't know," replied Isaac, twitching off a spray of the hedge, and beginning to bite at the thorns. "I suppose it is all right," he presently added.

"Right in what way?" asked Mr. Hastings.

"I suppose George Godolphin's all right, I mean."

The words were as an unknown tongue to Mr. Hastings. He did not fathom them. "You suppose that George Godolphin is all right!" he exclaimed. "You speak in riddles, Isaac."

"I cannot say I suspect anything wrong, sir; but the doubt has crossed me. It never would have done so, but for George Godolphin's manner."

Mr. Hastings turned his penetrating gaze on his son. "Speak out,"

said he. "Tell me what it is you mean."

Isaac did so. Relating the circumstances of the loss; with the confusion of manner he had observed in Mr. George Godolphin, on the visits of Lord Averil, and his reluctance to receive them. One little matter he suppressed: the stolen visit of George to London, and deceit to Maria, relative to it. Isaac did not see what that could have had to do with the loss of the deeds, and some feeling prompted him that it was not a pleasant thing to name to his father. Mr. Hastings did not speak for a few minutes.

"Isaac, I see no good grounds for your doubts," he said at length.
"The bank is too flourishing for that. Perhaps you meant only as to

George?"

"I can scarcely tell whether I really meant anything," replied Isaac.
"The doubts arose to me, and I thought I would mention them to you.
I dare say my fancy is to blame: it does run riot sometimes."

A silence supervened. Mr. Hastings broke it. "With a keen man of business, like Thomas Godolphin, at the head of affairs, George could not go far wrong, I should presume. I think he spends enough on his own score, mark you, Isaac; but that has nothing to do with the prosperity of the bank."

"Of course not. Unless-"

"Unless what? Why don't you speak out?"

"Because I am not sure of my premises, sir," frankly answered Isaac. "Unless he were to have got himself irretrievably embarrassed, and should be using the bank's funds, I believe I was about to say."

"Pretty blind moles some of you must be, in that case! Could such a thing be done without the cognisance of the house? Of Mr. Hurde

and of Thomas Godolphin?"

"Well—no—I don't much think it could," hesitated Isaac, who was not at all certain upon the point. "At any rate, not to an extent. I suppose one of my old crotchets—as Grace used to call them—has taken possession of me, rendering me absurdly fanciful. I dare say it is all right: except that the deeds are mislaid."

"I dare say it is," acquiesced the rector. "I should be sorry to think

it otherwise—for many reasons. Grace is here, is she not?"

"Grace is here, and Grace's son-and-heir, making enough noise for

ten. I can't think why Grace-"

"What are you taking my name in vain for?" interrupted Grace's own voice. She had come up to them carrying the very son-and-heir that Isaac had been complaining of: a young gentleman with a bald head, just beginning to exercise his hands in dumb fights; as well as his

lungs. "Papa, mamma says are you not going in to tea?"

Before the rector could answer, or Isaac extricate his hair from the unconsciously mischievous little hands which had seized upon it, by Grace's connivance, there came a gay party of equestrians round the corner of the road. Charlotte Pain, with the two young ladies, her guests; Lady Sarah and Miss Grame, who sometimes hired horses for a ride; and three or four gentlemen. Amongst the latter were George Godolphin and Lord Averil. Lord Averil had met them accidentally and joined their party. He was riding by the side of Charlotte Pain.

"I say, Grace!" hastily exclaimed Isaac, twitching away his head,

"take that baby in, out of sight. Look there!"

"Take my baby in!" resentfully spoke Grace. "What for? I am not ashamed to be seen holding it. Keeping only two servants, I must turn nurse sometimes: and people know that I must. I am not situated

as Maria is, with half a score at her beck and call."

Isaac did not prolong the discussion. He thought if he owned an ugly baby with no hair, he should not be so fond of showing it off. Grace stood her ground, and the baby stood his, and lifted its head and its arms by way of greeting. Isaac wondered that it did not lift its voice as well.

The party exchanged bows as they rode past. George Godolphin—he was riding by the side of Sarah Anne Grame—withdrew his horse from the throng and rode up.

"How are you, Grace? How is the baby?"

"Look at him," returned Grace in answer, holding the gentleman higher. "Shall I take him for a ride?" asked George, laughing.

"Not if you paid me his value in gold," answered Grace, bluntly. George's gay blue eyes twinkled. "What may that value be? Your estimation of it, Grace?"

"Never mind," said Grace. "I can tell you that your bank would

not meet it. No, not if all its coffers were filled to the brim."

"I see," cried George: "he is inestimable. Do not set your heart too entirely upon him, Grace," he continued, his voice changing.

"Why not?" she asked.

"Maria had to lose some; equally dear."

"That is true," said Grace, in a softened tone. "How is Maria to-

day?"

"Quite well, thank you. She went to Ashlydyat this afternoon, and I dare say has remained there. Famous weather for the hay, is it not, sir?" he added to the rector.

"Couldn't be better," replied Mr. Hastings.

George rode off at a canter. The baby burst into a cry; perhaps that he could not go off at a canter too; and Grace, after a vain attempt to hush him, carried him into the house. The rector remained, looking over the gate.

"Things going wrong with him!—No! He could not be so easy under it," was his mental conclusion. "It is all right, depend upon it,"

he added aloud to his son.

"I think it must be, sir," was the reply of Isaac Hastings.

COLOSSAL VESTIGES.*

INDEPENDENTLY of his reputation as an artist, Mr. Linton is already favourably known as the writer of a volume of practical knowledge, learning, and research on "Ancient and Modern Colours," and of descriptions, illustrated by his own pencil, of the "Scenery of Greece." He has devoted himself in his more recent work to the "Colossal Vestiges" chiefly of ancient and distant nations; subjects in every way interesting, and now passed in review, in the convenient compass of about 150 pages, with all the information which his acquirements both as a scholar and a traveller have enabled him to supply. Though never obtruded upon us, his various reading is something noticeable, and we should be unable to reconcile it with a lifelong devotion to art if we had not so often seen that there is no human limit to the results of a determined will. His present object is to bring before us the whole of the colossal structures—and especially monoliths and buildings containing stones of extraordinary magnitude-of which any vestiges or authentic records remain. Every quarter of the globe contributes to his list. "In Asia," as

^{*} Colossal Vestiges of the Older Nations, with a Diagram. By William Linton, Corresponding Member of the Archæological Society of Athens, &c. &c. Longman and Co. 1862.

he reminds us, "the Indians, the Javanese, the Burmese, the Assyrians, Babylonians, Jews, and Greeks have left us evidence of such knowledge and skill, either in fact or in history. In Africa the Egyptians have bequeathed imperishable monuments of their grand taste, skill, and mechanical power. In Europe, the Greeks and their colonists, the Etruscans, the Celts, and the Romans, with their early descendants, have severally recorded their energies in durable stone, whilst in America huge fortifications, temple-crowned pyramids, and statues have secured to its early inhabitants a claim to rank among the skilful and intelligent of the ancient world." It would be scarcely possible to open a more interesting field of investigation. "If there be any portion of a tourist's rambles more impressive than another"—and we do not confine this feeling, as Mr. Linton does, to the antiquary—"it is when he finds himself amidst the walled cities and tombs of nations whose history has passed away." "We look with a feeling of awe," says Dr. Wordsworth, "on a city

which was in ruins in the time of Thucydides."

The first article in the volume is devoted to Stonehenge, upon the origin of which Mr. Linton offers no opinion of his own, but contents himself with laying before us the different guesses that attribute it, with almost equal plausibility, to the Phænicians, Druids, Britons, Celts, Romans, and Danes. The most recent suggestion he seems to have forgotten. Its Druidical origin is rather a popular belief than a well-supported theory, and in an able article in the Quarterly Review* we are taught to look for its founders amongst the Buddhists. We were certainly startled by this announcement, but the supposition is so ingeniously argued, and supported by so much information, that no one will refuse it his attentive consideration. By whomever Stonehenge may have been constructed, the writer of the article we have mentioned gives sufficient reason for believing that it did not exist till about the middle of the fifth century, and he dwells upon the fact that the Buddhist architecture in India (from 300 B.C. to 700 A.D.) is the only architecture similar to it in arrangement and form, the principal difference being that it is highly ornamented, while the Celtic is everywhere rude and plain. But at Sanchee, in India, there is a circle of roughly-squared upright stone posts joined by an architrave at the top, as at Stonehenge. If we admit, however, that there is weight in the argument founded upon this similarity of structure, we have still to learn how the believers in Buddhism came to be located in England in the fifth century. Here the connectinglink becomes very slender. It is argued that there was so much resemblance between the forms and ceremonies and monastic life of the Buddhists, and those which prevailed in the early centuries of Christianity, that the one seems to have been borrowed from the other, and that even though the imitation were confined to mere rites and discipline, it might have influenced their first rude architecture, and have extended through the continent of Western Europe to England. The writer in the Quarterly goes somewhat further. He believes that the Celts were Buddhists before they became Christians, and that the worship itself thus existed in Britain.

We are afraid that, after all this ingenuity, the question remains as

undecided as ever.

^{*} For July, M DCCCLX.

Of the more celebrated monoliths, the uprights at Stonehenge are the smallest. Yet it is in speaking of the mechanic power employed in their removal we are told "that modern philosophers, with all their boasted improvements in science and art, must behold it with wonder."* We might do so if nothing more wonderful existed. But the most ancient people of whose history we have any record—and some of whom no record remains—have evidently possessed the same knowledge of mechanic power, and it is a knowledge which seems to be only com-

patible with an advanced stage of civilisation.

"Evidence of great mechanical power," Mr. Linton well observes, "argues something like a fixed government over the masses, in order to command the means of exercising that power; it also indicates a degree of skill and intelligence incompatible with a barbarous state. Besides, great occasions for energetic and unanimous exertion never arise among a people who are bound by no common interest but self-preservation against some new enemy. It is on this account that we are induced to claim a civilised character for those nations who have exhibited extraordinary power in the building of large edifices, or the moving of large weights." At whatever period of recorded time such power was necessary, it appears to have been exercised. "The lever, the lewis, the trochlea, and every engine employed by modern masons are recognised in all the oldest buildings of the east." In addition to these, Mr. Layard's operations at Nineveh have shown how much may be done by the mere union of individual strength. By physical or mechanical power, and generally by both combined, the work in hand has always been accomplished: from the removal of the monolith of 5000 tons to form the Temple of Latona in the Delta, down to the launching of the Great Eastern at Blackwall. After passing through an interval of three or four thousand years to the Christian era, we find that about the year 500 the monolithic cupola (estimated at 480 tons) was placed upon the cathedral at Ravenna. As recently as some five hundred years later—but the authority is doubtful-were built the Cyclopean walls that form part of the fortifications at Cusco, in Peru. The Lateran Obelisk, the largest that exists, and computed to weigh 445 tons, was removed to its present site in 1588. The monolithic pedestal at St. Petersburg (1336 tons) in 1776. The obelisk near Seringapatam (110 tons) was erected in 1805. And in our own time the amount to be expended seems to be the only limit of engineering power. We have dwelt the more willingly on these particulars because we have a great objection to the exclamation of "Well, I never!" whatever may be the form in which it comes before us.

The only ancient structure that we can regard as marvellous is the Temple, already referred to, at Buto, in the Delta. Its walls are described by Herodotus as formed of a single stone (a hollow cube of granite), and over the walls was laid another stone, projecting six feet beyond them. The body of the building, exclusive of the roof, was estimated at 5000 tons; and sailors and war prisoners were the locomotive powers employed for its removal from a computed distance of six hundred and fifty miles. From what we learn of the mode in which some of these immense masses

^{*} Smith's "Gaelic Antiquities," as quoted by Mr. Linton.
† Professor Cockerell—idem.

of stone were moved, we may see that in all ages it was much the same. The obelisk of Semiramis was floated down the Euphrates on a raft supported by inflated skins; and as it was supposed to have weighed 4000 tons, the number of these skins "is almost inconceivable." It was in a similar manner that Mr. Layard conveyed his colossal bulls down the Tigris. In the erection of the Vatican Obelisk at Rome there were employed eight hundred men, one hundred and forty horses, and fortysix cranes. The pedestal of Peter the Great was removed from the marsh, where it was found, to the barge that was to carry it to St. Petersburg, by means of levers, triangles, and windlasses, and over movable rails, a distance of about forty miles, at the rate of about a quarter of a mile a day. The obelisk at Seringapatam had only to be taken two miles from the quarry, which was done by the Hindus themselves, six hundred being employed at a time. It was carried on a kind of hurdle, consisting of blocks of timber supported upon wooden runners; and the way in which it was raised perpendicularly shows in how many forms the requisite power may be applied.* In one country it is an inclined plane of earth; in another, hydraulic machinery or steam.

We have an account, from Sir John Herschel, of the simple and ingenious mode of cutting these large blocks of granite from the native rock. "The workman," he informs us, "having found a portion of the rock sufficiently extensive, and situated near the edge of the part already quarried, lays bare the upper surface, and marks on it a line in the direction of the intended separation, along which a groove is cut with a chisel about a couple of inches in depth. Above this groove a narrow line of fire is then kindled, and maintained till the rock below is thoroughly heated, immediately on which a line of men and women, each provided with a pot full of cold water, suddenly sweep off the ashes, and pour the water into the heated groove, when the rock at once splits with a clear fracture. Square blocks of six feet in the side, and upwards of eighty feet in length, are sometimes detached by this method."† Belzoni supposes that the ancient Egyptians adopted similar means, but probably

applied mechanical power to the groove instead of fire.

"The skill and dexterity," says Mr. Linton, "evinced by the ancient Egyptians and modern Indians in cutting stones from the quarry, may be instructively contrasted with the barbarous practice which at present obtains at Carrara, where the beautiful material is blown and shattered from its bed by gunpowder; three-fourths of that which is detached by each explosion being the computed average loss sustained by this destructive process of eluding the exercise of labour and skill. In the time of the Romans this marble was quarried in the manner of the ancient Egyptians at Syene. No evidence of progress here!" On the contrary, such stupidity seems scarcely credible.

If we did not know from the author of the "Vestiges" himself that his work was planned, if not commenced, some twenty years since, the weight suppose it to have been written with special reference to the proposed

‡ Note, p. 115.

^{* &}quot;Vestiges," p. 126. In very recently removing a block of granite in Wales, from the quarry to Penrhyn—both up hill and down—the force employed was forty horses and two hundred men. The weight of the block was thirty-five tens. It is intended to form part of the monument at Strathfieldsaye.

[†] Quoted from "The Discourse on Natural Philosophy," p. 47.

monument to the Prince Consort. He contrasts the obelisk as a work of art with the single columns erected for similar purposes by the Romans -the barbarisers of Greek architecture. "As parts of a building," he observes, "columns may be very beautiful; but as parts only. When set up alone, a column is out of place. It is only a curiosity." And it is absurd to place a statue on its summit, where neither form nor features are distinguishable without the aid of a glass. "The obelisk" (on the contrary) "may be called a work of fine art, for it has proportion, propriety, and fitness to recommend it; and, though hitherto confined to Egyptian memories, from want of more general adoption as an artistic form, it cannot but eventually become a world-wide trophy, as art advances, and a love of the beautiful, the τὸ καλον, prevails. . . . A finelyproportioned obelisk is a most agreeable object to look at, tapering gracefully as it ascends, like the one on the Monte Citorio at Rome, and terminated at the exact point of just taste by a pyramidal apex—a model of symmetry and elegance."*

Even in face both of the cost and risk, we must confess that we are amongst those who regret its abandonment as the form of our national memorial. It was the Queen's first wish; and (expressed at such a moment) it must have been based upon some deep motive, connected possibly with the tastes and feelings of the Prince himself. For monumental purposes we cannot conceive anything worse than the proposed building. This seems to be felt by the projectors themselves, from their considering it necessary to "supplement" the Hall by a group of statuary on the opposite side of the road. We have great respect for those who compose the Commission, and whose sincere desire to do what is best it is impossible to doubt, but their suggestions are unsatisfactory in every way. The Hall can never be looked at as a monument, and its cost will diminish the funds that were intended for a distinct and separate object. The nearest approach to the abandoned obelisk—though liable to some objections—would have been a tower of Gothic architecture as a shrine for the statue

of the Prince, surmounted by a light and lofty spire.

Amongst his incidental notices, Mr. Linton refers to the now exploded error, in which we were all educated, as to the claims of the Romans to the invention of the arch. He gives sufficient authorities to show that the Greeks were well acquainted with its principle, though they did not obtrude it on the eye, "especially as their masonry was large and solid, and did not require its aid." It is also seen in some of the oldest buildings in Egypt. In addition to the testimony of Belzoni, Caillard, and Waddington, "the arch," says Sir Gardner Wilkinson, "was in common use in the time of Amunoph, 3370 years ago-see the vaulted tomb at Thebes." The discovery by Mr. Richmond of arched or vaulted passages near one of the pools of Solomon at Jerusalem shows that its construction must have been known in Judæa a thousand years before the Christian era. That it was known to the ancient Assyrians we have the authority of Bonomi and of Layard. But in reviewing these authorities, and in answering the question, "Why, if the Egyptians knew the construction of the arch, did they not use it in their temples?" we are reminded that "they could effect their object by more simple means. One bold block from

^{* &}quot;Vestiges," p. 122.
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column to column effected as much as half a score of little stones could have done in the shape of an arch. Besides, the simple and massive styles of architecture in their temples, as well as in those of Greece, necessarily precluded that variety of forms which the introduction of the arch must have created. Straight lines and broad surfaces are elements of a severe and grand style of architectural art, which contrasting curves and semi-

circles, as leading forms, would inevitably vitiate."

The antiquities of Central America are dwelt upon with the consideration they deserve. If we knew something more than their mere existence —and this is about all that we know of them at present—what a difficulty in ethnology would be solved! The ruins in Peru have their history, however imperfect; but the only record of those in Mexico, or in Central America, and Yucatan, is that "a nation has passed away—powerful, populous, and well advanced in refinements, as attested by their monuments—but it has perished without a name. It has died and made no sign."* Even the best authorities we possess are not agreed within two thousand years as to the probable date at which these nations could have existed. And yet what works of grandeur-impressive in their magnificence and extent as the ruins of Thebest—they have left, as objects of wonder and admiration to a race whose own history, if it were not for the discovery of printing, might in like manner pass away! The press is the great obstacle to our conception of a moralising New Zealander on the ruins of Westminster-bridge. Of those of Central America it is supposed that we have yet much to learn. "There is an immense tract of territory (we are told) between the British settlement on the southeast coast of the Yucatan peninsula, in the Bay of Honduras, and the district of Chiapas to the north and in the Gulf of Mexico, which has not yet been explored." It is believed that still

> In distant wilds, beneath the deep morass Some ancient city's marble walks may pass; And, hid thro' buried ages from the sky, Temples and tombs, and art and genius lie;

and it is to be regretted that they must be looked for in a country that

can only be visited with difficulty and danger.

The "diagram" with which Mr. Linton finishes his volume includes etchings of obelisks, columns, quarried blocks, the temple of Latona, and the dome at Ravenna, with others of the most remarkable of the monoliths he has described;—masses which vary in computed weight from thirty tons to five thousand. They are "drawn to a scale;" and at the foot of several of them—to aid our conceptions of magnitude—is placed a less than "miniature presentment" of the human figure. As a frontispiece there is an effective etching of Stonehenge.

In truth, we have rarely seen so much that may interest and inform compressed into so small a compass, or more agreeably brought before

us. The work is in every way acceptable.

^{*} Quoted from Prescott, p. 88. † Catherwood's "Antiquities." † Stephens. "Incidents of Travel in Central America."

HAUNTING EYES.

By Mrs. Bushby.

PART I.

THE SMUGGLER OF ST. ALBAN'S COVE.

"I Do not like your wandering about those hills alone, Camilla," said an elderly lady, who was standing on the steps that led to the front door of a pretty villa which lay, as it were, buried among trees and flowering shrubs, although within a short distance of the sea. "I am afraid of your meeting with some accident among the rocks, which they tell me are very steep and rugged in many places. Remember you are a stranger here, and do not know the locality at all. You had better put off your exploring expeditions until your brother arrives. The holidays at Harrow will soon commence now."

This exhortation was addressed to a very pretty girl, apparently about seventeen years of age, who, parasol in hand-for "sun-shade" was a name that had not been introduced in those days-had stopped on the gravel-walk, or carriage-road at the foot of the steps to listen to what

her mother was saying.

"I am not going to undertake any exploring expedition, mamma, but merely to breathe a little fresh air on the hill yonder. The sun has not set yet; there will be no difficulty in finding the well-frequented path, which the gardener tells me is perfectly safe - 'plain sailing,' he calls it. I will only just take a peep of the sea and the line of coast, and then return through the village."

"Well, be sure that you are at home before dusk, and don't go too near the brow of the hill, for the short, stinted, brown grass is generally very slippery, and it would be no joke to fall over the rocks and be dashed

to pieces."

The young lady laughed, and set off on her solitary stroll; and she was soon mounting the hill at the place the gardener had indicated to her. The ascent might have been rather laborious to an old or infirm person, but did not at all fatigue the young and active Camilla. The path was easily found, and she traversed it with light steps, and with that sense of enjoyment with which the healthy inhale the pure mountain air. It is a bad sign when the enfeebled frame shivers in this invigorating breeze, and would fain shrink down into the shelter of even a close and airless

Camilla walked on briskly; the entire solitude delighted her, for she did not meet a human being, nor indeed behold a living creature. At length she came to a spot where two paths branched off in different Which of them was she to take? The gardener had told directions. her that one of them led down to the beach, a little farther on by a good zig-zag track, or rather road among the rocks, from the top of which she would see the little bay beneath, the sands, the jutting rocks of the coast beyond, and the wide expanse of sea, filling up the picture as far as the

eye could reach. The other path the gardener had told her also led to the upper margin of the rocks and to the shore below, but the descent

was much more difficult, and there was no regular pathway.

Camilla stood with the two lines meeting close before her. Which was she to follow? She tried but in vain to remember the directions given her by the gardener. "Was I to take the right path or the left?" she asked herself, but there was no answer in her memory. She stood in much perplexity for a little time, and then quieting herself with the reflection that she would only go as far as the rocks, and need not attempt the descent unless she perceived it to be very easy, she took—as so many do in life—the wrong path, turning, in fatal ignorance, from the right one.

The path she was traversing certainly could not be called "a good one;" it was very rough, and the young lady picked her way with some difficulty; but she was approaching the rocks, the sea was in view, and, comforting herself with the thought that the gardener's notion of a nice path might be very different from her own, she toiled on until she reached the very verge of the hill, which seemed to end abruptly in a massive wall of rock, stretching down to the shore beneath. Below lay the smooth, hard sand, looking like a sloping pavement of yellow marble inlaid with diamond sparks, up which the deep blue waves were rolling with a hollow, murmuring sound that, low as it was, she could distinctly hear. Beyond was the waste of waters, dancing and glittering in the setting sun, whose still glorious though fading rays tinted with purple the jagged line of rocks that formed headland beyond headland until a bend in the coast hid them from sight.

Camilla, in breathless admiration—breathless from the effects of her toilsome walk—stood and gazed upon the splendid view before her. She was a great admirer of the beauties of nature, and, moreover, she was apt to be guided by impulse. This is very excusable—indeed, it is rather a pleasing fault in a young person, but it is one which ought to be conquered as time rolls on, for experience and reflection should go hand in

hand.

She looked down over the giddy precipice, but doing this caused no sensation of vertigo, and as she perceived a sort of path winding down among the rocks she determined to try it, and forthwith began to scramble downwards. At first she rather enjoyed the novelty of this unsophisticated mode of descent, but after a little time finding it very difficult, and fearing it might be equally dangerous, she sat down on a ledge of smooth rock to consider whether she had better clamber up again at once or continue to descend, and then look for some easier way to the top of the hill, for she now felt assured that she had mistaken the gardener's directions.

"Surely," she thought, "there must be some road down to the beach by which I might get safely up the hill, and as I have gone so far I had

better clamber down to the sands and look for it."

Screwing up her courage she recommenced the descent, and at length achieved it after sundry falls and a good deal of compulsory sliding, during which she found it no easy matter to keep her balance, and reached the bright sands at the foot of the rocks with only one or two slight bruises, torn gloves, and a broken parasol. She immediately determined on going round the little rocky promontory that partially shut in, on one

side, the pretty bay she had admired from above. The rocks did not stretch very far down on the beach, and Camilla soon, therefore, made her way to the other side of them, and then hastened down close to the sea-side to watch the waves rolling gracefully up, now lazily retreating, and then, as if gathering fresh strength, swelling into foaming billows and dashing the white spray over the glittering sand. Camilla had a habit of rhyming when much pleased or struck with any object, and as she stood there alone, gazing in silence on the most magnificent of God's creations, her thoughts formed themselves into the following lines:

Thou'rt hurrying past, thou'rt hurrying past,
Thou, Ocean, with thy waves of foam;
Ah! whither, restless sea, so fast
Does thy swift current roam?

Still dashing on, still dashing on,
Thy billows speed their endless way;
Now they are here, now they are gone,
Old Ocean, whither, say?

Speed they the trusting bark to bear In safety to its destined strand, Wafting the wanderer to some fair, Some long-sought distant land?

Or speed they on destruction's way,
Where the dark tempest raves afar,
To make the shattered wreck their prey,
On which the wild waves war?

The struggling mariner to sweep
In their cold grasp from life and light?
Are such thy pastimes, treacherous deep?
And thou can'st smile so bright!

Ay, bright as yonder tranquil sky
Seems thy blue sparkling liquid plain,
Yet yawning graves within thee lie,
Oh faithless, fearful main!

What wonders all unknown to man Within thy watery world may be! To search thy depths he never can, These none but God may see.

Thou speak'st—thine ancient voice I hear—
That voice which ages have not broke,
Tell thy deep tones of hope or fear?
I know not what they spoke.

Thou mock'st the creatures God has framed In his own image, mighty sea! Scorn on, thou conqueror, yet untamed— Scorn on, then, proud and free!

Thou may'st be proud, for thou, but thou,
Of all earth's circle holds, alone
Didst never at Time's bidding bow,
Or his vast empire own.

But there are limits to thy power,
Oh thou, whom Time hast vainly fought—
For thee, e'en thee, there comes an hour
With desolation fraught.

An hour when thy long reign shall pass,
Thy mighty waters swept away
Into some dark chaotic mass,
By Him thou must obey.

Ay, thou—and thy stern ruthless foe,
Together crushed, shall be no more;
The race of man, ye shall not—no—
For ever triumph o'er.

When Time and thou extinct shall be,
Man shall from death to life arise—
He only claims eternity,
Of all beneath the skies!

Camilla was still musing, with her gaze bent on the sea, and listening to its ceaseless sound, when she was startled from her dreamy mood by a voice close to her ear, demanding in no very gentle accents what she was

doing there.

Exceedingly surprised, she turned quickly round, and recoiled until the waves almost touched her ankles, in her sudden terror at the extraordinary pair of eyes that were absolutely glaring at her. She might have seen that they belonged to a young man of middle height, who had on a rough pea-jacket and looked like a sailor; but the eyes so overpowered her that she remarked nothing except that it was one of the male sex who had accosted her. She had not observed any one on the beach, nor had she heard an approaching step. How came he there?

"Speak!" said the voice again. "Have you come here as a spy?"

"N—n—no!" stammered the girl, with her own eyes immovably fixed on the unearthly-looking orbs before her. They seemed to exert a strange fascination over her. Fear was the uppermost feeling in her mind, yet wonder almost equalled it. She could not have imagined such eyes in any human head—they were of the deepest black, intensely expressive, looking, as it were, into the very inmost soul. The blazing eyes were gazing sternly, nay fiercely, at her, and beneath that terrific gaze she trembled like an aspen leaf.

"Don't stand in the water, young lady," said the man in a milder tone, as he perceived how frightened she was; "the tide is coming in fast; you did not come here to drown yourself, did you? But what

did bring you here?"

"I was taking a walk on the hill up there, and the sands looked so beautiful that I came down to them. I thought there was nobody on

the beach."

"Oh, then you have run the risk of breaking your neck for the sake of a solitary stroll," said the man, with a smile that entirely changed the character of his face, and even of his luminous eyes. "Are you sure you were not sent down here by one of these land-sharks, to see what was going on?" he added, looking again in the most penetrating manner at her.

"I don't know what you mean by 'land sharks,' and nobody sent me

here; I am sorry I came."

"It would have been better if you had not, we are apt to deal roughly with intruders."

Camilla turned as pale as death, and felt quite faint. She clasped her

hands, and looked imploringly at the man, while she said:

"I am a stranger in the neighbourhood, and did not know I was doing wrong in coming here. I will go away directly, and never come back."

Again the man's features, and even his wild eyes softened, but he was not done questioning her.

"Who did you see on the hill?"

"Nobody."

"Nobody! Are you sure? Speak the truth, if you wish to get away safely. Were there no men dressed like sailors loitering about? Did you see no officers?"

"I did not see a living creature."

"I observed you scrambling down among the rocks—there must have been some reason for your choosing that difficult way?"

"I took it by mistake, I suppose. Our gardener told me there was a

way down to the beach, and I fancied that was the one he meant."

"Well, you will never be able to climb up the way you managed to get down, and the sea is now dashing against the foot of the rocks where the best path is; and if you don't look sharp you won't be able to get up the hill at all, for in a short time there won't be a yard of dry sand on the bay, it will only be fit for mermaids."

"Good Heavens!" cried the terrified girl; "what will become of

me?''

At that moment an enormous billow came roaring up, and, seizing Camilla by the waist, the young man swung her to a little distance farther up the beach.

She screamed.

"Oh, don't be afraid of me, miss; you did not want to get a ducking, did you? That wave would have gone over your head. But you must not stand here any longer; you must make as much haste as you can to reach the cave before the sea overtakes you. It won't spare you, I promise you. Come, let me help you a bit. Take my arm; though I am not an officer, or a gentleman now, I'm not a thief or an assassin."

Camilla was afraid of offending him—afraid, too, of being drowned, as the waves were now rolling rapidly up, and the whistling of the wind and

the sea-birds' cry announced a coming storm.

They crossed the beach in profound silence, and with hurried steps,

until they reached the rocks at the land side of the bay.

"Well, you are safe for the present," said he of the blazing eyes. "But never again linger on the sands of St. Alban's Cove when the tide is coming in. After the sea passes you sharp rock, out there, it rushes up the little bay as fast as lightning. Look! you cannot pass back the way you came round; and on the other side——" He broke off abruptly and walked a little way off, leaving the girl standing alone, and certainly in no very happy frame of mind. Heartily did she wish herself back among the roses and the honeysuckles in their pretty garden, or strolling through the quiet lanes with their green hedge-rows on either side.

"What will become of me?" she again ejaculated, as she looked about her in the utmost dismay. The rock was quite perpendicular at this place; there was not footing on it for a dog, or a goat, much less for a human being, and the sea would evidently fill up the bay ere long,

cutting off all escape by the beach. What was she to do?

The question was solved for her by her late not very welcome companion, who soon rejoined her with the disagreeable intelligence that all egress from the bay was closed on the right side as well as on the left, for the waves were now breaking against the rocks on both sides.

"You must come into the cave, young lady; there is nothing else to be

done.

He led the way, and she mechanically followed him until they came, at a short distance off, to an opening in the massive rock. It was like a

rude Gothic archway, the work of nature, not of art.

"Have you never heard of St. Alban's Cave, miss? They say it was the hiding-place, during a period of religious persecution, of a very holy man, and that gave it the name of St. Alban's Cave; but since then its saint-like character has disappeared, for it has been the scene more than once of violence, and even of murder. It does not bear a very holy reputation now," he added, with a laugh, that seemed quite satanic to the excited and terror-stricken girl.

He motioned to her to enter, but she hesitated, and then drew back as she repeated to herself in the faintest of all possible accents, "Murder!" The man's ears were evidently as quick as his dark eyes were keen, for

he immediately echoed her whispered exclamation.

"Murder! Yes, murder; and perhaps there may be murder here this very night."

Camilla groaned and sank involuntarily on her knees.

"Oh, do not murder me—do not murder me! Let me go away safely, and my father will give you any reward you may ask. Oh, have pity on me!"

Again the sweet smile, so in contrast to the ferocity of his eyes, stole over the man's mouth, and he said in a voice as gentle as the softest

murmur of the summer wind,

"Nay-never fear, young lady. Ralph Woodley is not the man to murder a woman, or to do her any harm. You are quite safe with me. If I even meant you ill, there is that in your face which would act like a talisman on me." He turned away for a moment, as if in strong emotion, and pressed his hand on his brow. Camilla rose from her knees, and stood looking at him with surprise and interest. Her fear was almost gone. "Yes," he said, recovering himself, "you are like, very like, one who -one who is now up yonder;" and he pointed towards the heavens above. "It is years now since my sweet Alice died, but I can't forget her; she was so good and so beautiful. She was a clergyman's daughter. I was not then what I am now; and, though you may think it strange, Alice cared as much for me as I did for her. If she had lived things would have gone very differently with me; but she died, and I-no matter-I had much to bear with in many ways—injustice, unkindness, unnecessary hardships—and I became wild and reckless, and well-nigh mad. I have seen too much of the dark side of fate, and now what am I? A smuggler and an outlaw, young lady, and a word from your mouth might cost me my life."

"I would never say that word, believe me," cried Camilla, eagerly.

"You might say it inadvertently. But come, you must take refuge

in the cave, for the sea will be up here presently."

Camilla, entering through the sort of Gothic porch, found herself in a wide cave, or space, in the rock, the flooring of which, so to speak, was of dry sand, while the vaulted roof rose high above. There was no appearance of any furniture, however rude, nor of any cooking utensils in this cavern—no accommodation of any sort, except two or three jutting rocks, which, low and flat, might have served as seats. It was a chill, cheerless place, and the unwilling visitor asked if she would have to remain there until the tide turned.

"No, that you won't," said the young man, "for the sea flows in here too; but we have an inner chamber, generally pretty dry." And, crossing the cavern, he pushed in some peculiar manner against the apparently solid rock, and a large upright stone moved back, disclosing another cave, which at first seemed to Camilla quite dark, but in which, on a second

glance, she perceived a glimmering light.

"There is a step," said her companion; "let me help you."

Standing on the threshold of this inner aperture, Camilla saw that the glimmering light proceeded from a horn lantern hung up in a corner; she also saw some rough cloaks lying about, and some oars; there were a few wooden stools and a deal table, with sundry pewter mugs, and a flask in basket-work on it. Looking more narrowly round she espied in one corner a heap of pistols, cutlasses, and other weapons, whereupon the thought of murder came strongly upon her again, and again she implored

the smuggler not to kill her.

"No harm will happen to you," replied the young man, while his eyes shone like two stars in that obscure cavern, "if you will solemnly promise never to disclose what you have seen here. There is a way by which you can get out upon the hill, and you will reach your home safely, if you will take an oath never to betray us. My comrades will be here shortly, and the daylight won't last much longer, therefore the sooner you go the better. But first you must swear not to answer any question respecting the cave; indeed, not to say that you have been in it. Nobody knows of this stronghold, take care that you do not betray us; and if you meet any sailors or naval officers on the hill, or anywhere, and they question you, you must deny having seen me and spoken to me. Life and property depend upon your silence. There will be terrible work to-night if you drop a hint of what you have seen down here, little as that has been; nay, more, if you value your own life you must be silent as the grave, for if you betray us, wherever you may be the smugglers' revenge will overtake you, and that revenge will be death!"

The trembling girl took the oath prescribed to her. Ralph Woodley had thought it expedient to frighten her, for he did not know how far her discretion was to be relied upon, and secresy was important that evening to him and his companions. Of course, the death of which he

warned her was only a threat to ensure her silence.

"And now," said the man, "I must blindfold you, for mortal eye must

not behold the mysteries of St. Alban's Cave."

Camilla was very unwilling to be blindfolded, but Ralph was resolute, and the will of the stronger triumphed. Her pocket-handkerchief was tied tightly over her eyes, and then she was half-assisted, half-lifted up

what seemed to be very steep steps, and she heard something like the turning of a key in a rusty lock. Presently something just above her was moved, and then there came a rush of fresh air in her face.

"Stop one moment where you are," said the conductor, "and don't

move an inch till I am ready to help you."

She stood still as directed, and in less than a minute she found herself lifted through some aperture, and placed on her feet on ground certainly not so hard as rock.

"This way," said the young man, leading her carefully upwards; "it

is all right."

At length he stopped, and removing the bandage from her eyes, he said:

"There, now you are free and in safety, and can go in peace to your

happy home."

"Thank you a thousand times, my kind preserver!" cried the warm-hearted girl. "Oh! how much I am indebted to you! I wish that my father could do anything for you. I wish you would come and see us at Rose Villa."

The smuggler shook his head.

"Ah, no! young lady, for me there are but the hoarse wild waves, or a prison's gloomy walls; but never mind, the dreariest life must have an end, and it is not all dreary with me either, for I have plenty of excitement at times. God bless you, miss; it will be a pleasant thought to me, in many a rough hour, that I have been the means of saving your life, for had I not almost forced you up the cove you must have been drowned. It is well for you that I was on the watch this evening. May I make bold to ask your name?"

"Camilla Egerton is my name, and my father has taken Rose Villa, near the village of ——, for a year, on account of my mother's health. Do come to see us, and let papa and mamma add their thanks to mine. You won't? Then promise me that if ever you get into trouble you will apply to us. My uncle, Sir Philip Egerton, has a good deal of influence, and it will be all at your command if you should ever require it."

Camilla had only a few shillings in her purse, and she felt that if there had been as many pounds in her pocket, she could not have taken the liberty of offering money to such a man as her preserver. She drew a handsome ring from her finger, and presenting it to him, she said,

"Will you do me the favour to accept of this trifle, as a little souvenir of one to whom you have done such a very great service? and believe that to the last hour of my life I shall remember you with deep grati-

tude."

Her voice faltered with emotion, and tears were standing in her

eyes.

The smuggler took the ring with a courteous bow and pressed it to his lips. "Thank you, thank you," he exclaimed; "I shall keep this along with my only treasure, a lock of my poor Alice's soft fair hair. But I must not detain you longer here."

He then gave her directions how to find her way up the hill, until she reached a path that led down the rocks to the bay, on the opposite side to that by which she had descended, and after again enjoining

silence as to himself and the cave, he said,

"Will you shake hands with such a fellow as Ralph the Smuggler?"

She instantly held out her hand, and they shook hands cordially but in silence; one more glance of his wonderful eyes he bent upon her, and then, dropping down the rock, he disappeared in some hollow which she had not seen when coming up from the cave, as she was then blindfolded.

Camilla stood for a few moments gazing downwards; perhaps she expected to see the figure of the handsome smuggler emerge again upon the open hill-side, but it had entirely disappeared, and the gathering gloom of the skies above reminded her that she must at once make the best of her way home. For some time this was a scrambling process, but at last she reached the proper path, with the sharp turns which Ralph had described to her. Feeling very much fatigued and quite out of breath, she determined to rest for a short while, and accordingly sat down on a low bank that skirted one side of the path. There was not a sound to be heard but the rising wind moaning around, and she congratulated herself on having encountered nobody."

"How quiet it is here!" she exclaimed aloud to herself; but the words were no sooner out of her mouth than the quiet was unpleasantly invaded by the appearance of a man in a sailor's garb, who popped suddenly round a sharp turning, a little way above where she was sitting.

"Holloa! who's this?" cried the sailor. "How did you come here,

young woman?"

"I came up the hill," she answered, rising to pursue her way.

"Stop, stop, not so fast. Which way did you come up the hill?" Camilla got angry at being catechised in this abrupt manner by a person who seemed only a common sailor, and she replied,

"I don't know that it can signify to you which way I came, and I

don't choose to stop here."

The sailor planted himself in her path, and, laughing, held out his

spy-glass, so as to prevent her passing him.

"But you must answer, my pretty miss. There are some rascally smugglers lurking about, and we are on the look-out for them. Did you meet anybody on the hill-side?"

"No, nobody."

"Were you down at the cove?"

"Yes."

"Didn't you see any men about there?"

"No, I did not see any men."

That is quite true, thought Camilla, for I did not see men.

"When you were on the beach did you look into the cave—St. Alban's Cave?"

"I did not."

I did not look in, thought Camilla, I was taken in.

The man plied her with questions, but she parried them all, and he got nothing out of her to commit her friend of the cave, so bidding her good evening, he allowed her to move on, which she did with redoubled speed. She had ascended a good way, and was hoping to get home without encountering any one else, when she unexpectedly found an obstacle in her path—it was a fissure, or rent in the ground, extending across the narrow road, and a little way down the steep declivity which lay on

one side, while on the upper side, just there, were some rugged rocks and stones piled one above the other. Across this chasm was only a thin and very narrow plank, and it appeared as if some one had mischievously pushed it out of its place, for it rested on the very brink of the opening on the opposite side to that on which she was standing.

How should she get over? She felt certain that the plank, poised as it was, would not bear her weight, and as to springing over, the chasm

was too wide for that.

"I shall have to scramble down one side and clamber up the other, and if I break my leg in doing so, I shall have to lie in that hole all night?"

It was no pleasant prospect; and poor Camilla, tired, anxious, and nervous, leaned against the rocky bank, and burst into tears. She was still crying piteously, when she heard footsteps approaching—and heard them with joy rather than dread, for she thought that even one of "the land sharks" who infested the hill that evening might have the charity to assist her in her dilemma.

She was right. The footsteps were now keeping time to a sprightly and fashionable opera air, which a melodious voice was humming; and the owner of the voice soon came in full view. He was a young naval officer, with an exceedingly pleasant, open countenance. The new comer seemed much amazed on beholding her; and observing the tears still rolling down her cheek, he asked if she had met with an accident, or if any one had been annoying her, adding his surprise at meeting a lady alone in that wild part of the hill, and when it would so soon be dark.

She replied that she was a stranger in the neighbourhood, and had lost her way, and that she did not know how she was to get across the

chasm in the road.

The young officer gallantly assured the beautiful girl that if she would trust to him he would ensure her crossing it in safety. Stooping down he pulled the plank farther over, so as to make it a safer bridge; then crossing it himself, and treading it rather heavily to ascertain if it were secure, he speedily came to the rescue.

"There should be three planks across this place," he said; "but I suppose those smugglers—of whom there is a bad lot here at present—have carried away the other two, in hopes that when it grows dark some of our men may fall in and break their legs. You must give me your

hand, and let me lead you over this frail bridge."

He took her hand, with its torn glove, and led her carefully across the narrow plank, which vibrated under their feet. Camilla thanked him, bade him good evening, and was walking on, when he followed her, requesting permission to escort her towards the village, as it was unsafe for her to traverse the hill alone, when there were probably some daring outlaws lurking about it.

"My name," he said, "is Howard; the family at the Vicarage know me very well, and I think I met your father at dinner there the other day. From your likeness to Colonel Egerton, I think I must have the

pleasure of speaking to Miss Egerton?"

Camilla acknowledged her name, and felt much relieved to find that her new companion was Lieutenant Howard, R.N., whom her father had mentioned as a very gentlemanly, nice young man. Mr. Howard, as well as the preventive-service man, questioned her respecting her descent

to the sands, who she saw down there, and her ascent up the rocks; and she found it more difficult to avoid betraying her smuggler friend to the officer than to the common sailor; the truth was on the very point of pozing out, when she remembered her oath, and the penalty of break-

ing it, and exclaimed, impatiently,

"If you are going to do nothing but put me through a catechism all the time you favour me with your company, I must beg you rather to take the Church Catechism, and ask me, 'What is your name?' I will answer, 'Camilla.' 'Who gave you this name?' 'My godfathers and godmothers, in my baptism,' &c. &c. You will find that I am quite au fait at it. I know that I am 'to hurt nobody by word or deed,' and that I am 'to keep my tongue from lying and slandering,' and that is what you don't seem inclined to let me do," she added, laughingly.

"Well," said the young officer, laughing too, "I will try you in the

Church Catechism: 'What is thy duty towards thy neighbour?'"

"'My duty towards my neighbour is to love him as myself, and to do to all men-""

"Nay, stop there, mademoiselle: I don't care about all men, or any men; I only want you to do your duty towards your neighbour—that is my humble self, you know. I am your only neighbour at present."

Mr. Howard forgot the smugglers, and he and Camilla carried on a brisk flirtation, which, certes, beguiled the length of the walk. But even pleasant flirtations must have an end—few things sooner—and they had now reached the path that led down to the village. The sight of the spire of the village church recalled Camilla to some sense of discretion, and she begged her lively guide not to take the trouble of going any farther with her.

"I have only to get down to that little white gate, I know," she said,

"and I shall be close to the village, and not far from home."

With many thanks on her side, and complimentary speeches on his, the young people parted; but not until Camilla had besought him not rashly to seek any encounter with the smugglers, and to take care of himself, and he had asked permission to call at Rose Villa to inquire

how she was after her fatigue that evening.

Her spirits flagged the moment he left her; she could scarcely crawl down the rest of the way; and when she had passed through the white gate she sank down exhausted on the trunk of a tree, which lay by the roadside. It was getting dark, and she tried to rise, but found herself quite unable to drag her wearied limbs any farther. She sat on there, her head aching, her bruises smarting, her whole frame worn out.

"Some one will surely pass," she kept repeating to herself, "and then I can beg him or her to go to the little inn and order the only Bath

chair in the village for me. I never can walk home."

Some one did at length pass, and it happened to be the district surgeon returning from his evening rounds. He was in his gig, with a boy alongside of him who served as page and errand-boy, and very often groom to boot. Mr. Dennis stopped his gig, and having discovered that the weary wayfarer was Miss Egerton, he made the lad get down, and begged her to let him drive her home—a proposition which she was only too thankful to accept.

On arriving at Rose Villa, Mrs. Egerton, who had been much alarmed

at her daughter's long absence, began to find fault with her, and to overwhelm her with questions as to where she had been and what had detained her. But Mr. Dennis interposed in her behalf, and pronouncing her to be quite feverish and unwell, exhorted Mrs. Egerton to get the poor girl to bed without any delay, to give her some tea, and leave her in perfect quiet to sleep off her fatigue if she could. His directions were faithfully carried out, and Camilla thus happily escaped the cross-questioning which she would otherwise have had to sustain.

The next day, and the day after that, she was too ill to get up, and Mr. Howard called in vain. But youth soon throws off indisposition. and in the course of a week she was herself again. Her brother from Harrow had arrived, and her father, who had been absent from home for a few days, had also returned; and Mrs. Egerton had by that time lost all curiosity about her daughter's adventures on the hill, or at St. Alban's

Cove, if she had met with any.

But Camilla herself could not forget them. One of her "friends," as she called them in her own mind, she met often again. Mr. Howard was a frequent visitor at Rose Villa, and scarcely a day passed without her seeing him somewhere; but the smuggler, the man whose eyes haunted her day and night, where was he? Had he escaped his pursuers that eventful evening? had he fallen since in some bloody fray? or was he tossing about in freedom on "the hoarse wild waves"? She felt so painfully anxious to know how Ralph had fared that night, that at length she mustered courage to ask young Howard if they had caught the smugglers, or if these outlaws had escaped. And it was with much secret joy that she heard of their escape.

"It was very cleverly managed," said Howard. "Their leader is one of the boldest fellows that ever lived. A fine fellow, I am told; it is a great pity he has taken up the contraband trade. Such a man would

have been invaluable had he continued in the service."

"Was he ever in the navy?" asked Camilla, who could not restrain

her curiosity respecting her friend of the cove.

"Yes, indeed, poor fellow, he was, and a fine, dashing young officer, I have heard; but he was unlucky in one of his captains, who was a most overbearing, bad-tempered man; they could not get on at all together; at length there was an open quarrel. The young lieutenant felt convinced that he would be brought to a court-martial, and through the malignant hatred of his captain, who was rich and had very influential friends, that he would be dismissed the service, so he threw up his commission and retired from the navy. His father was greatly annoyed at this, and a cunning stepmother inflamed the old gentleman's anger so much that he refused to receive his son, or to do anything more for him. The young man was thrown upon the wide world without a sixpence, and, unfortunately, he went to the bad. I only had a glimpse of him once, but I am sure I shall never forget him, for I never beheld such eyes. If you can fancy two large black diamonds, you might form some faint idea of them."

The eyes alluded to were at that moment before her mind's eye in all their brilliancy and magnetic attraction, but she suppressed the answer that had almost risen to her lips, and asked if Mr. Howard knew whether

the smugglers had gone.

"No," he said; "nobody knew their destination, except, perhaps, their accomplices on shore, for doubtless they must be in league with some person or persons. "If we had any clue to their movements," he continued, "we would soon catch them. But they won't always elude us. Swift little craft as the Waterwitch is, we will take her some of these days."

Camilla devoutly hoped in her own heart that they never might take

her, but she did not audibly express this wish.

"Shall I ever see those wonderful eyes—shall I ever meet him again?"

she asked in her own mind, "and when and where?"

Little then did she imagine when and where she was to see the smuggler of St. Alban's Cove, Ralph Woodley, again!

SOUTH AMERICAN POETRY-GENERAL MILLER.

OLD Homer wrote that the generations of men pass away "like the falling leaves of autumn," and the excellence of the simile is obvious. It may be added, too, that at no period of time like the present were distinguished men sooner forgotten by the living. This is a natural consequence where the existing society is absorbed in one mean pursuit, noble and plebeian alike meeting on the same level, and the genius of avarice, in the form of monetary accumulation, ruling the age. Hence it arises that we find so little of high feeling prevalent in the classes once presumed to possess it, from their position in life. The vision is directed downwards, while the lowest in place look upwards towards the common idol,

Mammon, the least erected spirit that fell From heaven.

Hence we observe less admiration for distinguished character, for virtue, or heroic self-denial, or true patriotism. There can be no question if heads were counted, that the admiration, for example, of a Wellington, for his ability and public service, would be pretty evenly balanced by the magnate of the city, whose three or four millions sterling would outweigh the noblest virtues; at least, it is certain the accumulator would be the most envied. It seems to us, one of the arguments used with most effect against what is called parliamentary reform, that the largest and most extravagant expenditure is in what we had presumed to be the most enlightened constituencies, that return members who, if true independence of spirit, honest patriotism, and common judgment ruled, would never be seated where they now appear. Evidences exist of the influence of a species of corruption only a little more circuitous than when the four or five thousand sterling pounds were paid over in a lump to the old patron peer or nabob.*

This increasing forgetfulness of distinguished character in every walk

^{*} Some of the returned money-makers from India used to be so denominated.

of life above or beneath that marked by the prevalent "virtue," has been alluded to, some might say irrelevantly, in the present instance, but the services of General Miller were so distinguished, his courage so prominent, and his virtues so nobly borne, that we are not inclined to leave his name unrecorded. It is true that his campaigns have been narrated and published, some years ago, up to the period when the Spanish yoke was thrown off throughout the continent of South America. From that period to the present notice of his decease little had been heard of him. Though a marshal in the Peruvian service, and everywhere honoured, he found that from the unsettled state of the new republics, he should do best to return into the service of his own country. and he was appointed consul-general for the Pacific, about 1840. State of Salta made him a gift of 400,000 acres of land in return for his public conduct, land that lay in a fine climate, but too remote from the coast, as we apprehend, for him to make it useful to colonise, and it lies waste at this hour.

General Miller died last year on board the Naiad British frigate at Callao, the scene of one of his exploits and sufferings when in companionship with Lord Cochrane. He was introduced to us by Captain Andrews, the first Englishman who travelled across the South American continent from Buenos Ayres to the Pacific,* and an intimate friend of

Miller. The latter was a native of Wingham, in Kent.

Before the general left England, after his gallant services in numerous battles, covered with wounds in a series of most arduous campaigns, he possessed some of the songs of the Gauchos, or inhabitants of the former Spanish colonies. Of these he presented us with a number in manuscript, but they did not appear calculated to interest the public here. We laid hands accidentally upon these the other day, and found with them-which we suppose we had overlooked-a thin volume, entitled "La Victoria de Junin." Miller had fought at Junin under Bolivar. In this "canto" we found Miller noticed conspicuously by the author, Don J. Olmedo. It was probably one of the first regular productions of the emancipated muse of Peru. The freedom of that fine continent was a theme peculiarly well adapted for verse in the noblest sounding of all living languages. The harp of Peru was thus early echoed from the romantic and vast recesses of the mighty Cordillera of the Andes -recesses between the sides of the pillars that seem to support the heavens. A new Parnassus was created, and songs of freedom resounded there, a phenomenon of the present age, from where just before the groans of slavery and the clanking of fetters alone met the There the press had been used only for the purpose of obscuring the intellect and perverting truth. The wild native music had been long unheard; for, like the Jews at Babylon, the colonists had hung their harps on the willows. It is true that galleons no longer visit Europe from thence laden with gold and silver, and the verses of Don J. Olmedo are a commodity that would ill satisfy the gentlemen of the Exchange, but as we have no dealings in the medium of wealth, we must be content with less substantial though more refined fare.

^{*} His travels were published by Murray of Albemarle-street many years ago. The Campaigns of Miller, by Longman and Co.

This poem has a double interest from its connexion with Miller, our countryman, as well as with the freedom we prize as Englishmen in every quarter of the globe. It was composed on the banks of the Guayaguil. The author was an intimate friend of Bolivar for eighteen years, and has united in the present poem the achievements of the Washington of South America with those of Miller, the latter more particularly, in the battles of Ayaeucho and Junin. In the latter battle, Bolivar was chief, Miller commanded the cavalry and decided the day, the commander-in-chief of that arm being disabled. At Ayacucho he commanded the cavalry from the commencement of the battle, and turned the tide

The poem is upon the Italian model. There are elevation, harmony, and classical correctness in the lines. Olmedo seems an imitator of Herrara the "divine," as his countrymen call him; at least we think there are traces of similar thoughts with the first of the Spanish regular lyric poets. Quintana, too, who wrote an Ode on Trafalgar, had evidently been studied by Don J. Olmedo, but it is not necessary to trace a resemblance which may after all be only a fancy on our part. One of

the references to Miller runs:

Now his Peruvian youth bold Miller leading, Restores the unequal contest. Their proud steeds Ardent, firm, resolute to win or die If fortune faithless prove—onward they sweep Headlong upon the foe with dauntless breasts, To gain fresh fame by glorious deeds determined!

We subjoin the Spanish, as our translation may not be equal to that some of our readers may be able to supply:

> Ya el intrépido Miller aparece Y el desigual combate restàblece. Bajo su mando ufana Marchar se vé la juventud peruana Ardiente, firme, á perecer resuelta, Si acaso el hado infiel vencer le niega. En el árduo conflicto opone ciega A los adversos dardos firmes pechos Y otro nombre conquista con sus hechos.*

Bolivar passed along the lines cheering the men. His helmet dazzling the eyes of the soldiers in the brilliant sunshine. Of this incident the poet availed himself. The Liberator had marched rapidly by the shore of the magnificent lake of Reyes, the source of the mighty river Amazon, in the midst of the sublimest scenery, where the enormous ramifications of the giant Andes stretch far away towards the Brazils, the summits of all the mountains hidden in the clouds. Bolivar had reviewed his army twelve thousand feet above the level of the sea! Canterac commanded the royal forces. Miller, at the head of the Peruvian cavalry, was repulsed on the first charge. He rallied and charged again, supported by Suares, and the Spaniards were routed and driven back upon the bayonets of

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^{*} Bolivar gave this cavalry the name of the Usares de Junin, or Hussars of Junin, for their conduct that day. Miller was their chief. Oct.-VOL. CXXVI. NO. DII.

their infantry. The Spanish language—the finest to the ear in Europe—describes this scene as follows:

O portento inaudito!
Que el bello nombre de Colombia escrito
Sobre su frente en torno despedia
Rayos de luz tan viva y refulgente
Que deslumbrado el Español desmaya
Tiembla, pierde la voz, el movimiento;
Solo para la fuga tiene aliento.
Asi cuando en la noche algun malvado
Vá á descargar el brazo levantado;
Si de improviso lanza un rayo el cielo,
Se pasma y el puñal trémulo suelta:
Yelo mortal á su furor sucede;
Tiembla, y horrorizado retrocede.

We confess the difficulty of doing justice to this noble passage in English:

—Unheard of marvel!

Colombia's lovely name, graved on the helm

Of Freedom's chieftain, sheds such vivid light
That the refulgence dazzling the faint Spaniard
Strikes him with fear; his voice is lost, he trembles,
And has no power of motion save for flight—
He drops his weapon. Thus some wretch at night
Lifting his sword for murder, lets it fall
If the red lightning flash across his path—
Chillness supplants his fury, shudderingly
He retrogrades, pallid from apprehension!

The following extract, full of spirit, unless read by a native, can give little idea of its energy in the beautiful language in which it is written, and which Charles V., if we recollect rightly, called the language of the

gods:

Guerra al usurpador! Qué le debemos? Luces, costumbres, religion ó leyes? Si ellos fueron estúpidos, viciosos, Feroces, y por fin superstitiosos! Qué religion? La de Jesus? Blasfemos! Sangre, plomo veloz, cadenas fueron Los sacramentos santos que trajeron. No estableció la suya con mas ruina El mentido profeta de Medina. Oh religion! oh! fuente pura y santa De amor y de consuelo para el hombre! Cuantos males se triceron en tu nombre! Y qué lazos de amor? Por los officios De la hospitalidad mas generosa Hierros nos dan; por gratitud, suplicios! Todos, si, todos; ménos uno solo; El mártir del amor americano; De paz, de caridad apostol santo; Divino Casas, de otra patria digno.

We can but faintly imitate this fine passage, full of energy and beauty as it is:

War on the Usurper! Do we owe him aught, Intelligence or manners, creed, or laws, When they were faithless, savage, superstitious? Religion—that of Jesus? Vile blasphemers!— No, blood and the bullet, and the clanking chain, These were the holy sacraments they brought us! Not with more waste of gore Medina's chief His creed extended: Sacred comforter-Pure fount and undefil'd of charity, Religion, man's consoler, how abused-What evils have been practised in thy name! What tie of love owe we our foes? What rites Of hospitality have they repaid us! Fetters for friendship, tortures for gratitude. Thus all repaid our kindnesses save one, The martyr for our love, the bless'd Las Casas, The apostle of true faith and charity-Another country should have given him birth!

The name of Las Casas is highly venerated in South America; in Spain he is considered a fanatic and an impostor. The poet concludes with an apostrophe to the sublime Andes, and signifies his intention of retiring for life to the land of the tamarind and orange, the freedom of his country being obtained. We omit the original Spanish:

The mighty pyramids by human art Raised toward heaven to speak to coming time,— The temples, obelisks, and columns built By men in chains to deify their tyrants, These are the sport of time, whose lightest wing Brushes away their pride in utter darkness— The passing breeze destroys their vain inscriptions, And even the ruins black oblivion takes To show their vanity and impotence, Priest, temple, God, alike annihilated! But there are everlasting monuments Towering sublimely to the ethereal regions; That see the lightnings flash, and thunders roll Around their bases—the majestic Andes, Piles built on beds of gold, to keep the earth In equilibrium—they are our monuments— They scorn the tyrant, and his tyranny, The envy, and the waywardness of time, And rage of man, with all his small ambitions, Heralds of freedom and of victory, Till earth's unshaken base itself be stubble!

Here must conclude our notice of a very striking poem, resuscitated to meet the vision of many who have seen and profited largely by the emancipation of the New World, though it is seldom similar productions find their way to this country. It is also a tribute to which the memory of a brave officer and excellent countryman of no common intrepidity, and no mean actor in the cause of freedom, is well entitled.

CYRUS REDDING.

MAHOMET.

BY SIR NATHANIEL.

There was a time when, in this Christian country, it was almost essential to a spiritual pastor or master's good name, that he should call Mahomet by a bad one. That Mahomet was a swaggering tyrant, and a coarse wholesale impostor, who lied like the father of lies, from whom he came and to whom he returned, was a matter of course in matters of faith. Doctor Prideaux took what seemed needless pains to convict the Prophet of impudent trickery, mendacity, and immorality. Doctor South but expressed the feeling of the age when he preached before the Hon. Society of Lincoln's Inn that "the way of Mahomet" was, "to the tyrant to join the impostor, and what he had got by the sword to confirm by the Alcoran: raising his empire upon two pillars, conquest and inspiration."* In another sermon† the Doctor classifies Mahomet with Numa Pompilius (as feigning supernatural converse with divine Egeria) and with Apollonius Tyanæus,—impostors all, but Mahomet a bloody tyrant to boot.

It is Mr. Isaac Taylor's remark that certain zealous (he had nearly written jealous) divines have seemed to think Christianity safe only when Mahomet was crushed under the weight of their anathemas—a mode of feeling one does not so much wonder to meet with among those whose position placed them in actual rivalry with the Moslem faith; it being quite natural, for instance, to hear a Spaniard—a Spanish priest, and inquisitor—speak of Mahomet not merely as Profeta falso, but as nuncio de Satanas, el peor precursor del Antichristo, cumplimiento de todas las heregias, y prodigo de toda falsedad; or to say all in a word, un demonio encarnado. (F. J. Bleda, Historia del Falso Profeta Mahoma.)

It is one of Mr. Buckle's charges against Bossuet and his Universal History, that having been taught that Mohammedanism is a pestilential heresy, he, Bossuet, could not bring himself to believe that Christian nations had derived anything from a source so corrupt: the consequence being, that he "says nothing of that great religion, the noise of which has filled the world; and having occasion to mention its founder, he treats him with scorn, as an impudent impostor, whose pretensions it is hardly fitting to notice. The great apostle," continues the Historian of Civilisation, "who diffused among millions of idolaters the sublime verity of one God, is spoken of by Bossuet with supreme contempt. . . . In his scheme of universal history, Mohammed is not worthy to play a part. He is passed by; but the truly great man, the man to whom the human race is really indebted, is-Martin, bishop of Tours." The eye of the Eagle of Meaux looked at the Prophet much in the same light as Voltaire mockingly professes to do, in one of his epigrammatic dedications comparing his Mahomet the Prophet with cher La Noue's Mahomet II. the invincible sultan-

^{*} South's Sermons, vol. i. p. 53. Ed. 1843.

[†] Ibid., vol. iii. p. 185.

[‡] Buckle's History of Civilization in England, vol. i. pp. 725-6.

Le mien a l'honneur d'être apôtre, Prêtre, fripon, dévot, brigand: Qu'il soit le chapelain du vôtre.*

Dean Milman, in his retrospective review of Mahomet and his critics in general, ecclesiastical in particular, says of Maracci, that he wrote of Mahomet with the learning, but in the spirit of a monk,—of Prideaux, that he makes him a vulgar impostor,—of Spanheim, that he was the first to take a higher view of the Prophet's character,—and of Sale and Gagnier, that, while vindicating him from the coarse invectives of former writers, they kindled into admiration which was accused of approaching to belief. "With Boulainvilliers, he rose into a benefactor of the human race; with White and his coadjutors, he became the subject of some fine pulpit declamation. Gibbon is brilliant, full, on the whole fair."† Too fair not to be false, sticklers for polemical orthodoxy might say, in their traditional abhorrence of the Prophet as an out-and-out lying one, a de-

ceiver wickedly wilful and unscrupulously bold.

Not that orthodoxy alone took this view of the man. Bolingbroke thinks a very little time indeed should suffice to convince any inquiring Mussulman that "Mahomet was an impostor, and that the Koran is an heap of absurdities." And what sound churchman ever exceeded that rampant atheist, Mirabaud, in denouncing the character and career of that "ambitious, crafty, and voluptuous Arab"? So the French materialist styles Mahomet in one place. In another, "a pre-eminent knave." In another, "the crafty Arab," the "liar," whose "object was to take advantage of the simplicity, to profit by the enthusiasm, to impose on the credulity of the Arabs." § In another, he derides the "idle dreams, the rank impostures, of that arch-impostor Mahomet." In another, he reiterates his "damnable iterations" about "a crafty, ambitious Arab, subtle and knavish in his manners, insinuating in his address," who, "profiting by the credulous inclination of his countrymen, made them adopt his own fanciful reveries as everlasting truths, to doubt which was not for one instant allowable," &c. &c. |

Nor do we at all mean to imply that the race has died out of those who regard the Prophet as consciously and strenuously a lying one. Archbishop Whately designates "Mahometism, the deliberate contrivance of a designing impostor"—adding, that Mahomet most artfully accommodated his system to man's nature, without, however, waiting for the gradual and spontaneous operations of human nature to produce it. Hartley Coleridge writes down Mahomet "the greatest plagiarist that ever existed," and one who, "though marvellously clever, was a very prosaic impostor after all."** And scores of similar verdicts might be

collected from contemporaries of every degree.

^{*} Voltaire, Poésies Mêlées, à M. de la Noue.

[†] History of Latin Christianity, vol. ii. book iv. ch. i.

[†] Bolingbroke, On the true Use of Retirement and Study, let. ii. § True that in this last passage Mirabaud is suggesting the style of "vocife-

rating theologians." But not as if he differed from their estimate of the Arab.

|| Cf. Mirabaud, Système de la Nature, partie i. ch. xii. xiii.; partie ii. ch. iv. xii. nassim.

Whately's Annotations on Bacon's Essays, p. 161.
*** Ignoramus on the Fine Arts, part iii.

Nothing, however, can be more evident than the change of tone in which, for two or three generations past, Mahomet has come to be spoken of, by leading spirits of the age. Perhaps Goethe is one of the earliest men of mark whose judgment of the great Eastern reformer is informed by this modern spirit. Goethe's autobiography* details the process of thought which led him to project an elaborate drama that should have Mahomet for subject and for title: the thought that every highly-gifted man is called upon to diffuse whatever there is of divine within him: in attempting which, he comes in contact with the rough world, and, in order to act upon it, must put himself on the same level, and thus in a great measure compromises his high advantages, and finally forfeits them altogether: the heavenly, the eternal, is buried in a body of earthly designs, and hurried with it to the fate of the transient. Pursuing which thought to the farthest extremity, and looking beyond the limit of his narrow experience for similar cases in history, the plan occurred to young Goethe of taking the life of Mahomet, "whom," says he, "I had never been able to think an impostor," for a dramatic exhibition of those courses which, in actual life, he was strongly convinced, invariably lead to ruin rather than to good. In the third act of this drama, Mahomet defeats his enemies, and making his religion the public one, purifies the Kaaba from idols; but as all this cannot be done by power, he is "obliged to resort to cunning." What in his character is earthly increases and extends itself; the divine element retires and is obscured. In the fourth act, Mahomet pursues his conquests, his doctrine becomes a pretence rather than an end, all conceivable means must be employed, and barbarities are rife. In the last act, however, the hero recovers his better mind, returns to his better self, purifies his doctrine, and dies.

Some of Coleridge's hexameters were inspired by the same theme:

Utter the song, O my soul! the flight and return of Mohammed, Prophet and priest, who scattered abroad both evil and blessing, Huge wasteful empires founded and hallowed slow persecution, Soul-withering, but crushed the blasphemous rites of the Pagan And idolatrous Christians.—For, veiling the Gospel of Jesus, They, the best corrupting, had made it worse than the vilest. Wherefore Heaven decreed th' enthusiast warrior of Mecca, Choosing good from iniquity rather than evil from goodness.†

Whether the project of bringing, or of driving the much-corrupted nations by force and terror into the path of truth, might not seem to an ardent spirit—and to Mahomet—both lawful and noble, is a question discussed in a liberal spirit in one of Mr. Isaac Taylor's "Natural Histories" of spurious forms of religion. Possessed of the first elements of theology—"who shall say in what manner obtained?" and standing in the position which he, Mahomet, occupied, surrounded by polytheism close at hand, and, more remotely, by the ruins of three fallen religious systems, was it strange, asks the Natural Historian of Fanaticism, that Mahomet should have deemed the sword an instrument of necessary severity, and the only instrument which could be trusted to for efficaciously reforming the world? In listening to the apology which the Prophet himself

^{*} Dichtung und Wahrheit, b. xiv. † Coleridge's Poems, Mahomet.

offers for the use of arms as a means of conversion, the belief at least is suggested, Mr. Taylor remarks, that he had mused in a comprehensive manner upon the religious history, and the actual condition of mankind, and had deliberately come to the belief that the honour of the True God in this benighted world was lost for ever, unless at length it might be restored by the scourge of war. "Mohammed had perhaps convinced himself that so holy a purpose would well excuse any means that might bring it about. Christian doctors have entertained the same principle, and have made a much worse use of it; for assuredly we must hold the fabrication of miracles to be a baser immorality than the use of force. employed because the pretension to miracles was scorned; and again, are not the judicial murders perpetrated by spiritual despots in their caverns of blood more horrid than the open carnage of the field?" This author does, indeed, regard it as a hopeless endeavour to determine, without doubt, what was the personal character of Mahomet. The supposition that he was a sheer fanatic is opposed, if not altogether excluded, by the description that has been left us of the suppleness of his public conduct, of the courteousness of his manners, and of the ready and well-judged adaptation of his means of influence to the sudden and various occasions of the enterprise he had taken in hand; nor is it a supposition that can easily be reconciled with the fact of his having sustained fraudulent pretensions, and of propagating delusions of which he could not, in Mr. Taylor's opinion, have been himself the dupe. On the other hand, not only the Koran (although itself a vast plagiarism—a booty, rather than the fair fruit of mental labour*) but the political and military conduct of Mahomet, bespeak an elevated and impassioned soul. "Those have not looked into that book, or perused the story of the Prophet's public life, who can think him a vulgar impostor, or believe that subtlety and craft were the principal elements of his character. If it be true that the author of the Koran has stolen his materials; yet must a man have had greatness of soul to have stolen as he has done. If, on the rich fields of sacred literature, he plundered—he plundered like a prince." Were the critic required to offer some solution of the ambiguous facts of Mahomet's character, his recourse would be to the principle, that a mixture of incongruous moral elements does often take place by means of a silent violence, done to reason, every day, within the bosom. For there are minds, "perhaps energetic and rich in sentiment," which, despairing to reach, or not even wishing to reach, that unity of soul which virtue and wisdom delight in, -act, and think, and speak in alternate characters. "Now the better, and now the worse interior personage assumes the hour, and struts upon the stage. Meanwhile the wondering world gaze perplexed, and disagree upon the enigma-whether the man be sage or sophisthero or poltroon.—Such, perhaps, was Mohammed: assuredly not truly wise and honest, any more than a sheer impostor."t

Frederick Schlegel thought it very possible, according to the opinion of a great historian, who, on the whole, does not judge the Arabian

^{*} Hartley Coleridge, who, as we have seen, calls Mahomet the greatest plagiarist that ever existed, further says of him that he had no imagination; and that whatever he borrowed from the vast and wondrous stores of Oriental fable he vulgarised.—Essays and Marginalia, vol. i. p. 253.
† Isaac Taylor, Natural History of Fanaticism, ch. vii.

prophet unfavourably, that the expectation which the Jews still entertained of the future coming of a Deliverer and Prophet, should have operated very powerfully on the mind and imagination of Mahomet—mingled with the opinion of certain Christian sects that the divine Paraclete was yet to come. "These Judæo-Christian expectations of the future advent of an earthly Deliverer, Redeemer, and Teacher, or Prophet of the world, may have exerted no inconsiderable influence on the mind of Mahomet,"* and awakened within him the supposition, cherished until it grew into a conviction, Thou art the Man.

Sismondi denounces it as an act of extreme injustice to persist in regarding as a mere impostor, and not as a reformer, a man who urged a whole nation onwards in the most important of all steps in the knowledge of truth. "Was he an impostor because he called himself a prophet?" Even on this head, a melancholy experience of human weakness—of that mixture of enthusiasm and artifice which has in all ages characterised leaders of sects, -ought, the historian submits, to teach us indulgence. "An intense persuasion is easily confounded with an internal revelation; the dreams of an excited imagination become sensible appearances; faith in a future event seems to us like a prophecy; we hesitate to remove an error which has arisen spontaneously within the mind of a true believer, when we think it favourable to his salvation; after sparing his illusions, the next thing is to encourage them, and thus we arrive at pious frauds, which we fancy justified by their end, and by their effect. We easily persuade ourselves of what we have persuaded others; and we believe in ourselves when those we love believe in us. Mohammed never pretended to the gift of miracles; we need not go far to find preachers of our own days, who have founded no empires, and yet are not so modest."†

In Mahomet one of the most influential and independent of living divines hails a man who proclaimed an actual God to men who were disputing concerning His nature and attributes. "Mahomet affirmed that there was an actual will before which the will of men must bow down. It was a tremendous proclamation. Philosophy shrinks and shrivels before it." Mr. Frederick Maurice‡ avows his belief that Mahomet had a commission to restore both philosophy and Christian divinity, though apparently the destroyer of both. Nothing, he affirms, could have raised the Byzantine Christianity out of the abyss into which it had fallen but such a voice as that which came from the Arabian cave, and which proclaimed the eternal truth which Greeks were disbelieving, presented that truth in the only form in which it could have been practical, or could have told upon people who talked about the divine and human nature, till they had lost all faith in God or man. A view, this, of Mahomet's mission, utterly overlooked, if not repudiated, in the popular recognition

of him conveyed in Pope's couplet,

His conquering tribes the Arabian Prophet draws, And saving ignorance enthrones by laws.

Or of that, again, in one of the Odes of the author of Hudibras—whose forte was not ode-writing, in that ode-writing age:

† Sismondi, Hist. of Fall of Roman Empire, vol. i.

^{*} F. Schlegel, Philos. of Hist., lect. xii.

[‡] Mediæval Philosophy, ch. ii.
§ Dunciad, book iii.

For the Turk's patriarch, Mahomet, Was the first great reformer, and the chief Of th' ancient Christian belief, That mixed it with new light and cheat, With revelations, dreams, and visions, And apostolic superstitions, To be held forth and carried on by war.*

Whenever you doubt-thus Sir E. B. Lytton's Maxim-monger on the Art of Cheating advises his pupils-whenever you doubt whether your man be a quack or not, decide the point by seeing if your man be a positive assertor. Nothing, according to this authority, indicates impos-And Volney's saying t is quoted approvingly, ture like confidence. "that the most celebrated of charlatans and the boldest of tyrants begins his most extraordinary tissue of lies by these words, 'There is no doubt in this book," t said charlatan-tyrant being Mahomet, and said tissue of lies the Koran.

Referring to the false miracles, forged donations, and persecution of heretics, with which the Romish Church is historically chargeable, in the ages of faith, "these things," says Mr. J. S. Mill, "we have no desire to extenuate; but he must be wretchedly ignorant of human nature, who believes that any great or durable edifice of moral power was ever raised

chiefly by such means."§

It is only those, Mr. Bruce insists, who are unable to conceive that that man who, when driven to it by difficulties, occasionally resorts to "pious frauds and wholesome deceptions," may at the same time be guided in his career mainly by sincere enthusiasm and profound convictions, who will regard either Pythagoras or Mahomet, or any of the great teachers of the world, as a mere impostor. He assumes it, indeed, to be a fact that no man ever yet imposed a faith on a large portion of mankind, who was not himself to a great extent a sincere convert to his own revelations.

There is no reason, Mr. Grote¶ has incidentally remarked, for regarding Pythagoras as an impostor, because experience seems to show, that while in certain ages it is not difficult for a man to persuade others that he is inspired, it is still less difficult for him to contract the same be-

lief himself.

Colonel Mannering speaks like a man of sense and observation when he says of Meg Merrilies,** that many of her class set out by being impostors, and end by becoming enthusiasts, or hold a kind of darkling conduct between both lines, unconscious almost when they are cheating themselves, or when imposing on others.

Even in Count Cagliostro's case, Mr. Carlyle speculates whether there might not lie in that chaotic blubbery nature of his, at the bottom of all, a certain musk-grain of real Superstitious Belief; and how wonderfully such a musk-grain of Belief will flavour and impregnate with seductive

^{*} Butler's Odes, Upon an Hypocritical Nonconformist.

[‡] Tomlinsoniana, § ix.

[†] Lectures on History.

Dissertations and Discussions, ii. 155.

Classic and Histor. Portraits, vol. i. History of Greece, vol. iv. ch. xxxvii. ** Guy Mannering, vol. ii. ch. xviii.

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odour, a whole inward world of Quackery, so that every fibre thereof shall smell mush, is well known. "No Quack can persuade like him who has himself some persuasion. Nay, so wondrous is the art of Believing, Deception and Self-deception must, rigorously speaking, coexist in all Quacks; and he perhaps were definable as the best Quack, in whom the smallest musk-grain of the latter would sufficiently flavour the largest mass of the former."*

Too true, and widely true, and permanently true, is Ben Jonson's apophthegm, that many men believe not themselves what they would persuade others; but least of all, know what they themselves most confidently boast.† Not alone to him who was "composed of lies from the beginning, and in lies will end," but to hordes of his mortal congeners

is the accusing voice sternly and strictly applicable,

-that hath been thy craft, By mixing somewhat true to vent more lies. I

But, as Rousseau tells M. de Beaumont of another order of misleaders, "il ne faut point les traiter si légèrement d'imposteurs." Men have misled whole nations, who have first misled themselves. "Qui sait," is the demand of Jean-Jacques, "jusqu'où les méditations continuelles sur la Divinité, jusqu'où l'enthousiasme de la vertu, ont pu, dans leurs sublimes âmes, troubler l'ordre didactique et rampant des idées vulgaires?" At too great an elevation, the head turns, and things are no longer seen as they actually are. Socrates, adds Rousseau, § had a familiar spirit, but no one has ventured to accuse Socrates of knavery on that score; and shall we treat the founders of peoples, he asks, the benefactors of nations, with less respect than one private man?

Of Socrates and his demon, by the way, Professor Archer Butler | once expressed his opinion, that the "restrictive voice" of his familiar was originally meant by Socrates himself as only the emphatic title of conscience, regarded (as his philosophy invariably taught) as the voice of God in the heart of man; but that, in all probability, as his destinies became more and more remarkable, and he felt himself manifestly the selected instrument of moral benefit to a thoughtless and corrupt people, his own secret enthusiasm (by a process frequent among men of singular history) began at length to whisper to him that he

walked under the special guidance of heaven.

Indeed it is not unfrequently that Mahomet is compared in this respect with Socrates. Mr. Hamilton, the Eastern traveller, so compares him, and places him only a little (if at all) lower than the Athenian sage. "His career at the outset was the revolt of a noble nature against a coarse and cruel polytheism; his wonderful success might well persuade him that he was indeed the chosen of Heaven, and the calmness of his death proclaimed the convictions and sealed the doctrine of his life." T

Mr. Freeman, in his Edinburgh lectures on the Prophet, not only avowed his belief in Mahomet's entire conviction of his own mission, but

* Carlyle's Miscellanies, vol. iii., Count Cagliostro.

[†] Sylva, Impostura. ‡ Paradise Regained, I. 432. Lettre à M. de Beaumont, Archevêque de Paris.

History of Philosophy, vol. i. p. 376. Sinai, the Hedjaz, and Soudan. By James Hamilton. 1857.

even that, in a certain sense, that conviction was well founded. "Surely a good and sincere man, full of confidence in his Creator, who works an immense reform both in faith and practice, is truly a direct instrument in the hands of God, and may be said to have a commission from Him. Why may we not recognise Mahomet no less than other faithful, though imperfect, servants of God, as truly a servant of God, serving Him faithfully, though imperfectly?" And again, tackling the great question at issue, Was the man who effected in his own day so great a reform an impostor? Was his whole career one of sheer hypocrisy? Was his divine mission a mere invention of his own, of the falsehood of which he was conscious throughout ?- far-going Mr. Freeman replies, that although such was the notion of the elder controversialists, like Prideaux, -to an unprejudiced observer it carries its own confutation on the face of it. Surely nothing, he contends, but the consciousness of really righteous intentions could have carried Mahomet so steadily and consistently, without ever flinching or wavering, without ever betraying himself to his most intimate companions, from his first revelation to Khadijah to his last agony in the arms of Ayesh. "If the whole was imposture, it was an imposture utterly without parallel, from its extraordinary subtlety, and the wonderful long-sightedness and constancy which one must attribute to its author."*

We of course admit, with one of Mr. Freeman's critics, that truth is truth, by whomsoever spoken; but from this follows the important corollary, that the utterance of truth does not of necessity free a man from the charge of imposture. For instance, Balaam, the diviner, we are reminded, was, qua diviner, an impostor; yet when he gave his well-known description of true religion, he was assuredly convinced of the truth of his words, and elevated by the consciousness of a direct mission from God to enforce that truth on the heart of a king steeped in superstition and iniquity. We are not driven, therefore, to the assertion that the whole life of Mahomet was a lie, and his whole mission an imposture; but there is an end, it is objected, of all accurate discrimination of character, if we are to withhold from a man the title of an impostor or deceiver because he does some things which are right, and says some things which are

"In the case of Mahomet, it becomes especially difficult to pronounce a judgment, from the way in which truth and legend are mingled up in his history. Thus, of his miracles, it is said that they are all subsequent fabrications, and that he laid no claim to miraculous power. Of the Koran, we are told that we cannot decide what portions were or not composed by Mahomet; and therefore, on any given charge, it is easy to allege this uncertainty either by way of extenuation or acquittal. can but argue from facts generally admitted, and from records generally attributed to him; and from these we are led to conceive of him as a man who, in his early years, led a strict and honest life, with a keen and deep conviction of the truth of the Divine unity, but, at the same time, the feeblest practical faith. Through his whole life, in spite of grandiloquent asseverations of the righteousness of God, there is no sign of any belief that that righteousness would be triumphant without the intervention of

^{*} The History and Conquest of the Saracens. By E. A Freeman, M.A. 1856.

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a human arm. 'Sit still, and thou shalt see the salvation of God,' was the very foundation and essence of the faith of the Hebrew prophet; but to this conviction Mahomet never rose. Hence, his apparent meekness and forbearance vanished, like frost before the sun, on the first accession of the smallest temporal power, and an instant appeal to the sword betrayed a spirit which had never been touched by real charity."*

In the main, this view is near enough to that adopted by Washington Irving, as the result of his studies for a life of the Prophet. In that Life, the general tenor of Mahomet's conduct up to the time of his flight from Mecca, is treated as that of an enthusiast acting under a species of mental illusion-his visionary spirit having been gradually wrought up by solitude, fasting, prayer, and meditation, and irritated by bodily disease in a state of temporary delirium, in which he fancied he received a revelation from heaven, and was declared a messenger of the Most High. Mr. Irving, indeed, believes him to have been "deeply imbued with a conviction of his being a divine agent for religious reform;" and finds something sublime in the luminous path which his enthusiastic spirit struck out for itself through the bewildering maze of adverse faiths and wild traditions—the pure and spiritual worship of the one true God, which he sought to substitute for the blind idolatry of his childhood. Such is the popular biographer's estimate of Mahomet and his conduct during the early part of his career, while he was a persecuted and ruined man in Mecca. But a signal change is expressly recognised after his flight to Medina-from which time worldly passions and worldly schemes too often gave the impulse to his actions, instead of that visionary enthusiasm which, even if mistaken, threw a glow of piety on his earlier deeds: the old doctrines of forbearance, long-suffering, and resignation, were suddenly dashed aside; he became vindictive towards those who had hitherto oppressed him, and ambitious of extended rule. "His doctrines, precepts, and conduct, become marked by contradictions, and his whole course is irregular and unsteady. His revelations, henceforth, are so often opportune, and fitted to particular emergencies, that we are led to doubt his sincerity, and that he is any longer under the same delusion concerning them."† Still, so favouring a biographer would have us remember, that the records of these revelations are not always to be depended upon; and suggests, not only that what Mahomet perhaps uttered as from his own will may have been reported as if given as the will of God, but that often, too, he may have considered his own impulses as divine intimations; and that, being an agent ordained to propagate the faith, all impulses and conceptions toward that end might be part of a continuously divine inspiration.

^{* &}quot;Mr. Freeman places Mahomet on the same level with Isaiah or Ezekiel; but it seems an insult to those holy men to name them with the man who, asserting that different prophets had been sent by God to illustrate his different attributes, declared that he, the last of the prophets, was sent with the sword. The self-called apostle who pronounced the sword to be the key of heaven and hell, stands out in humiliating contrast with another Apostle of the Gentile world, who bade his disciples beware never to render evil for evil unto any man. To take a far lower ground, he sinks ineffably below Mr. Freeman's truer hero—the upright and equitable Akbar."—Saturday Review, No. 47.

† Irving's Life of Mahomet, ch., xxxix.

Bacon says of a certain Pretender to the English crown, that not only did he so "notably acquit himself," as to be generally taken for what he pretended to be, by the vulgar and by persons of quality, but, "nay, himself, with long and continual counterfeiting, and with oft telling a lie, was turned by habit almost into the thing he seemed to be, and from a liar into a believer."* Of a very different public character, an antique Roman, of the more gracious and graceful type, Dr. Mommsen gives this account—that he had enough enthusiasm to warm men's hearts, and enough calculation always to decide on what was reasonable and never to leave ordinary means out of sight; that he was not simple enough to share the belief of the people in his divine inspirations, nor thoroughgoing enough to dismiss it; and possessed withal by a silent inward conviction that he was a peculiar object of the divine favour: in a word, of a true prophet's nature, standing above the people and also outside the people. † Between Mahomet, and Bacon's Perkin Warbeck, and Mommsen's Scipio, there may be little in common; but there is a connecting link of psychological affinity that deserves note in study of character. On like ground we may apply Cowper's lines, when he tells us that

> Fresh confidence the speculatist takes From every hair-brained proselyte he makes, . . himself but half deceived Till others have the soothing tale believed.

At what point the strong conviction of a truth which must be divine, which must be given us from above, becomes mixed with self-exaltation, with the desire of showing how wise we are, and of exercising a dominion over others for our own sakes, Mr. Maurice pronounces it hard to determine in any case. When the conscience is clear, he says, when the man is lowly, when he has been subdued by discipline, the opposition seems clear to him as between day and night; "the delusion of his own heart is manifested to him by the light which God has kindled there. But amidst the noise of human applause the distinction which was so definite vanishes, the precious and the vile become hopelessly mingled." Mr. Maurice counts it hard to say, that because they called themselves inspired, these claimants to be teachers sent from God meant to deceive: that language he even thinks might be the language of humility, not of arrogance—the confession that every good gift, above all every illumination respecting any invisible reality, cometh from the Father of Lights.

In Dean Milman's judgment, Mahomet remains, and must remain, an historic problem: his character, his motives, his designs are pronounced all equally obscure. Was the Prophet—this is one of the Dean's vexed questions—possessed with a lofty indignation at the grovelling idolatry of his countrymen? Had he contrasted the sublime simplicity of the Mosaic unity of God with the polytheism of the Arabs; or, that which appeared to him only the more subtle and disputatious polytheism of the Christians? Did he contemplate from the first foreign conquest or

^{*} Bacon, History of Henry the Seventh.

[†] Romisch Geschichte. Von Theodor Mommsen.
† The Progress of Error.
§ F. D. Maurice, Religions of the World.

foreign proselytism? or did his more pliant ambition grow out of and accommodate itself to the circumstances of the time, submit to change and modification, and only fully develop itself according to existing exigencies? At this distance of time, and through the haze of adoring and hostile tradition, the Dean of St. Paul's finds it difficult to trace clearly the outward actions of the Prophet—how much more the inward impulses, the thoughts and aspirations of his secret spirit. And in fine, to the question whether Mahomet was hero, sage, impostor, or fanatic, or blended,* and blended in what proportions, these conflicting elements in his character, Dr. Milman's best reply is the favourite reverential phrase of Islam, "God knows."†

REMINISCENCES OF CAIRO.‡

EVERY city, like every man, has its personalities, its characteristics. The collected life by which each is animated constitutes for it a real individual life, so that, looked upon at a distance and as fixed in the memory, every city has its own physiognomy, not as a thing so much as a person. Cairo has been much modernised in recent times; innovations have in many places rubbed off the rust of antiquity and polished off the rough edges of a mediæval barbarism. Orientalism and Europeanism elbow one another in frightful contiguity under the sycamores of the Usbikiyah; but there is still a Misr al Kahirah—an Egyptian City of Victory—and it is to be found by those who will give themselves the trouble to seek for it.

M. Didier's quarters were not exactly in its depths; it was more prudent to be nearer the surface, half way between the "Hôtel Anglais monstre," with its hundred and sixty beds, gardens, baths, and subscription balls, for the benefit of Cockneys "doing" the Nile, and the Oriental

town, with its rags, its fanaticism, and its intrigues.

The street was short but it bore a long name, Atfi Wiyan Kazaka. The sheikh of the locality, a spare, wiry, sharp-eyed Arab, had paid his visit of ceremony, and had received his honorarium for granting protection to an infidel; a barbarian Kandyl—that is to say, Candle by name, and a very good one too for a valet—had taken service on board-wages, three piastres per diem, equal to sevenpence-halfpenny English. He occupied the hall, where he slept on a mattress laid on straw. The only room on the ground floor was tenanted by an ass, one of that admirable

† Latin Christianity, H. 13. † Les Nuits du Caire. Par Charles Didier.

^{*} Archbishop Whately incidentally remarks, on the tactics of religious teachers not sent from God, and their accommodation to human dispositions, that "a superstitious enthusiast or a designing impostor" would lead his zealous followers to expect temporal success as a mark of divine favour; and adds, "as was done by Mahomet, who was probably a mixture of the two characters."

race so characteristic of Cairo. His groom was a handsome, intelligent boy, ten years of age, and not yet corrupted by admixture with the refuse of all nations, Maltese and Ionians in particular. Hassan lived, ran, eat, and slept with his donkey. An interpreter, secretary, and major-domo in one, at first a Roman renegade, and afterwards an Italian of the ex-Roman army of Garibaldi, occupied the three rooms on the first floor with M. Didier himself, but the days and nights alike were in greater part passed on the roof, which was the gem of the house. A corner of it was delightfully shaded by a grape-vine in a trellis; a hawk had taken up his abode in another corner, an owl in a third, while a tarantula, with whom our author was soon on terms of intimacy, and who never tried to bite him, lived in the fourth. From the terrace a comprehensive view was obtained over innumerable other terraces of different elevations, and above all of which towered the inevitable domes and minarets. Opposite were two houses, lower than that tenanted by the Frank; one was occupied by a poor Arab family, the female branches of which toiled all day on the terrace, always veiled; the other by a Maltese washerwoman, whose daughter, Antonietta, browned by some eighteen summers, soon established conversational relations, which had to be carried on across the street-no very great effort. The little house at Cairo, despite some drawbacks, has ever remained one of the most charming reminiscences of a life of wandering.

Its owner was awoke the first thing in the morning by the chant of the muezzins. At twelve their solemn voices, so striking when heard in the darkness of night, were broken by the bells of the convent of the Holy Land—an innovation which produces a sad jarring of time and place. This was more particularly felt when heard from the ramparts of the citadel, a remnant of the times of Salah ed din—the Saladin of the Crusaders—and still more interestingly associated with the dynasty

of the Mamluks.

As Petersburg was tarnished by the massacre of the Strelitz, and Constantinople by that of Janissaries, so Cairo has a sad memorial attached to it in the slaughter of the Mamluks, and of which the citadel was the theatre. The wall over which the last of his race leaped his horse is still pointed out. It is pleasant to sit on those ramparts con. templating one of the finest landscapes in the world; the rugged heights of the Mukkatan frowning from above; the group of houses, domes, and minarets which constitute the city stretching far away below, and enveloped by its gloomy cemeteries as if with a shroud; the Nile, with its verdant islands and banks beyond; and, in the remote distance, those mysterious works of a bygone race—the Pyramids; and to think at the same time of that extraordinary yet biblical institution in which no one could be a prince without having first been a slave. The Mamluks, as their name indeed indicates, were, with one exception-that of Marzuk, son of Ibrahim Bey-all originally Circassian or Georgian slaves, and of such was composed the dashing cavalry whose valour filled the French army with astonishment. Time brings about strange repetitions. On the 1st of July, 1798, Bonaparte proclaimed to the people of Egypt that he came to deliver them from the tyranny of the Mamluks. "We are real Mussulmans," he declared. "Was it not us who destroyed the Pope, who urged war against the Mussulmans? Was it not us who

destroyed the Knights of Malta, because the fools believed that God intended them to war against the Mussulmans?" The Cairenes were not ungrateful. They sang of the French in the following style:

"Thy absence, oh commander-in-chief, makes us sigh; thou who taketh sugar with thy coffee, and whose soldiers overrun the city in a

state of drunkenness in the pursuit of our women."

The French were followed in Cairo by the Turks, under Muhammad Ali, and a treaty of peace was effected with the Mamluks, who after a few desultory engagements found themselves no longer able to hold the

land to which they were but as strangers.

When war was declared against the Wahabites, Tusun, the pasha's son, was appointed in command of the expedition. The astrologer named the 1st of March, 1811, for the day of departure, which was to be accompanied by extraordinary pomp. The Delis, or madmen, led the way. They were followed by the Janissaries, or Yeni-shari, "new troops," and the police, the Udjaklis, the Yaldashes, and the Albanians. These were followed by four hundred and seventy Mamluks, well armed and splendidly mounted, under their two chiefs, Shahin Bey and Sulaiman Bey. The infantry and cavalry of the expedition closed up the procession. The whole force moved slowly towards the Gate of the Janissaries, which opens upon the Rumilah. The descent is so narrow that only two horsemen can pass abreast; it is, further, tortuous, impeded by rugged rocks, and commanded by lofty walls on both sides, pierced with embrasures. When the Mamluks were fairly engaged in the pass, the gate was shut, and the Albanians were ordered to retrace their steps, to clamber up the rocks, and to fusillade the horsemen of the Caucasus. The latter leaped from their steeds, and, sword in hand, rushed against their assassins. But their valour was useless, every embrasure was occupied, and they fell one after another without a chance of reaching their murderers. One alone escaped, his horse having carried him over a wall twenty feet in height. The Sayis, or faithful grooms of the haughty Mamluk chivalry, shared upon this occasion the fate of their masters. This dreadful massacre accomplished, the Turks proceeded to exterminate all that were of Mamluk origin in the city itself. More than a thousand men, women, and children were massacred in one day, and among them were twentythree beys, or princes, and twenty-four kashefs, or lieutenants. But few escaped, disguised as women or as "delis;" among them was one bey, Amin, who, thanks to an Arab sheikh of the Sharkiyah, was enabled to reach Syria. The same system of extermination was proceeded with in the provinces, and the heads of the chief beys were sent to Constantinople as an acceptable offering to Sultan Mahmud. Such was the manner in which the rule of the Turks was established in Egypt. No doubt the result will one day or other be expiatory. Already, in Muhammad Ali's time, with Ibrahim holding Syria, the Asiatic possessions of the Sublime Porte would have passed away from them but for the intercession of England, and even then the vicerovalty of Egypt was obliged to be admitted as an hereditary power; the actual succession having, however, in the very first instance, that of the succession of the present Said, or Sayyid, Pasha to Abbas Pasha, who succeeded to Muhammad Ali, been determined by a monstrous tragedy.

It is related that the prophet Muhammad, having sent a letter to the

chief of the Copts, exhorting him to embrace the new faith, the latter sent in acknowledgment two Coptic girls, of whom one, Mary, or Mary Anne, became his favourite wife; a mule called Duldul, also his pet; and a vase of honey, so exquisitely good that the prophet, having been informed whence it was derived, exclaimed, "Daïman Benha el Asal!" ("May the honey always be with her!") It was at this village, ever afterwards known as Benha el Asal, that Abbas Pasha built a palace, and it was there, also, that he fell a victim to an intention he is said to have entertained of placing his own son on the throne, whereas the hereditary right ensured the succession to the oldest prince of the family, and Said Pasha was second son of Muhammad Ali. But is a man amenable to the punishment of death for an obscure unproved intention, or does state policy excuse the commission of crime? It would be thought so from the manner in which the act is overlooked. But Allah Akbar! it is the fashion and the policy in the present day to vindicate and uphold the Turk, even when it is Turk against Turk; the turn of the down-trodden Christians, be they Slavonians or Copts, may follow

one day.

The Christians of Cairo, at all events those of European origin, do not, it is to be regretted, exalt their faith in the eyes of Mussulmans by their conduct. A secretary of state was once a theatrical manager in The services which he rendered to an Egyptian bey behind the scenes were repaid in time of trouble by a ministerial appointment in Egypt. A Sicilian doctor was a cobbler in his own island. An instructor in the army was a liberated convict. A learned Coptic scholar had emigrated from Lyons after murdering his mistress, and a veterinary surgeon actually stripped the native women of their jewellery by enticing them to his house, by which means they could not accuse him without accusing themselves. The scum of European society settle like bluebottles on the carcase of the East. They are neither Christians nor Muhammadans; they are mere pagans, seeking for freedom of action, unrestricted pleasures, the gratification of their senses, illicit gains, and materialistic ideas. Unprincipled and unscrupulous, they are not only corrupt, vicious, and disreputable, but they are also too often openly criminal. An Italian confectioner, a young and pretty woman, left her husband to live with his brother, and then returned to live with her husband. A missionary in Abyssinia, degraded for his malpractices, has become a prosperous merchant at Massawah-he is a well-known admirer of handsome Abyssinian girls. Another monk turned Mussulman; while an Indian, educated as a Christian, reverted to Muhammadanism, because, he said, religion in the East enters into the moral, social, and political existence; whereas in Europe he had found Christianity to be neither in the laws nor manners. Christian government he declared to be based on deceit, venality, or force; the subjects, he averred, lived like pagans, and there was only one god, and that was Mammon.

There are a great number of bazaars in Cairo, and, as, usual, each has its speciality. The Nahassyn is that of jewellers; the Budukaniyah that of grocers and druggists; the Khamsawi that of drapers. Stationery is purchased in the Ashrafiyah, and coffee and tobacco in the Gamaliyah. The saddlers are quartered in the Serujiyah, or the "groom's place;" the armourers in the Suk el Sellat. The Khan el

Khalyly, commonly called by ellipsis Khankhalyl, is supposed to be used solely by dealers in crockery-ware, furniture, and ironmongery, but it is in reality the Temple or Rosemary-lane of Cairo; the most animated and populous groups are to be seen beneath the shade of its two date-trees, and nowhere are the citizens to be studied to so much advan-

tage.

Here also the story-tellers, Muhaddityn as they are called, obtain most hearers, especially among the fair sex, and collect most paraspiastres are out of the question. The story-tellers belong to a corporation; they are under a sheikh, or head, and they have their specialities; the Antaryah confining themselves to recording the loves and exploits of the hero Antar; the Abu Zadiyah chant the warrior Abu Zayd; and there are the Zanateyah, the Zahariyah, the Helaliyah, and many others, all so called from the heroes whose fortunes they relate. Alatiyah, or musicians, the singers, dancers, and others, are also all embodied in corporations. The most numerous are the Shuarah, or poets; their name is derived from shehr, a verse, whence shuar, a poet. shuarah, poets. These modern bards have a regularly organised hierarchy, according to their style, the epic and grand marvellous poems taking precedence, buffoonery and sensuality being at the other extreme. The panderers to bad taste are indeed generally Hashashin, hempeaters, and their success of intoxication is great with the lower classes.

The blind poets are mostly attached to the mosques.

An old greybeard connected with the coffee-house at the corner of the street, and which M. Didier most frequented, used to tell a long story in connexion with the Birbas, or pyramids, the origin of which he attributed to Sauria, one of the last of the dynasty of giants who lived before the Deluge. This good king had a mirror on a brass column in the centre of the city of Misr, now old Cairo, in which he could see all that was done in his own kingdom, and all the kingdoms of the earth. He was also a great magician and a concoctor of talismans, among which were two idols, one for the cure of diseases, another for the especial comfort of the fair sex. The same gifted monarch, informed in a dream of the approach of the Deluge, raised the Pyramids in order to preserve all that was most valuable. He was assisted in this labour by the enchantments of the magicians, and the treasures were placed under the protection of idols of granite and porphyry, which could terrify, or even petrify, any one who ventured near. Sauria having died, after reigning seven hundred years, he was buried in the great Pyramids. sures of the Birbas are still intact. It is not given to any one to obtain possession of them. When Mamun, the Commander of the Faithful, first came to Egypt, he tried to ransack the Pyramids, but in vain. with those who followed him. Each pyramid, or Birba, has its especial genii to whose care it is confided. These sometimes appear to men under diverse shapes; sometimes as a shepherd with a club, used with equal dexterity and effect; at others, as a hideous negro, with teeth like a lion; and again at others, as a beautiful female alluring the stranger to destruction; or again, as a peaceful, studious, holy man, to converse with whom is to lose the reason. People have also seen processions of demons come from distant countries to examine these wondrous works of enchantment. Such was the account given by the Arabian story-teller.

The most popular poet of modern times in Cairo, whose name, Balah, signifies "dates," has sung the exploits of Muhammad Ali and of Ibrahim Pasha, but they are not popular. The Turkish dynasty in Egypt

are no more really favourites than the Mantchus are in China.

Cairo is especially a monumental city. Laying aside the mosques and minarets with which it is so richly decorated, artistic decorations are met with at every step. The gateways are often sculptured with the most capricious arabesques, nor are the musharabiyah, or balconies—the miradores of the Spaniards-less profusely ornamented. The interior courts are adorned with elegant porticos, shaded by date-fronds and refreshed by fountains. The abodes of the Mamluks are among the most picturesque in the city. A traveller once offered to hire, and, failing this, to purchase one of these old houses, which was deserted and tumbling into ruin. But it belonged to a fanatic old sheriff, and he would neither let it nor part with it to an infidel. It is sufficient, with some austere Mussulmans, that an infidel should reside in a house to corrupt it for ever afterwards. Ali Burhaneh, a dealer in horses, has a garden and court in the middle of the city, which is a perfect farm, with horses, cows, goats, sheep, poultry, and pigeons, dwelling under the shade of sycamore-trees. The houses of the sheriffs are among the oldest; there is one near the monastery of Abbanilla seven hundred years old. The monastery of dervishes here alluded to is a charming edifice, and in front of it is a fountain, like all its compeers, more or less monumental. Close by is a column, which it is considered unlucky to pass under. A crocodile nailed to a porch ensures luck. This is probably a remnant of a worship which, like many others, led to civil broils and fierce contentions in ancient times. There is a fountain near Saladin's palace which has the reputation of being a cure for love. It is in part constructed of ancient materials. The sakkiyahs, or water-wheels, are generally shaded with sycamores, and have hence become places of resort. "Everything," said a poet, "moans in Egypt, even to its sakkiyahs."

"Oh, sakkiyah!" said a black slave, as he watered the garden, "you moan as you turn round; my heart is like you, it grieves and sobs, but uselessly. What crime was Job guilty of when God afflicted him with leprosy? The slave cannot escape his destiny. What has the golden lamp that hangs from the ceiling done, that it should consume itself all night? Alas! the slave cannot escape his destiny; what is written is

written."

Taxes are collected in Cairo with the stick. Those whose back is weak, pay; those who can stand fifty blows are exempted. A kind of retributive justice is also very common. A man had to sweep the streets and offer water to the passers-by for seven years for an involuntary crime. He did not complain. Allah, he said, had tried him severely in this world to prepare him for another—every sweep of his broom cleared the road to Paradise. Another was cut into pieces for having stolen a cow, and his quarters sold to repurchase the cow. At the time of the French occupation of Egypt under Bonaparte, an officer fell in love with the fair daughter of a sheikh, and at last ventured into her abode. He never afterwards joined his regiment, whilst the body of the maiden was hung out wrapped in a black shroud above the porch—sad emblem of domestic justice.

M. Didier rode out one day by the Bab el Fûtuh, or the Gate of Victory, without any object in view-merely to get a breath of fresh air -when, seeing the Abbassiyah, or palace of Abbas Pasha, in the distance. he turned his donkey's steps towards it. The boy Hassan objected strongly to the proceeding; it was "Batal! batal!" he exclaimed—"a bad neighbourhood;" but attributing his fears to boyish prejudice against those in power, he paid no attention to them. Riding on, however, he met parties of soldiery, who eyed him from head to foot with unblushing insolence; others laughed and derided the Frank; while others, again, contented themselves with silent expressions of disdain and contempt. Proceeding a little farther, a lot of Bashi-Bazuks and Arnauts rushed forth, took hold of the donkey's bridle and turned him round, whilst others administered corporeal punishment to the poor boy. All this for having ventured into the precincts of the palace when the pasha was not there. M. Didier says he ought to have known better. No one was allowed to approach under such circumstances under the dread of his being the bearer of some evil. The superstitions of antediluvian ages, when genii guarded the Pyramids, magicians built Memphis, enchanters quarried the rocks, priests smelted the iron, and demons and talismans interfered in every act of life, are not yet entirely departed from modern They are, on the contrary, far more rife, and occupy a far more important place in the thoughts of certain classes, than they are ready to admit-especially to a Frank. We remember once travelling in Syria with a defeated pasha. The chief inhabitants of a town came to wait upon his excellency and condole with him. After the usual formalities, the conversation changed from fate and luck to enchantments. The pasha spoke as a believer in the latter, and I, as a Frank, was appealed to for confirmation. Not being willing to sacrifice truth to politeness, I hesitated; when, in a moment, it was curious to observe every physiognomy, even of bearded old sages, turned towards me with an imploring look, as if they themselves knew the thing to be an error, but they deemed it to be cruel to deprive the defeated pasha of the comfort to be derived from his faith by any rude disclaimer of its sound-

Returning by the Bab el Nazr, M. Didier found himself in the court of one of the oldest mosques in Cairo, that of the Fatimite Sultan Hakim Obaida, whose reign was one continued series of acts of tyranny and cruelty. He interdicted the use of nearly one-half of the ordinary objects of subsistence. He made the Christians wear great wooden crosses, and the Jews to carry little bells suspended to their necks. Yet he was not a strict Mussulman, for he was the founder of the order of Druses, which has survived him. His fanaticism increased with age; he forbad all games, music, or enjoyments of any kind or description. No woman was allowed to appear in public, nor even to pray in the cemeteriesthe last consolation of the female Islamite, to whom most other places of worship are more or less interdicted. Like Harun al Rashid, he roamed about in disguise night and day, distributing his favours and his punishments with wondrous impartiality. With all his faults and follies Hakim was generous to prodigality: he gave over the city of Alexandria to the tribe of the Ben-u-Kurrah. The assassin's dagger put an end to his mad career at the early age of thirty-six. All history gives him the

credit of having been insane. The Imam Makrisi's reasons for setting him down as such are singular enough. He declares that his dreams were not susceptible of any reasonable interpretation—ergo, he was a madman.

The dervishes of Cairo, often hostile, like monks of old, among themselves, dwell in monasteries, which are sometimes pretty enough, having cells and balconies, shaded gardens, kiosks refreshed with tiled floors and walls, in one of which is the enchanted emerald that "Buonabarde" could not remove, but which, like the "sacro catino" of Genoa, is only a bit of glass. The dervishes smoke and pray, and smoke again, idling

their time till they fall into a state of semi-idiocy.

Cairo, a pre-eminently religious city—and what city of the Islamites is not pre-eminently so?-boasted once of its three thousand mosques. This was no doubt hyperbole. It still reckons, however, its four hundred, for a population of three hundred thousand souls. These all enjoy more or less considerable revenues, and are under a minister velept Vakuf. That of Sultan Hassan, near the Rumilah, is the most handsome. There is a MS. Koran in the tomb of the founder written by his daughter. Close by is the mosque of Sultan Kalah-un, which has been compared in its ornamentation to the palace of the doges at Venice. The porch of this mosque is the chosen site of the opium-smokers. The mosque called the Seat of Pharaoh contains some rare old china. That of the young girls is very small, but exceedingly graceful. It was founded by the daughter of a khalif, as was also the mosque called Setti Zaynab, or the Lady Zenobia, and which is exclusively reserved for the use of women. The mosque of Sultan Tulun, one of the oldest, dating about A.D. 864, is the only one not in use. Yet is it one of the most beautiful of the Saracenic structures in Cairo: it is said that a horse can be led up its minarets, and its immense court is surrounded by charming ar-The old ruin and its magnificent court is now given up to beggars, who are provided with daily meals from the revenues of the mosque, thus perverted from their original purposes. The mosques of Hussain, son-in-law of Muhammad, and of Al Azhar, or the Bouquet, so called from a group of flowers sculptured over one of its forty gates, are prohibited to Christians. A quarter of the former is reserved for the worship of the Shiahs and Persians, followers of Ali; the latter is the Sorbonne of Cairo, and the seat of learning. The children's schools are held in its vast court, which is covered with mats, on which the children learn, babble, eat their dinners of dates, lettuce, or dried fruit, and go to sleep. At the gate a hideous spectacle presented itself. This was a hawal, or man accoutred as a female, with a scarlet tarbush embroidered in gold, a jacket of light-blue silk, wide trousers of a roseate colour, and a white tunic fastened round the haunches with a Cashmere shawl. This hybrid monster went through her or his obscene contortions to the sound of saganets, or castagnettes of copper, the same as the almées use, and to the manifest delight of a group of veiled women.

The City of the Dead lies beyond the Gate of the Imam, also called Bab el Sayyida; it has neither walls nor gates, and stretches out to the boundary of the desert. The tombs are disposed without order: a simple stone, with an upright at each end, marks the reposing-places of the multitude. But around and about are sepulchral chapels, Oriental

mausolea, and mosques for tombs. Muhammad Ali has his mortuary palace, in which many of his line, princes and princesses, already lie by his side. But the tombs of the Mamluks constitute the most striking features in the scene. They are adorned with marble walls and columns, and surmounted by white domes; many had minarets. are now given up to the jackals, who alone disturb their solitude. Mamluks have no friends and few descendants in Egypt. But the tombs of their beys are numerous, and stretch away to the very foot of the Mukattan, on whose shattered flanks are the ruins of a castle yellowed with age, whilst towards the city are more sepulchral mosques of still greater antiquity, and of greater architectural pretensions, but all alike falling into ruin. There is a pious vanity in the building of a sepulchral mosque; every king, every prince, every man who can afford it, must have his own. Hence their number. The poor man has his stone without an inscription. But the stone and the mausoleum are alike destined to oblivion: the old mosque falls to ruin and is succeeded by that of some later and equally vain and brief actor in the stage of life. The fellahs remove the stones to construct their humble huts, for, strange to say, there is a village in the City of the Dead, its sycamores constituting a kind of oasis in the desert of tombs, and attached to it is a school superintended by some old man who derives a reputation of superior sanctity and wisdom from the place where he has taken up his abode. His scholars are likewise supposed to be imbued with serious inclinations from their intimacy with death; but it is something like that to be seen among the undertakers in the West-anything but edifying.

The tombs of the khalifs lie on an arid plain a mile or more to the east of the city. Each is a mosque in the best style of Moorish art. The finest, and unfortunately at the same time the one that has most suffered by the lapse of time, is that of Sultan Khazim. The dome still remains, but it is cracked in various directions, and bats, hawks, and owls nestle there. It is the abomination of desolation. The mosque of Sultan Barkuk is richly decorated with rare and precious stones, lapislazuli, verd antique, and marbles; the mosaics are beautiful. There are many others all constructed more or less upon the same plan, and all more or less threatened with proximate destruction. The effect of the whole is, however, highly impressive; time and a powerful sun have given to them warm and ruddy colours that contrast well with the deep blue of the sky on the horizon, and it is impossible to contemplate so many chefs-d'œuvre of Saracenic architecture without a deep emotion. tombs of the khalifs, ruinous as they are, are tenanted by a colony of outcasts, who have sought refuge there from conscription and forced labour, and have multiplied there in a safe asylum, unless the demands of the Suez Canal have caused a routing out of living things from the

tombs.

Cairo has two ports on the Nile, Bulak to the north, and Old Cairo, Fustat, or Misr, to the south. Old Cairo was contemporary with Memphis, and anteceded the modern Misr al Kahirah, which was founded by the Arabs. Hence the first mosque that rose up in the valley of the Nile—that of the conqueror Amru, lieutenant of Khalif Omar—rose up here. It is still in tolerable keeping, with seventy columns taken from older structures, between two of which—an old story—he who can pass is sure

of heaven. Two well-known viceroys are said to have tried the experiment in vain. There are indications of the spot having belonged to Christians, but whether this was an episode in its history, or anteceded its present purports, is not known. Old Cairo stretches along the river banks, and has a population of some three thousand souls. It has also its Coptic quarter, with a church of great antiquity, abominable narrow streets, and a most miserable population. There is also a Greek church, with the usual Byzantine paintings, attached to which is a monastery, supported by funds derived from Wallachia, whose boyards have hence a right of hospitality when they come to Cairo. Both are splendidly situated, overlooking the Nile, and the spot has so great a reputation in a sanitary as well as a sacred point of view, that people emigrate from Cairo here to be cured of their complaints. So far is this carried, that there is a pillar in the church, with a chain, to which mad girls are attached till cured of

their folly.

The modern Cairo, it is to be observed, is traversed in its whole length by a canal, called Kalish al Mawardi, which is only filled with water at the season of inundation. This canal has its outlet at Old Cairo, at the same point whence the aqueduct, erected of stones taken from the Pyramids, starts for the citadel. This canal is opened annually with great ceremony, and close by are the so-called granaries of Joseph, for Old Cairo is the emporium for all the cereals brought from Upper Egypt. The granaries consist of seven great square courts with brick walls. It is also the head-quarters of the jellah, or merchants, whose most profitable business is the sale of slaves. M. Didier relates at length the history of a fair Abyssinian—Ipsa by name—abducted from her parents, after they had been consumed in their own dwelling, purposely set on fire, her brother cast into a well, and her lover slain, and who was, through his intervention and the generosity mainly of certain philanthropic English people, about to be rescued, but who was, unfortunately, sold in the interim. This, after a first application to the monks of St. Francis, who plainly told him to purchase the slave for himself; a second application to the consuls for aid in the good work, but who contented themselves with declaring that Abyssinia was not within their functions; and a third to friends among the motley crew of merchants, doctors, and engineers, who simply laughed at him for what they deemed to be a very suspicious bit of sentimentality. Well might our traveller remark that the monks of the Holy Land and the laity live in so corrupt a state of society, the very air they breathe is so vitiated, and the manners of the Levantines are so relaxed, that an act of pure and honest sentimentality is not believed in.

The Sublime Porte, which has recognised the hereditary sovereignty of the Egyptian dynasty, reserves to itself the right of sending annually a chief kadi, or judge, to Cairo. He is received with great pomp, and his court of justice, or makamah, is situated in the centre of the city. This court is not only frequented by litigators, but also by numerous cats, that are fed by the legacies of the pious, and are under the especial protection of the grand kadi. Snakes abound in Cairo, and are looked upon as good omens. Only the black and white ibises, which were hence venerated in olden, and the storks, still venerated in modern times, are permitted to eat them. The snake-charmer draws them forth from the cracks in the walls merely by uttering a peculiar cry, which the snake

probably mistakes for that of a mouse or lizard, which it is in the habit of preying upon. It is in Egypt, as elsewhere, a folly to destroy animal life. The lizards that live in crevices devour the legions of ants, the snakes eat the lizards, the storks the snakes. The hawks that also dwell in cracks, in domes, and elsewhere, keep down the superabundance of

bats. The bats devour the mosquitoes from off your very face.

There are perpetual "fantasias," as they are called, going on in Cairo. The most frequent and the most noisy are on the occasion of weddings and circumcisions. There are on these occasions processions, some on foot, some on donkeys, some on camels, the people carrying wax-tapers of various colours or torches, and always accompanied by music, in which the classic zummara and darabuka figure, to an extent that is often disagreeable to the quiet resident. Marriages are always attended by vocalists of note; those in highest reputation were, at the time, Sakna, Sayyida, and the Jemmala, or camel-driver, so called from her having been wedded to a person of that description. M. Didier gives specimens of their songs, but they are not of a character to bear translation. Great use is also made of the cannon planted on the citadel of Cairo. A day seldom passes that a salute is not fired, for some reason or other. One day it is a religious festival, another a birth in the palace, a third the pasha himself on the move, and the fourth a report of a victory, often contradicted the next day-no matter, the great guns have commemorated it. Even the arrival of a consul is announced by the discharge of twenty-one guns. Every Wednesday there is also practice at the turah, or arsenal. The greatest of all regular "fantasias" are held upon the departure and return of the caravan from Mekka. The mahmel, which once contained a princess of the Mamluks, now goes empty; but it is still surrounded with traditional respect. The return of the caravan presents an excellent opportunity for purchasing carpets cheaply. All the squares are, on these occasions, full of horsemen, Mughrebins or Moors, from Tripoli, Tunis, Algeria, and Morocco, musicians, quacks, story-tellers, and a crowd of the most noisy description. The Almées, or, as the Arabs call them, a-wâlem, are now rarely to be met with in Cairo; this is also the case with the Ghawazi, or gipsies, but they and the Babuluki-a still more degenerate race-do exist, and, what is more, are represented by the females of various nations-Wallachs, Maltese, Italians, Greeks, nay, even Arabs and Turks. There is also a theatre, but it is only open when a company happens to visit the place.

GRANVILLE DE VIGNE.

A TALE OF THE DAY.

PART THE TWENTY-FIRST.

I.

HOW LITTLE ALMA HOVERED BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH.

THE summer morning dawned sweetly on the grand old trees that were shaking the dew off their glossy leaves, and lifting their boughs to the sunshine; the herds of deer rose from their fern couches, and trooped down to the pools for their morning drink; the subtle, delicious fragrance of the dawn rose up from the wet grass that sparkled in the light after the storm of the past day, and from the deep dells, and shadowy glades, and sunny knolls of the Royal Forest rose a soft morning hymn of joy. One of the rangers was going home to his cottage for breakfast, a white-haired old man, who had lived in the stately woodlands till he loved them almost as men love their own ancestral homes, and knew every legend that had haunted those royal glades since the days when Edward of York led his brilliant hunting-train in the midsummer sheen, and the eighth Tudor listened for the cannon boom that told him his own fair wife and Thomas Wynn's false love was murdered. He was going to his home for breakfast, when he caught sight of something gleaming white among the brushwood on the outskirts of the forest, and drawing nearer, to his astonishment beheld Alma as she slept. He was going to awaken her somewhat roughly perhaps, but something in her attitude touched him, and as he stooped over her and marked the fine texture of the dress, soaked through with mud and rain, her delicate hands with their white skin and blue veins, her face so pale, so youthful, so refined, with the circles under the eyes dark as the lashes resting on them, and the parted lips, through which every breath came with such feverish and painful effort, he shrank involuntarily from touching harshly what seemed so fragile and so helpless.

He stooped over her perplexed and worried; he did not like to leave

her; he did not like to move her.

"Poor pretty child!" he muttered, drawing her thick golden hair through his rough fingers, and feeling her hand, which burnt like fire. "Who's sent her out to such a bed, I wonder? If she's been lying out all night, she's caught her death of cold. I should like to take her home.

poor young thing; but what would the old woman say?"

The worthy man, being a trifle henpecked, paused at this view of the question; his charity halting before the dread of another's condemnation of it, as charity in the great world shrinks and hides her head before the dread of the "que dira-t-on!" He wavered; he could not leave her there; he was afraid, poor fellow, to take her home, lest a hissing voice should condemn his folly, and a shrew's vituperations reward him for his Samaritanism. He wavered still, while his dog, with the true instinct and ready kindness with which dumb animals so often shame their owners, began to lick those little burning hands with his great rough

tongue in honest well meaning to do good, and to offer what help lay in

his power.

As his master wavered, ashamed to leave, afraid to take her with him, a lady and two little girls, a governess and her pupils, walking before their breakfast, drew near, too. The keeper knew them, and looked up as they approached, for they were astonished as well as he at this girlish figure with the white dress and golden hair lying down on the dark dank moss.

"Dear me, Reuben—dear me, what is this?" asked the governess, while the children's eyes grew round and bright with wonder and pleasure at seeing something strange to tell when they reached home.

"It's a woman, ma'am," responded the keeper, literally, while the lady drew near a little cautiously and a little frightened; for, though a good hearted, gentle creature, she was a woman, and by no means exempt from the peculiar theories of her sex, and no lady, we know, will look at another, however in distress or want, unless she knows she is "proper"

for her own pure eyes to rest upon.

"It's a woman," went on Reuben, "or rather a girl, ma'am, for she's only a bit of a thing. She looks like a lady, too, ma'am—leastways her face and her hands do—and her dress is like them bits of cobweb that fine ladies wear, that are no good at all for wind and weather. If she's been lying here all night, sure she'll die of cold afore long, though it is summer, to be sure, but by the look on her, I fear she's been out in all the rain last evening. She's only asleep now, ma'am, though she do look like a corpse, and I don't know what to do with her, ma'am, for you see it ain't a little thing for poor people like us to get an invalid into our house for, maybe, two or three months, and a long doctor's bill, and perhaps in the end nothing to pay it with; and as for the workhouse—""

"Couldn't we take her home with us? I am sure mamma would let us. Don't you think we might, Miss Russel?" asked the younger girl,

a bright-faced child of ten or eleven.

"Hush, Cecy! Don't be silly. How could we take a person home that we know nothing about? She can't be a very *nice* person you are sure, Cecy, or she wouldn't be out here all alone," said her elder sister, reprovingly, who had already learnt her little lesson in the world's backreading of charity, and had already a special little jury of her own for haranguing and converting people according to the practices she saw around her.

"Let me look at her, poor young creature. You were quite right, Cecy dear, to be kind to people, though you could never do such a thing without asking your mamma; and you should not be so quick to condemn others, Arabella; it is not doing as you would be done by, my love. Let me look at this poor young thing!" said the governess, her compassion getting the better of her prudence. She stooped over the figure that lay so motionless amidst all their speculations upon her, turned her face gently towards the light, and, as the sun-rays fell upon it, cried out in bitter horror, "Alma! my poor little Alma! How can she have come here?" And, to the children's wonder, their governess sank on her knees by the girl, pushing the damp hair off her forchead, kissing her pale cheek, and almost weeping over her in her astonishment and her sorrow.

"Do you know her, ma'am?" asked the keeper. "Do you know her, Miss Russel?" cried the children, in shrill chorus of surprise and curiosity. The poor lady could not answer them at first; she was speechless with bewilderment to find her darling Alma lying here sleeping, with the damp earth for her pillow, out here under the morning skies, with nothing to shelter her from night dew or noontide sun, as lonely, as wretched, as homeless as the most abject outcast flying from his life and banned from every human habitation.

"Yes, Reuben—yes, my dears—I know her well, indeed, poor darling!" she answered them at last, hurriedly and incoherently, and trembling with the sudden shock and her uncertainty how in the world to act. "She is Alma Tressillian—my dear little Alma. Heaven only knows how she can have come here! What can have happened to her—

what can have driven her all this distance from her home?"

"Is this Miss Tressillian you used to tell us about?" asked Cecy, eagerly.

"I thought all your pupils had been ladies, Miss Russel?" asked Ara-

bella, standing aloof with a curl on her lip.

But Miss Russel for once heard nothing either of them said; she was trying to wake Alma from the slumber that, save for her laboured breathings, seemed the very counterfeit of death. Whether she woke or not she could not tell; a heavy, struggling sigh heaved her chest; she tried to turn, but had no power; then her eyes unclosed, but there was no consciousness in them; the lids dropped again immediately; a shiver as of

icy cold ran through her; she lay still, motionless as the dead.

"What can we do with her?" cried poor Miss Russel, half beside herself with grief for the girl and powerlessness to aid her, for in her own home she was but a dependent, and her employé, a rector, in the constant habit of dinning charity and its duties into the ears of his "flock," would, she knew, resent even more than Reuben's wife the introduction into his house of a person ill and in need who could not repay him with éclat for his Christianity. "What shall we do!" cried the poor lady. "She will die, poor dear child, if she is half an hour longer without medical aid. Poor little darling, what can ever have brought her to this——"

"I'll take her to our house," said Reuben, decided at last. "Since

you know her, ma'am, that'll be everything to my missis."

"Do, do," assented the governess, eagerly; she would have done anything for her darling Alma that anybody could have suggested, no matter how much to her own hindrance, but by nature she was nervous, timid, and undecided. "Do, Reuben, take her at once, and pray move her tenderly. I must see the Miss Seymours home, but I shall be at your cottage as soon as you are. Take her up gently. My poor little

darling!"

Reuben lifted the girl in his arms, those sturdy, rough arms, so little used to such a load, and laid the golden head with no harsh touch against his shoulder. They might have taken her where they would, Alma knew nothing of it. Miss Russel looked at her lingeringly a moment; she longed so much to go with her, but she dared not take her pupils to see a girl whom their reverend father "did not know." She retraced her steps rapidly with Arabella and Cecy, and Reuben went onwards with his burden.

The governess was as good as her promise. Reuben's wife, with no over good grace, had but just received her new charge, with much amazement and loud grumbling, till softened, despite herself, by that sad, unconscious face, when Miss Russel came, bringing her own linen for her best loved pupil's use, and helped her to lay Alma on the couch, which was, if small and hard, scrupulously clean, bathe her burning temples with vinegar, bind up her long, damp hair, and then wait—wait, unable to do more, till medical aid should arrive.

For six weeks Alma lay on that bed, unable to move hand or foot, unconscious to everything surrounding her, life only kept in her by the untiring efforts and master's skill of a brain that put out all its powers to save her, and fought her battle with Death in her defence, unwearied in her cause, though he knew she was young and friendless, and that no payment, save the human life saved, might reward him; while the priest only sighed out his fears that she was not "prepared," and excused himself from all office of his much-boasted Christian charity "on the score of his carrying the infection to his children"—the infection of brain fever! If De Vigne had watched over her through those long weeks when her life hung but on a thread, I think it would have driven him mad; it struck to the hearts of all who saw her, to watch her as she lay there, her wide, fair brow knit with pain, her beautiful blue eyes wide open, without sense or thought, only a dull burning glare in her aching eyeballs, her cheeks flushed deeply and dangerously, her long golden hair wet with the ice laid on her temples—her mind gone, not in raving or chattering delirium, but into a strange, dull, voiceless, unconsciousness, in which the only tie that linked her to life and reason was that one name which now and then she murmured faint and low, "Sir Folko! Granville!"

The night out in the forest brought on inflammation of the lungs; the shock, the horror, the agitation of her mind, fever; and against the two only her own young life and the skill that grappled for her with the death that hovered round her couch alone enabled her to battle. At last youth and science conquered; at last the bent brow grew calm, the crimson flush paled upon her face, her long, black lashes drooped wearily upon her cheek, her breathing grew more even, her voice ceased to murmur that piteous wail, "Sir Folko! Granville!" and she slept.

"She will live now," said her doctor, watching that calm and all-

healing sleep.

"Thank God!" murmured her old governess, with tears of joy.

"Who is that man whose name she mutters so constantly ?" asked Montressor, the medical man, outside her door, while Alma slept on as she had slept for fifteen hours, and did sleep on for another five.

Miss Russel was somewhat embarrassed to reply; her calm and prudent nature had puzzled in vain over Alma's strange, expansive attachment, half childish in its frankness, but so wildly passionate in its strength.

"Really I can hardly tell. I fancy—I believe—she means a gentleman, a friend of Mr. Tressillian's, of whom I know she was very fond."

Montressor smiled.

"Can we find him? He should be within call, for if she has wanted him so much in unconsciousness, she had better not be excited by asking for him in vain when she awakes. What is he?" "An officer in the Army-in the Cavalry, I believe," answered the governess, much more inclined to keep De Vigne away than to bring him there.

"A soldier? Oh, we can soon learn his whereabouts, then. What is

his name, do you know?"

"Major de Vigne," said Miss Russel, reluctantly, for if there was anybody that mild and temperate woman disliked on earth, it was the person whom she termed that "fascinating and very dangerous man," at whose feet she had once found Alma sitting so fondly. Montressor put the name in his note-book. Two days after he called on Miss Russel:

"I wrote to the Horse Guards for Major de Vigne's address. They tell me he is gone to the Crimea. Tiresome fellow! he would have been

my best tonic."

The doctor might well say so, for when at length she awoke from the lengthened sleep that had given her back to life, enfeebled as she was—so much so that for many days she lay as motionless, though not as unconscious as before—taking passively all the nourishment they brought her, the first words she spoke in her broken voice, which scarcely stirred the air, were:

"Where is he? Can't you bring him here? Pray do; he will come if you tell him I am ill. He will come to his poor little Alma. Go and

find him. Pray go!"

And little as Miss Russel could sympathise or comprehend this to her strange and somewhat reprehensible attachment for a man who, as she thought, had never said a word of affection in return; who certainly had never offered to make Alma his wife—the only act on a man's part that could possibly justify a woman in liking him, according to that prudent and tranquil lady's theory—she was too really fond of Alma not to grieve sorely to have no answer with which to relieve that ceaseless and plaintive question, "Why does he not come? Why don't you send for him?" till Miss Russel, far from quick at a subterfuge, and loathing a falsehood, was obliged to have recourse to an evasion, after much difficulty in searching her mind for an excuse:

"My dear child, if you excite yourself you will bring on your illness again, and you may never see your friend again. You must not see Major de Vigne yet for your own sake; besides, remember, your fever is infectious; you would not bring him into danger, surely? When all is

safe for you and him we will try how we can bring him here."

Alma gave a deep, heavy sigh; all the returning light died out of her

eyes.

"Ah, I shall never get well without him, but I cannot think how I came here, I cannot remember. Let him know how I am; pray do, but tell him I love him better than myself, and I will not see him if there is danger for him; only, only, I wonder he did not come to me,—I would have gone to him!"

And poor little Alma, too weak to rebel, too exhausted still for her memory to recal anything of the past, except what she had remembered even in delirium, De Vigne and her love for him, burst into tears, and lay with her face to the wall, weeping low, heart-broken sobs that went

to the heart of those that heard them.

"She will never get well like this," said Montressor, in despair at

seeing his victory of science over death being undone again as fast as it could. "Who is this Major de Vigne? Deuce take the man, why did he go away just when one wanted him the most? Was Miss Tressillian

engaged to him?"

"Not that I ever heard," replied Miss Russel, sorely troubled with the subject. "But, you see, Mr. Montressor, she has very strong affections, and she has led a strange, solitary life, and Major de Vigne was her grandpapa's friend, and has been very kind to her since she came to England, but—you know—it would hardly be correct, if he were in

England, for him to come here-"

"Correct!" repeated Montressor, with a smile that the man of the world could not for the life of him repress at the good governess's prudery, "we medical men, my dear lady, have no time to stop for conventionalities when life is in the balance; when we have to deal so much with realities, we learn to put that sort of scruple at its right value. If Major de Vigne were anywhere in this country I would make him come and quiet my patient by a sight of him, as none of my opiates will do her without. She will never get well like this; her body is stronger, but she has sunk into a most dangerous lethargy; all she does is to sob quietly, and murmur that man's name to herself, and if we cannot get at the mind we cannot work miracles with the body; that confounded brain and nervous system working together are our worst enemies to deal with, for there are no medicines that will reach them. She will never get well like this; we must rouse her in some way; any shock would be better than this dreamy lethargy; there is no knowing to what mischief it may not lead. I shall tell her he is gone to the Crimea."

"Oh, Mr. Montressor! pray don't!" cried the governess, tenderhearted even to what she considered as so reprehensible an attachment.

"Pray don't; I assure you it will kill her!"

"She is much more likely to be killed if left as she is now," answered Montressor. "I shall tell her he is gone to the Crimea, and that she

must get well to go after him."

Miss Russel's face of horror at the suggestion made him laugh, in spite of courtesy. "I shall," repeated the doctor; "anything that will rouse her I shall say; if my patients have a fancy to go to the moon I humour them, if humouring the fancy any way tends to their recovery."

"Who do you wish so much to see?" asked Montressor, gently, when he visited Alma on the morrow and found her lying in the same despondent attitude, no colour in her pale cheeks, no light in her sunk eyes.

Alma's mind was not yet wholly awake, but dim memories of what had passed, and what had brought her there, only hovered through her brain, entangled even yet inextricably with the phantasma of delirium. All she was fully awake to, and vividly conscious of, was the longing for De Vigne: so strong was that upon her that she started up in her bed when Montressor asked the question, her eyes getting back some of their old luminous light, and the first faint rose tint of colour on her face.

"Sir Folko—Granville—Major de Vigne, my only friend! I am sure they have not told him I am ill, or he would have come. If I could see my old nurse she would tell him—where is she, too? it is so strange—so very strange. Will you tell him? do, pray do, I shall never get well till I can see him!" And Alma sank back upon her pillows with a heavy,

weary sigh.

Montressor put his hand upon her pulse and kept it there. He saw that her mind was very nearly unhinging again, and since it was out of his power to get De Vigne here, he was obliged to try some other way to rouse her.

"Do you love this friend of yours so much, then?" he asked her,

gently still.

Alma looked at him a moment: then her eyes drooped, the faint blush wavered in her cheek, her mind was dawning, and with it dawned the recognition of Montressor as a stranger, and that reluctance to speak of De Vigne to others which was so blended with her demonstrative frankness to him. She answered him more calmly, though with a simplicity and fervour which touched Montressor more than anything else could have done, for the unmasked human nature which his profession had often shown him had made him naturally and justly sceptical of many of the displays of feelings that he saw.

"Yes," said Alma, lifting her eyes to his face. "Yes, he is all I have on earth! and he will come to me—he will, indeed—if you will only let him know. I cannot think why he is not here. I wish I could remem-

her---'

She pressed her hands to her forehead—the history of the last two days began to come to her, but still slowly and confusedly.

"Keep quiet, and you will remember everything in time," said Mon-

tressor.

Alma shook her head with a faint sign of dissent. "Not if you keep him away from me—it is a plot, I know it is a plot. Why am I to lie here and never see him; it is cruel. I cannot think why you all try to keep him away——"

She was getting excited again; two feverish spots burned in her

cheeks, and her eyes glowed dark and angry.

"No one is trying to keep him away," said Montressor, gravely and slowly. "If it rested with us you should see him this instant—who should plot against you, poor child? But your friend is a soldier, and soldiers cannot always be where they would. There is a war, you know, between England and Russia, and Major de Vigne has been sent off with his troop to the Crimea."

He spoke purposely in few and simple words, not to confuse her with lengthened sentences or verbose preparation. As he thought, it took electrical effect. Alma sprang up in her bed, and seized his wrist in

both her hands.

"Gone—gone—away from me! Do you mean it? Is it true?"

Montressor looked at her kindly and steadily:

"Quite true; it was his duty as a soldier. You must try and get well to welcome him back."

"Gone!—gone! Oh, my God! And to war! Gone! and he never came for one farewell; he never came to see his poor little Alma once again. Gone to the Crimea, and I may never see him, never hear his voice, never look at his face again! He may be ill, and I shall not be there; he may die, and I shall not know it; he may lie in his grave, and I shall not be with him! Gone!—gone! it is not true—it cannot be true; he would never go without one word to his little Alma. If it be true, let me go to him, I am quite well, quite able; God will give me

strength, and I love him too much for death to have any power over me

till I have seen him once again."

In her wild, excited agony she would have sprung from her couch had not Montressor held her down in his firm grasp, and spoken to her in a calm and resolute tone which gave him wonderful sway over his

patients.

"Lie still, and listen to me. It is true Major de Vigne is gone to the Crimea; probably he was ordered off, as officers often are, on a moment's notice. He may have sent to you, he may have gone to take leave of you, but that would have been at your home, he could not tell that you were here. If you wish to see him again—if you wish, as you say, to follow him to the Crimea—you must calm yourself, and do your best to recover. This excitement is the worst possible thing for your health, and unless you try to tranquillise your mind you will never be well either to find your friend or to make any inquiries about him. If you do care for him, you must do what I am sure he would wish you—your utmost to be quiet and get well again."

She listened to him with more comprehension in her large, sad eyes than had been in them since Montressor first saw her. "Thank you, thank you; you are very kind!" But then her head drooped on her hands, a passion of tears convulsed her frame, she sobbed with all the vehemence and abandon of her nature. "Gone!—gone! Oh, life of my

life, why did you leave me?"

But Montressor did not mind those tears—there were vitality, passion, reality, and strength in them; they were wholly unlike those pitiful, broken, half-unconscious wailings, and would, he knew, relieve her surcharged brain. He left her to go his rounds, and when she was alone after her first passionate hours of grief, with this shock all the past, link on link, came slowly and bewilderingly to Alma's mind. For the first time since she had been placed, seven weeks before, on that bed in the ranger's cottage, did she remember that horrible race in the midsummer storm, the terrors of that night in Windsor Forest, which had ended in bringing her thither. The Trefusis's visit, Raymond's trap, Castleton's loathed love, the scene in that hateful house, came back upon her memory, and De Vigne had doubtless heard of that flight with Castleton, and, accrediting evil of her, had given her up and gone to the Crimea. She could have shrieked aloud in her agony to have lost him thus-to have him, without whom existence was valueless, gone into danger and death through her; to know that he, from whom her affection had never wandered since the time when, a little child, she had told him "Alma vi ama" in the library at old Weive Hurst, and from whom it never would wander, though she were never to see his face again, that he should be left to think she could forsake him, and gone where she could not fly to him to say, "I am yours alone, in life and death!" Surely he must have known that, with such words as they had spoken-with such a parting as theirs had been—she could not have fled with another?—he could not believe that all the love she had shown him was a lie?—he could not let her go on such cruel evidence? She would not have believed against him; she had not credited the Trefusis's story; she had felt that it was a link in Castleton's plot—the woman but an emissary of his. De Vigne should have had the same faith in her; Sir Folko should never have left her, his own poor little Alma!

As she thought and thought, Alma grew almost maddened; to lose him just when their hearts were knit in one, just when the heaven of love was dawning before their eyes; to lose him to danger and to death!she thought her brain would go; with the wild despair, the desperate. fierce longing to see him, be with him, hear his voice in her ear, feel his arms round her, telling her she was his own, and that none could make him doubt her. There was but one thing kept her up, one thought that forced her to calm herself, that one on which Montressor had relied; that to write to him-still more, to go to him, to learn anything of him, to dispel in any way this hideous barrier that had risen up between, as a horrible nightmare fills up the space between the golden evening and the laughing morn-she must get well. In Alma, with all her impetuousness and passion, childlike gaiety and reckless impulsiveness, there was much strong volition, much earnest and concentred fixity of will and purpose; she had not a grain of patience, but she had a great deal of perseverance, insomuch as she grew sick to death of waiting for a thing, but would work on for it with a strength and resolute vehemence that generally brought her her object in the end. If she was wanting to make an out-of-door sketch, and the sky was unpropitious, she was feverish with impatience till it cleared, and would not wait a moment for better weather: but if the sketch depended on her own skill, she was untiring in doing it over and over again till she had conquered all its difficulties and accomplished her own end. now having set heart and mind on getting well, she did her utmost to keep herself from that feverish anguished sorrow, and to still that thirst for his presence, which she knew would only keep her farther from him; and though the bitterness of grief eat into her heart with suffering proportionate to her passionate joy in those brief hours she had known of love in its deep and mutual ecstasy, Alma had hope and resolution to recover, and strength came to her day by day.

Reuben's close cottage was not one to facilitate her restoration; light, air, comforts, atmosphere, all that were most needed for her, were inaccessible there. She had barely strength enough to be lifted from her bed without fainting, and Montressor saw that without the freedom of air, the space, the delicate entourages to which she was accustomed, she would never be better. He was interested in her; her simplicity and fervour in speaking of De Vigne attracted a man who knew life too well not to know the real from the spurious in such things; he had been but a year or so married to a wife whom he loved tenderly, and perhaps her youth made him compassionate on Alma's, and her affection made him believe in the patient's affection for De Vigne, as he might not otherwise have been so ready to do. Miss Russel had faintly hoped that her patrons, considering that they were invariably talking very largely of their charities, might have taken compassion upon her poor little pupil, and since the infectiousness of brain-fever was of course but an excuse, might have offered her, when she was able to be moved, one of the many rooms of their large and stately rectory. But the rector-and I must say it is somewhat a peculiarity of the Church-did not much admire being expected to act up to his own sermons (what man, lay or clerical, by the way, ever does?), and if he had been at the Pool of Bethsaida would have

turned up his aristocratic hooked nose at the dingy beggars, and would never have helped one of them in, unless, indeed, one of them had been a paralytic old Pharisee, whose horn was very high indeed, and who would have proclaimed from the house-top the good deed which our saints, though they profess not to let their left hand know it, are sorely uneasy unless their neighbours throughout Jerusalem are fully aware of and duly accredit.

Miss Russel's rector, like many another rector, since he "knew nothing of the young person," would not have thought of wasting one of his spare beds on a girl "of no connexions," and "you know, my dear, for anything we can tell, perhaps of no very purely moral character," as he remarked to his wife, previous to rustling into church in his stiff and majestic surplice, and giving for his text the story of Jesus Christ and Mary Magdalene. Ah me! we cry out to our neighbours about their purely moral characters till we entirely forget that charity covereth (i.e. throweth a veil over, as a man who does preach in his pulpit, but does act his own words out I really believe to the best of his sight and his strength, translated it to me once) a multitude of sins. Montressor was not counted a good man by his rector; indeed, having certain latitudinarian opinions of his own, consequent on his study of man and of nature, and not always keeping them to himself, as privately as prudence and his practice might have suggested, was somewhat of a thorn in the rector's side, especially as in argument Montressor inevitably floored him with extreme humiliation, and the rector being once driven to define Grace by him was compelled to the extremely uncomfortable and illogical answer, for which he would have scolded his wife's youngest Sunday scholar, "Well, dear me; -why, sir, grace is grace!" Montressor, moreover, did not always go to church, but quite au contraire, and preferred strolling under the solemn aisles of Windsor Forest, and thinking of that great God of Nature whom men lower in their sermons and exclude from their lives. Montressor, as you will perceive, was not a good man-a most dangerous infidel and latitudinarian fellow altogether; and there were two people of whose ultimate damnation the rector was quite comfortably secure: they were Montressor and his wife. Therefore, too, you see it was very natural for poor Miss Russel to look to the rector, and not to Montressor for charity; but—and I fancy that is as natural too—it was in him and not in the rector that she found it. Montressor knew that a week or two in a house like his might secure Alma's restoration, while she might linger on and on for an indefinite time in the oppressive atmosphere of Reuben's cottage, close and dark as all such tenements are, with an odour in them, painful to olfactory nerves unaccustomed to it. as she was able to be moved, Alma, too weak to protest against his will, was carried to his house; and whether it was the light and air of her bedroom there, with the soft September air blowing in, full of the fragrance of the garden flowers, which had imperceptible effect upon her health, or whether because having moved from the cottage where she had suffered so much seemed really a step nearer De Vigne, since it was a step nearer her recovery, Alma—the elasticity and vigour of youth being strong in her-did daily grow stronger and better, and now began to recover as rapidly as she had been slow to do so before. Her gratitude too, to Montressor spurred her on, for Alma was touched by the slightest, kindness, and was of too grateful a nature, however absorbed in her own

sorrow, not to rouse herself to appreciate and thank them for the care and

the generous kindness both he and his wife lavished upon her.

Mrs. Montressor, with all a girl's love of romance, had taken a deep and wonderful interest in her husband's patient when she heard of her mysterious discovery in the forest, and her attachment for this officer, whose memory was the sole thing that remained on her mind during her unconsciousness, and whose name was first upon her lips on her awakening. She received her in her house with delight, bid her cook make every dish she could imagine to tempt her, indeed would have killed his patient speedily with her delicacies if Montressor had not prevented her, and felt a not unpardonable curiosity to know her story, and how she came there that midsummer night. This Alma, as soon as she was able, told her, having no reason not to do so, and full still of a horrible dread and terror for fear Vane Castleton should ever find her out again. She spoke very little of De Vigne; his name was too dear to her to bring it forward more than she could help, but all the rest she told frankly and fully, as was due, to her new-found friends; and Mrs. Montressor, with much hot vituperation upon Castleton, whom she regarded as a brute and ogre, who deserved the fiercest chastisement—a feeling in which I think most of us can sympathise—told the story to her husband over their dinnertable.

As soon as ever she could gather her thoughts, and had strength enough to write, Alma's first effort was to pen to De Vigne the whole detail of Castleton's plot, pouring out to him her grief, her longing to be with him, her prayers to be allowed to hear from him if not to go to him, her anguish at the idea of his danger, all she had suffered, thought, and felt, all the maddening despair with which she had awoke from her illness to find him gone, and herself forsaken, upbraiding him for having credited such faithlessness and sin of his own little Alma, -pouring out to him, in a word, all her passionate love and sorrow, as Alma, to whom feeling usually gave, rather than checked, eloquence, like the improvisatrice of her half-country, had always poured out to him her wildest imaginings, her deepest feelings. When that was done-and, weak as she was, it was some days before she could write to him as she would -Alma sank back on her pillows with a weary sigh, and more bitter tears than even she, chequered as her short life had been, had hitherto ever shed. Many weary weeks must come and pass away, many weary days must dawn, and many nights must fall, before she could have an answer; and even now, before that reached him, what evil might not have befallen him! and from the phantasma of her fears Alma turned, sick and faint, away, yearning, as the bird whose pinions are tiring in its long flight across the desert, yearns for the sweet ripple of the water-springs and the perfumes of the citron groves, to be gathered in his arms once more, and hear his love-words whispered in her ear.

The letter was directed to "Major De Vigne, British Army, Crimea," and Montressor himself posted it. As he told her so, the deep flush upon her cheeks and the fervour of her thanks for so trifling an action showed

him how near her heart its speedy voyage lay.

"Would it cost much money to go to the Crimea?" she asked him, as he paid her his visit that evening, fixing her dark blue eyes on his with that earnest and brilliant regard which, when she had fixed her heart on any request, usually won it for her from all men. "A great deal, my little lady," answered Montressor, gently. Though he might be a sceptic, he never sneered at his wife's or Alma's wildest thoughts; perhaps because he liked the enthusiastic romance which spoke of youth and unworn hearts; probably because he felt and acknowledged that in both it was real, with no taint of exaggeration or affectation.

"How much?" asked Alma, wistfully.

"A hundred or two, at the least."

Her lips quivered, and her head drooped with a heavy sigh.

"Ah! and I have nothing! But, Mr. Montressor, are there not nurses with the army? Have I not heard that ladies sometimes go to be in the hospitals? Could not I go out to him in that way?"

Montressor smiled, amused yet touched.

"Poor child! you are much fit for a nurse! What do you know of wounds, of sickness, of death? What qualification have you to induce them to give you such an office? Do you think they would take such a fair little face as yours among the sick-wards? No, no, that is impracticable. You must wait: the lesson hardest of all to learn—one, I

dare say, you have never had to learn at all."

It was true she never had, and it was one she never would learn all her life long; she might be chained down, but she would never grow to wait with patience; she would fret her life out like a fettered nightingale, but she would never endure confinement calmly like a cage bird. She had a wild longing to go to the Crimea; not only would she have gone thither had she been rich, but had she but known of any means she would have worked her way there at any cost or any pain, only to be near him in his danger, and to hear him say that for all the witness against her he knew that she was his and his alone. But Alma, poor, unaided, unbacked, utterly ignorant of the forms, the expenses, the necessities of travelling, wholly unfit with all her spirit and dauntlessness for the rôle of an "unprotected young lady," Alma had to bow before that curse, under which much that is strongest, noblest, and best in Genius, Talent, and Love, has gone down, never to be able to shake off the cruel chain upon their wings, the curse of-want of money! She had no money, poor child; barely enough, not nearly enough without Miss Russel's aid, to defray all that she owed to Montressor, to her nurse, to Reuben; how was she without money to traverse those weary miles that stretched between her and her lover, across which no cry of hers could reach, no love of hers could shield him? those days it was only her passionate devotion to De Vigne, and her own determinate will to keep her brain calm and regain health, if she could, to go to him, or find him again by some means, which alone bore her up under the agony she suffered.

Of course she was desirous to leave Montressor's house as soon as she was able, and warmly as they pressed her to stay, she fixed the earliest day she could bear the drive for her return to St. Crucis. She had not waited till her return to know when and how De Vigne had heard of her flight with Castleton; what he had said when, for the first time in all his visits there, he had found her absent—absent, too, the day after the very night on which she had sworn to him such unswerving love. Old Mrs. Lee wrote her word, as calm lookers-on often do write of the fiercest passions and bitterest sorrows that pass unseen before their very eyes, "The Major called, my darling child, and I telled him

all as I thought it to be, but as, thank Almighty God, it wasn't. He took it uncommon quiet like, and walked out, and I haven't seen not

nothing of him since."

How deep into Alma's heart went those few common words "uncommon quiet like, and then walked out." What volumes they spoke to her of that mighty anguish of passion, as still and iron-bound as the ice mountains of the Arctic, as certain to burst and break away, bringing death and destruction in its fall! More still for the suffering she had caused him than for that which had fallen upon herself did poor little Alma mourn for the impetuous impulse which had flung her so unconscious an assistant into Castleton's plot. "If he die I shall have murdered him! Oh! my God, shield him and bring him back to me, or let me go to him!" that was the one cry, the one prayer that went up from her heart every hour, nay, every moment, for if her lips spoke other words her thoughts never wavered from De Vigne.

The day was fixed for her to leave Windsor for St. Crucis. Montressor and his wife were both unwilling to part with her; for her story, her winning face, her strange, passionate love, of which she so seldom spoke, but which was the very life of her life and soul of her soul, had all won them to her. Alma had a strange fascination for everybody; there was a peculiar, nameless charm in her dark blue eloquent eyes, her half foreign impetuosity and fervour, joined to the childlike softness of her voice and manners. She was sure to win friends among the noble-hearted and liberal-minded, as she would, had she mingled in society, have been certain to have gained unnumbered foes among her own sex and lovers among

ours, as women worth the most always do.

"The Molyneux are going to Paris, Lena," said Montressor, the morning before Alma left them.

"Indeed! Why and when?"

"Well, in the first place, Miss Molyneux must have change of air somewhere; she will go into consumption, ten to one. I suggested Italy, but she would not hear of it; her mother Paris, to which her ladyship has certain religious, social, and fashionable leanings, all drawing her at once; and to that she assented, poor girl! Pour cause, it is nearer the Crimea!"

"Is that Violet Molyneux?" asked Alma, eagerly. They had fancied her asleep upon the sofa, but she had only closed her eyes to hide the unshed tears that rose from her heart and gathered under her silky lashes with every thought of De Vigne. "Is she not married to Colonel Sabretasche?"

"No!" answered Lena Montressor, with a sigh of profoundest sympathy and pity. "A fortnight before their wedding-day, his first wife, whom he fully believed to be dead, came forward and asserted her rights. I never heard all the details, but it is easy to fancy what they both suffered. Now he has gone to the Crimea—but do you know her, Alma?"

"Did I know her? Yes! and how bright, how lovely, how radiant she looked. Oh, Heaven! how she must hate that woman!" And Alma shuddered as she thought how she would have hated the Trefusis

if that lie, that fable, had been true!

"And the wife, eh, what pity for her, Miss Tressillian!" smiled Montressor.

Alma shook her head. "None! If she had left Colonel Sabretasche all those years, long enough to make him think her dead, she could care nothing for him."

"Perhaps he left her. There are always two sides to a question, mesdemoiselles, and nobody can ever judge between a husband and a

wife.'

"Now don't talk didactically," cried his own wife. "If we ever come before the Divorce Court, I shall have nothing to do but to show in court, and my judges will give me my verdict as they gave Phryne hers, for my perfect loveliness! I won't have you defend that horrid first wife. A man as handsome as I know Colonel Sabretasche is could have no sins, and I should never forgive an angel who had clouded the light in Violet Molyneux's lovely eyes."

Montressor laughed; he would not have forgiven an angel for quenching the light in the eyes that looked at him then so mischievously.

"She is very lovely, I admit, and little deserves the sad fate she has met with now. It is pitiable to see her; perhaps an ordinary observer might not notice her so much, for it is a romantic fallacy that, in youth, sorrow wrinkles the brow and whitens the hair at one coup; if it did, most people would be aged before their twenties! but, to a medical man, the utter despair of the eyes, and that dangerous hectic flushing up so strongly one minute, and fading so suddenly till she is as white as the dead, tell him more than enough. She holds herself as fully bound to Colonel Sabretasche, I believe, as though their engagement had never been broken; Lord Molyneux sanctions the idea, but you may be sure my lady will do her best to overcome it."

"Is Colonel Sabretasche gone to the Crimea?" asked Alma. It touched her strangely, this story of Violet Molyneux, that radiant belle whom she had once so much envied; how utterly had all their fates changed since that brilliant ball in Lowndes-square but three months before, when such perfect and cloudless happiness had seemed so secure to Violet; when on Alma had only dawned the first roseate hue of unconscious love, and all the bitterness of passion was as yet far away from

her!

"Yes, he was ordered off with his Lancers; and so thorough a soldier as I have heard he was with all his dolce and love of ease, would hardly have refused the campaign, even had it taken him from his first bridal days."

"No; but she would have gone with him!-and they are going to

Paris, you say?"

"Yes, I recommended it; so did Dr. Watson, when he sounded Violet's lungs, and agreed with me that there was no mischief yet, though there may be before long; if change of air does not send her cough away, they must take her to Florence or Biarritz. After her parting with Colonel Sabretasche, she lay where he had left her, in a dead swoon, from which they could not wake her. They sent for the physicians and for myself, and all the night through she had a succession of fainting-fits; since then she has never recovered; she will smile, she will talk to her mother, to her friends; but her health suffers for all that. A casual observer, as I say, would not notice it; but I can see that it is an even chance if she ever recover the shock given her in the

very time of her fullest joy, her utmost security. Lady Molyneux would like to have a companion for her in Paris; the Viscountess will have a thousand religious excitements and social amusements, in which her daughter will not participate, and she would like to find some-body to keep Violet company and rouse her, as Lady Molyneux will have neither time nor inclination to do. I did not know—I thought would you——" And Montressor hesitated; for though he knew how unprovided for and unprotected Alma was, he had too much intuitive delicacy

and generosity to like to touch upon it.

"Would they take me?" said Alma, lifting her head. The sentence "Paris is nearer the Crimea" rang in her ear: who could tell but what, once there, she might get still nearer to him; besides, Violet would correspond with Colonel Sabretasche; Sabretasche and De Vigne were most intimate friends; they were in the same arm of the service, they would be together; she would be far nearer De Vigne with the Molyneux than in the dreary solitude of St. Cruce's, where, forsaken by him whose presence had once illumined it, she felt that she could never endure to be left alone to watch, to wait, to think; dreading every hour, and ignorant whether each of them might not bring the tidings of his death, every sun that set and dawned might not shine upon the battle-field, where he lay, his life quenched and gone for ever.

"Would you go?"

"Yes," said Alma, pressing her little hands convulsively. "Yes—if I am free to leave them when I will. Miss Molyneux was very kind to

me; I think she would take me if she knew."

"Miss Molyneux has not heard anything of it; it is her mother's idea; but I will mention it to the Viscountess when I go to town tomorrow," said Montressor. "Since you know them, I have no doubt she will be very happy to give you the preference, and change of air will do you good as well as her daughter."

Alma did not answer him; she thought that both to Violet and her air and scene mattered little, while to all climes they took with them the

curse of absence from those that both held dearer than life itself.

Montressor was as good as his word. Some years before, Violet's brother, then a graceless Etonian, now a young attaché to the British Legation at Paris, had been nearly drowned in the Thames, and had been pulled out at last to go through a severe attack of bronchitis, which all but cost him his life, would probably have done so quite but for Montressor, to whom Jockey Jack was so grateful for saving his only heir's life—a life so valueless in itself, but so all-important, since the continuation of the Molyneux line depended on that empty-headed and badhearted Oppidan—that he gave the doctor the most beautiful mare in his stables, and had him called in whenever there was any illness in the family, though Montressor, at the onset, had mortally offended Madame by assuring her she would have very good health if she would only leave off sal-volatile, and get up before one o'clock in the day. On that Lady Molyneux had nothing more to say to him till her pet physician, who had kept her good graces by magnifying her migraines and flattering her nerves, once very nearly killed her by doctoring her for phthisis when her disease was but the more unpoetic ailment of liver, and she was glad to have Montressor back again. Since that time he had

always had a certain influence over the Viscountess, possibly because he was the only man who had seen her without her rouge, and told her the truth courteously but uncompromisingly, and when he mentioned Alma as a companion for Violet, her ladyship graciously acquiesced. "Miss Tressillian? She did not recollect the name. Very likely she had seen her, but she really could not remember. A little artist, was she? Oh, she thought she had some recollection of a little girl Violet patronised, but she couldn't remember. If Mr. Montressor recommended her, that was everything; as long as she was ladylike and of unimpeachable moral character, that was all she required. She only wanted her to be with them in case Violet were unwell or declined society. She must be free to leave them any day she chose? What a very singular stipulation! However, rather than have any more trouble about it, would he have the goodness to tell her she would give her fifty guineas and her travelling

expenses; and they should leave London that day week."

"Fifty guineas! Less than her maid makes by her place!" thought Montressor, as he threw himself into a Hansom to drive back to the Waterloo station. He was essentially a generous man himself; he had no scant of benevolence about him; he considered that to people delicately nurtured, with refined tastes and quick sensibilities, the struggles, the mortification, the narrowed and cruel lines of poverty are far harder than to the poor, born amidst squalor, nurtured in deprivation, whose most resplendent memories and dreams are of fat bacon and fried potatoes. He was generous, but discriminatingly so; and though he compelled his just dues from the man who had lamb and peas at their earliest, while by a wobegone face and dexterous text he was making the rector believe him an object of profoundest pity, Montressor would not take a farthing from the young girl, on whose delicate organisation and quick susceptibilities he knew the poverty, from which her own talents had alone protected her, and from which in illness they could not guard her, must prey most heavily. I need not say how Alma felt and took his kindness; felt it with the warmth of a heart touched by the slightest thought of her into gratitude deep and lasting; took it with the frankness of a nature too generous itself to harbour false pride, thinking, indeed, of a time when she should be able to repay it—not to rid herself of the obligation, but to show him her own undying gratitude.

Alma was grateful; her nature more quick at appreciating, more tenacious in remembering kindness done her than any one's I ever knew; all the charity and tenderness shown her in her suffering in Windsor sank deep into her heart, never to be effaced or forgotten in happier hours, should such ever come to her. Still when, the day before her departure from England, she gazed round the room at St. Crucis, where the pictures he had praised, the flowers he had given, the brilliant bird that syllabled his name, the very sunshine that had never seemed bright save in his presence; the room where his burning love-vows had been spoken, where his passionate caresses had spoken eloquence stronger than words, where everything breathed of him whose presence was life to her, and absence death, Alma threw herself upon the ground with more bitter tears than De Vigne—many women as had loved him—had ever had shed for him. "Granville, Granville, my only friend, why

have you forsaken me?"

CLAUDINE.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL.

PART V.

THE FAREWELL.

'Twas summer, and the flowers were sending up
Odours of thankfulness for skies so fair;
And each was hoarding honey in its cup,
To feast the bright-wing'd bacchants of the air;
And so gay butterflies and golden bees
Were sporting round them, telling to the breeze
What joy was theirs, and fancying suns and flowers
Made only to delight their jocund hours.

The birds were all astir, light-flitting, winging
From blossom'd bough to bough; the mottled thrush
In the deep thicket to his true love singing,
His melody one steady, flute-like gush:
While on spread plumes quick-winnowing in the sky,
Upwheeling and upwheeling, still more high,
As if his spirit scorned earth's lowlier sod,
The lark, at heaven's gemm'd gate, sang hymns to God.

The window was thrown open, and the air
Came floating through it—balmy, warm perfume;
Luxury had gathered all things rich and rare,
To charm the senses, in that gorgeous room;
But joy was not its dweller; Summer laughed
On all without, and rapture's nectar quaffed;
Within, the tear down cheeks of anguish stole—
Within, there gloomed a winter of the soul.

What unto her were flowers in vases shining?
What lute or harp? their strings would only make
A mournful wail—the stricken heart's repining—
And memory from its trance to torture wake.
Joy's outward beamings, when most fair, most bright,
Add only to the gloom of misery's night;
And gayest sounds, in sorrow's listless ear,
Deepen the sigh, and bitterer make the tear.

Low bending, with her hand amidst her hair,
Propping her head, Claudine sat wrapt in thought;
The room all drowsy stillness, none were there
To mark the changes feeling in her wrought;
The light, the shade, that o'er her features passed,
Like sun and cloud on mirroring waters cast;
The love that filled her eyes, then hate, then fear,
The softness now, and now the look severe.

Though wed against her will, coerced and wronged, Claudine might be, yet duty urged its claim; Submission to her guilty lord belonged, Nor would she stain the whiteness of her name. Her first affection must be now a dream, A gently-lapsed, and ne'er-returning stream; A storm-rent flower, its bloom and fragrance o'er; A gush of music past, to thrill no more.

But who can kill the memory? who command
The soul to hush its woes?—alas! alas!
Love's yearnings are not furrows traced on sand,
To vanish as time's footsteps o'er them pass:
No, bosoms throb love's share hath ploughed so deep,
Rough trials, agony, may o'er them sweep,
And flowers above the waste awhile may bloom,
They'll bear those lines of passion to the tomb.

She deemed it duty to renounce her love,
And pluck its roots, with hand that would not spare,
From out her heart—O gentle, pining dove,
The task, though rife with torture, she would dare.
Poor struggler in the mesh affection weaved,
She hoped to free her soul, she prayed, believed,
Thought herself strong, and toiled, and vigil kept,
But still was bound, and still a captive wept.

Yet there were moments, spite of sorrow, franght With golden recollections, when the past All vividly to memory's eye was brought,
Like lightning, flashing back, too bright to last. Blest days! that shone like paradisal gleams—
Sweet soul-oases—wild Elysian dreams!
When 'twas not crime to dote on one, who made Her heart's meridian sun that knew no shade.

Such vision now came o'er her, midst the glow
Of fragrant summer-flowers, and laughing skies;
She heard his voice—love-pleadings murmured low,
And saw the light in those fond thoughtful eyes.
Must all these blest emotions end in pain?
Bright picturings of a future—all be vain?
Must hate o'ercloud her soul, and love depart?—
O anguish, anguish of a breaking heart!

She plucked the flowers they wreathed within her hair,
And cast them on the floor; the gems and rings
From off her hands and wrists she strove to tear;
What now to her pride's gay and brilliant things?
Her dress should be of darkness, like her mind,
And not on luxury's couch her form reclined;
Misery like hers would seek the loneliest cell,
And not in sunshine, but dun midnight dwell.

She pressed her white hands o'er her whiter face,
And through the fingers tears were trickling slow,
Like dew down morning lilies; ye might trace
In her breast's heaves, her deep, absorbing woe:
But soon she calmed her feelings' outward storm,

But soon she calmed her feelings' outward storm, Just rocking to and fro her anguished form, While with her tremulous foot she beat the floor— Poor foot to lightsome thoughts to trip no more. She had not seen him since the fatal hour
That made her Hubin's; virtue's only aim
To free her heart from love's tyrannic power,
Blot out his image, and forget his name.
Hubin, now frigid grown, and sternly proud,
Had left her for a while, to join the crowd
Of Revolution's hirelings, far and near
Shaking the land, and filling hearts with fear.

The ancient clock shrill chimed the hour of noon; Claudine rose thoughtful, for the time drew nigh When she was pledged to meet him, who so soon Would wander lands beneath a distant sky. Though his impassioned prayer opposing long, Her heart at length had yielded to a throng Of mem'ries and warm feelings; she would tell All she had suffered, felt, then say—farewell!

Meet him?—the thought poured in upon her soul,
At the same moment, agony and joy;
How shall her bosom its wild throbs control?
And yet these raptures reason must destroy;
For she must bid him, in her heart of hearts,
A long, a last farewell; and so departs
The dream we prize the most, while that we hate
Clings to our souls, like black and withering fate.

She trembled, raised her eyes, and clasped her hands, Imploring Heaven to pardon, were it crime; Once had she loved him, now love's tender bands Were loosened till her soul had done with time. Gently, all gently, without tears she'd meet him, And like a quiet friend, a brother, greet him, Conceal her poignant grief, and bid him go, Renouncing evermore his love below.

Claudine walked forth with step that made no sound,
Lingered a moment by the beds of flowers,
Whose scents revived her, anxious gazing round,
But no one wandered at those sultry hours.
Now down the myrtle alley swiftly wending,
A straining ear to each low murmur lending,
She reached a cross of marble pure and fair,
And faltering stood, as half relenting there.

Wild flowers embraced its shaft, and from its arms
Hung in loose tassels—blue, and white, and gold,
Chequering the marble with their floral charms;
That cross of beauty angels might enfold.
The picture to Claudine deep calmness brought,
She gathered strength from pure and holy thought:
"Support me, Heaven!" she sighed; "but once, once more
We meet on earth—this woe will soon be o'er."

Passing through trees whose spreading tops of green Repelled the shafts e'en shot by suns at noon, She fronted an alcove—a fairy scene, Where thought with spirit-world might hold commune; Where rustic seats allured to soft repose, And paler bloomed in shade the wilding rose— A spot where bright-eyed Mirth might revel keep, Or moody Sorrow count her woes, and weep.

A step—a start—Dupré before her stood, For long he had been waiting, watching there; How lovely looked she in that solitude,

Though hueless was her cheek, and sad her air!
Oft joyous had they met by laughing Rhône;
Here a dun shadow on each soul was thrown;
He gazed with straining eye, and anguished brow—
His, his no more, another claimed her now.

Both, motionless and silent, stood apart,
Their bosoms torn by feelings undefined;
The chord that long had knit them heart to heart,
Did its sweet magic cease those hearts to bind?
Did bitterness and misery swallow all
Dupré's warm feelings? Dared Claudine to call
That old companion her still truthful friend?
Or must this hour e'en gentle friendship end?

Her hands were drooping listless by her side,
Her limbs were trembling, and her lips apart
Quivered but spoke not, while her eyes of pride
O'erflowed with tears upgushing from the heart.
Yearning to one dear object, still she kept
At distance from him, though no feeling slept;
Ay, feelings warm as girlhood's fired her soul,
She only held their madness in control.

Fixed was Dupré's reflective, mournful eye,
Where grief, unmingled with reproach, was seen;
He spake no word, breathed no complaining sigh;
Mastering strong impulse, he might look serene,
But the hot passion lay within his breast—
The fierce volcano which could know no rest,
Despite the flowers of peace that seemed to blow
Above the fearful, boiling depths below.

She saw those eyes all gentleness and love,
As they had beamed in hopeful, happy days—
The lion-soul'd avenger, now a dove—
And momently more tender grew his gaze:
Yet was he checked by some strange, nameless feeling,
It was not fear, nor pride, yet something stealing,
Like sad respect, his troubled spirit o'er,
Ne'er for his loved, dear playmate felt before.

Claudine this feeling honoured, knowing now
He reverenced duty's strong and sacred claim,
And more she loved him, but her fatal vow
On her heart's sun, like sudden darkness, came,
And nature, 'mid that darkness, weaker grew;
Trembling and faltering, nearer still she drew;
Its bound'ry sorrow's flood no longer kept.

And, struggling all in vain, she sobbed and wept.

"Claudine!" the name in softest voice was spoken,
Yet tremulous with passion; her large eyes
An answer flashed—the chaining spell was broken;
Hushed in an instant were her anguish-sighs;
She stretched her arms—she rushed, and wildly flung
Herself upon that breast, to which she clung
Madly as drowning seaman, on the wave,
E'er grasped the fragile spar that could not save.

And there she lay, her marble forehead pressed
Down on his shoulder, uttering not a word,
Like a fond child upon its parent's breast,
That sheltering-place to all the world preferred.
O happy recklessness of sorrow past!
Abandonment whose rapture, could it last,
Would be a state more blissful here below,
Than the poor mortal heart can hope to know.

Dupré supported her; too thrilling hour
Of sweetness yet of anguish!—from her brow
He put back gently the dishevelled shower
Of glossy hair—his own lost, found one now.
E'en as the Orient bird doth fondly peer
Into the rose's heart, he gazed more near,
Gazed on those half-closed eyes, whose worshipp'd light
Made all his day, their darkness all his night.

Where had her pride, and where his sorrow fled?

An instant would he yield him to the spell
Of heedless joy, like those who with the dead
In some plague-smitten city soon must dwell:
Be it forgiv'n to snatch a moment's bliss,
Like one who gathers flowers near some abyss;
To drink the fairy music ere 'tis o'er,
And the strained harp-strings break, to sound no more.

The friend, the playmate of his younger years,
The little one to misery once unknown,
The image of sweet Hope unstained by tears,
He felt her all again—his own, his own!
Thus yielding to his pure, fond, last caress,
That would not harm, but only sought to bless,
She lay, as all unconscious, next his heart—
The loving and the loved, too soon to part.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.*

WE have here, as Mr. Redding terms it, "a simple story;" that is, not only a story of every-day life, among people we also meet with every day, but likewise one that does not depend upon painful images, exciting contrasts, and monstrous exaggerations, made with a view to raising a "sensation," to quote the cant phrase of the hour, for whatever interest it may possess. We hail such books with pleasure. We know that we shall meet in them a true regard for nature's truth and moral feeling, that the extravagance in language and flippancy which suits the fashion of the day will be carefully eschewed, and that we may for the nonce sit down to be amused, and not to be excited by mere strange, startling, and often re-

volting incidents.

It is of importance in a work having to depend upon what some would term such "slow" materials for success, that the characters should be well marked at the outset, and that the chief persons should be brought into bold relief. Among the good people of Treville House, young and old, none interest us so much at the onset as Aunt Rachel and Mrs. Browner, or "Aunt Martha." Aunt Rachel was the best of her order of ladies; in other words, she had never wept for her children, because she never was a mother, still she was apt to make for herself sources of vexation without them. Aunt Rachel kept a best parlour and best bedroom, which were never used till the day of her decease. The art of lecturing was at all times at her command, and abundantly availed of; she was stingy and yet charitable; she even endeavoured to do all the good in her power, but it was to be in her own way, for on that point she was scrupulous. Mrs. Browner was a very different sort of person. She had not the kind manner or address of Aunt Rachel. Her bearing was staid, her manner peremptory, and she ruled by the law of absolutism. The children soon declared her no favourite. Among grown-up people she was still less beloved, for her only business was tittle-tattle and scandal; she would interfere where she was not wanted, to ferret out other people's business, and give the most disagreeable version possible of every person's acts and But we must introduce this disagreeable lady, unfortunately not an uncommon type in society, to the reader:

Mrs. Browner here unexpectedly made her appearance, and put an end to the debate, or rather lecture, which was about to be read to the two gentlemen. "My intention is, to take a last cup of tea with my 'dear' friend, Mrs. Treville, before I go up to town. There, after sojourning a few days with 'dear' Mrs. Orwell, I hope to be, God willing, at home, in 'dear' Bury St. Edmunds, very quickly afterwards. Such is the purport of my call at a time so out of season. I am certain you will excuse it, my 'dear' Mrs. Treville, or I should not see you before I went."

Denbigh took leave as soon as he had finished his cup of tea. He felt a disinclination to Miss Browner's society, from some talk respecting himself which she had propagated before her nephew, the late rector, had left the parish, and

he had entered upon its duties.

^{*} All's Well that Ends Well. A Simple Story. By Cyrus Redding, Author of "Fifty Years' Recollections," &c. In Three Vols. T. C. Newby. 1862.

"You may have commands for Mrs. Orwell, perhaps," said Miss Browner; "I shall be most happy to deliver them."

"I have none, Miss Browner! I have only this morning sent her a com-

munication, or I might avail myself of your kind offer."

"Oh! indeed; well, I should have been glad to serve you, as I believe you are by this time pretty well aware. I hope the 'dear' Orwells were well when you last heard from them?"

"They made no complaints, and therefore I conclude they were all well."

"I am glad to hear it. Have you seen the Greens lately?" I hear the match is off with Miss Green and her lover. I imagine she is very capricious. There are the Vincents too. I hear they are comfortably settled in their old house again. I suppose they are glad enough at that? Yes, I dare say they are! never much liked them, between ourselves; they were not respectful enough to their mother-in-law."

"Neither you nor I can be good judges there, Mrs. Browner, as we did not

visit in the family after Mr. Vincent's second marriage."

"I do not desire to be censorious, Mrs. Treville, do not suppose it; dear me, no, I only spoke, as we may say, a little in confidence—we may say what we guess, in confidence, you know. Far be it from me to censure anybody, but sometimes there are little things we bring out in the course of conversation, when one cannot help it. I do not like coiners of scandal any more than you, my dear Mrs. Treville, but there is all the difference between telling a friend what you have heard, and saying things you have not heard at all."
"Very true, Miss Browner."

"Yes, I thought you would think as I do. How, too, should we spend our time if we did not freely communicate what we know? An end would be put to the progress of knowledge."

"True, Miss Browner," rejoined Mrs. Treville, unwilling to enter into any argument upon a subject on which her visitor would discourse for the entire day. "Yes, and then it is wrong to suffer creatures who bring disgrace upon our

sex to escape free of that censure which they deserve, I maintain. Now, there is Mrs. Green, she does not like to hear of her daughters marrying, because it makes people think herself old. What odd stories she tells sometimes. quite confuses herself, doting before her time."

"No, Miss Browner, she is hardly yet of a doting age; you do her injustice. She tells long stories, it is true, but she is a civil creature."

"I do not know, my dear Mrs. Treville, what you call the doting age. She has tried me with her stories a good while. She was married about the time I was at school, and she was then twenty-five, and you know my age?"

"Indeed I do not, Miss Browner!"

"You know that I am in the neighbourhood of forty?"

"The up or down side, Miss Browner?" inquired Mrs. Treville, somewhat

mischievously. She saw the ruling passion at work.

"You don't doubt my word, Mrs. Treville," replied the lady, in place of giving a direct reply. "Mrs. Green is a fussy, odious, conceited creature, in my opinion."

Mrs. Green was announced at that very moment, and then Miss Browner looked a little discomposed, but was thus spared the necessity of a more direct answer, or rather explanation of her remark about her own age, by the intrusion of the subject of it.

Being seated, after saluting the lady of the house and her visitor, the latter, addressing Mrs. Green, with much precision, on the great pleasure she felt at thus unexpectedly encountering her, a happiness she wanted words to describe,

congratulated her upon her healthful and even juvenile appearance.

"My dear Mrs. Green, beyond the great pleasure I receive in thus accidentally meeting you, I must add that which I derive from seeing you look so well, and so fresh. The rose and lily of your youth do not seem to avoid so close a companionship with you now as when we were girls together."

"Your compliment is flattering, Miss Browner, but my glass tells me another

"We cannot so well judge of ourselves, my dear Mrs. Green, as others can judge of us. You were always so free from self-praise, it was delightful to hear

you speak so kindly of everybody."

"Miss Browner," rejoined Mrs. Green, with something of a simper, and a turn of the eyes which showed that she was not displeased at the compliment paid her, hollow as it might be, "you really honour me beyond my merits. If I had not been sleepless all last night, I might have been induced to credit compliment for your sake, but I declare that this morning when I looked in the glass, I thought I appeared so unlike my usual self, that I determined not to be seen at home for the day. However, I could not refrain from going abroad; I cannot bear to be alone in or out of my own house."

"From your great love of hospitality, my dear Mrs. Green," remarked Mrs.

Browner.

"No, Miss Browner, you will compliment me, you are so kind—it is from my dislike of solitude. I have no taste for a life like that of Robinson Crusoe."

"At all events, we are indebted for this meeting to your dislike of it. I hope all your family are well. Your daughter, I hear, is about to be married?"

"It is all Mr. Green's doing: she is too young to go to the altar, though she

will not think so, and she will have her way, I suppose."

"Ah! my dear Mrs. Green, it was not so in our early days. There was a

fitness of things always considered in those times," said Miss Browner.

"Yes, and nobody diffused more gaiety in an assembly than you did. I can assert solemnly, that I had rather hear one of your old entertaining stories than the best sermon that ever met my ear. You knew so much about everybody in the world of fashion and of ancient families, and had such a world of chat at command, and had so many 'Oh fies!' to relate that nobody knew but yourself."

Miss Browner felt in her turn the weight of Mrs. Green's compliment. She looked pleased, stiffened herself in her seat, drew in her acute chin, and a smile of self-gratification played among the wrinkles time had furrowed in a counte-

nance of a faded, but not inexpressive, physiognomy.

"You have heard about Lady Georgean Fitzjames and the butler?" said Miss Browner.

"No; what is it?"

"The downright common sense of the matter is, that her ladyship fell in love with her father's butler."

"And she married him?"

"Oh no! the affair was found out, and she is sent down to the family place in Yorkshire. She thought, poor lady, that the cheapest of everything must be the best, and how could she deal better under that rule!"

"Indeed all this is news to me—you are a living newspaper, Miss Browner, I declare; pray come and see me. It is impossible to be near you, and not learn

something of what is going forward in society."

"You give me more credit than I deserve, Mrs. Green; I shall not fail to avail myself of your kind invitation, though I shall not be long in this part of

the country, as I purpose returning eastward very soon."

Mrs. Green soon after took her leave, and Miss Browner remarked to Mrs. Treville how much she was altered, and that not for the better, having got to look old and ordinary. "She is such a talkative person," added Miss Browner, "and she is so censorious. She is a backbiter, between ourselves, Mrs. Treville. One must be civil, you know, but I have no high opinion of Mrs. Green, nor of Miss Green either, for that matter."

Mrs. Treville, with her kind, candid temper, felt she had had enough of Miss Browner's society for one day, and yet knew not how to get rid of her. Dissimulation was a vice which she disliked, and she had recently discovered how false-hearted in many points Mrs. Browner could be, even to untruthfulness. She was relieved by the announcement that Mr. Treville had arrived from his

morning's ride, and was gone round to the stable. Miss Browner had just commenced a statement about some of her family affairs, when Mrs. Treville interrupted her by remarking that she heard Mr. Treville had arrived.

"Dear me, the men are always in the way, my dear Mrs. Treville. I will tell the rest of the story another time. I will now wish you good-by. Let me know in time what commands you may have for your daughter. I shall be delighted

to convey them to dear Mrs. Orwell."

Here Mrs. Browner took leave, much disappointed that she should not be the bearer of the mother's commands in any shape to the daughter. She imagined that such a commission would ensure her a more hearty reception than she should obtain from Mrs. Orwell upon the strength of a simple call at her house. She felt that her reception there at all times was sufficiently cool, but still it was a reception, the character of which did not daunt her, compared with the acquirement of that small kind of family knowledge which she delighted to cultivate, and propagate for her own gratification.

The hero and heroine of the story, at least those who take first rank, are Alexia, the daughter of Mr. Treville's first wife, and Orwell, at the onset of the story in the army. There are another hero and heroine in the background, Mary, a lovely, beautiful blind girl, and Denbigh, a kindly rector, who loves her almost unconsciously. Alexia and Orwell (who by inadvertence is spoken of at page 36, vol. i., as never having had a commission of a rank beyond that of lieutenant, and, at page 109, as the second captain in standing belonging to the regiment) are engaged to one another, and the gist of their story is made to depend upon Alexia having urged her lover to sell out of the army and enter into some kind of business, which would prevent their separation after they were married. The sacrifice was not made without a pang, yet made it was:

The lover and his mistress were soon left alone, and it can be imagined their

pleasure was mutual, yet something seemed to damp the ardour of Orwell.

"Alexia, I am not happy in respect to our future prospects in life. I feel humiliated at giving up a respectable and high-spirited profession—certainly not a very profitable one—to enter upon another to which I am as yet a stranger. I look towards the future with anxiety. If you perceive me a little more sombre than usual, do not attribute it to any other cause."

"You distress me, Orwell; if you are doubtful of the propriety of the step, why not have told me so at first. Oh! no, do not resign your commission.

will go anywhere—face any evil, rather than you should be unhappy."

"I know, my dear Alexia, your readiness to make a sacrifice—I know your upright intentions, and the affection you have for me. I gave way to it,

"But what, my dear Orwell; do explain. I am anxious, indeed I am—have I offended you?"

Orwell embraced her affectionately, and both were silent for a moment, when Alexia said:

"Uncertainty between those who feel a real affection for each other is terrible—tell me to what you make allusion?"

"To nothing of moment, except that I think it possible I shall not like commerce so well as the army; it is not so respectable. I do not mean that either, but it is not so looked upon by first-class people, men of fashion; respectability is the great thing in fashionable life."
"Why, then, did you not make the objection before?"

"I don't know, except it was because I wished to assent to your desire. But let us not talk of it any more, it is useless, as I have sold out. It was that operation detained me so long."

"You ought to have known how well you could calculate upon my devotion

to your interest."

"And I have acted according to your wish. I only intended in what I said to show I had not got my new habit of a city man. I cannot help thinking of my old devotion to fashion."

"I am glad of the confession, and yet we must regard fashion in dress, as

well as a few other emptinesses."

"No doubt, one must not be singular, but fashion is a poor, idle, thoughtless thing; it has no sincerity or depth of purpose, no solidity. It is a made-up affair after all, taking numbers for society, show for substance, ridicule for pleasure, and time-killing for the business of life."

"You are philosophising."

"No, Alexia, I have been thinking of the past, when I used to mingle with people of fashion, and what I should lose by giving up their society."

"What would you lose, Orwell?"

"Not much, my dear; a few deferential bows, a little chit-chat about nothing, coat criticism, minced English, a pallid cheek, and a waste of much precious time; but then we must add, the character of a most 'respectable' member of the social body."

"I am ready, my dear Orwell, to greet you in your old profession."

"Nonsense, my dear; if I wished to try your constancy, I am unable. My scarlet coat is hung up somewhere in London—in those quarters from which Jews draw their habiliments to retail; my sword is by this time girded upon the thigh of the gentleman in London who is to play in the 'School for Scandal,' and I am far away from those parts of my former self in which too many imagine a soldier's respectability dwells."

"Then it is useless to grieve over the matter now."

"Truly so."

"And we had better discuss the future, rather than endeavour to bring back the past."

For two years, with no increasing affection for the pursuit, one year of which he had been a married man, the details of that event being passed over from their customary sameness, and having already one child, Orwell continued his business, and at length, from competition and similar causes, did little more than clear his household expenses. At all events, he was unable to lay by very little towards the future support of his family, should his decease take place prematurely, as he feared might be the case. His anxiety in this respect had an effect upon his temper. He grew morose, and Alexia suffered much at beholding upon her husband's part a complete change of disposition:

"You are not well to-day, Orwell," she sometimes remarked in the kindest

He replied too often in a rough and sharp tone, and thus drew tears from her eyes. Her kindly nature made every indulgence for his cares, and yet it did not avail.

"It is strange," she would observe, "Orwell is so changed, his conduct

sometimes almost breaks my heart. A term must come to all this, 'Orwell, my dear, you are not the same man you used to be.'"
"I know it. I would I had died in the military service. I am lost, my speculations are not paying. Nothing wears out manhood like these continued disappointments. How much better my pay and fixed income from the interest of my property, than this uncertain gain. Speculation in profit and loss, what is it but the trial of fortune that makes or mars at a throw of the dice-box? Trade, as now operative, is wholesale gambling."

Alexia turned pale: there was a despairing look about her husband sometimes which made her shudder. She saw that his mind was in a state of per-

turbation.

"Orwell, what is the matter? go take a walk on the grass-plot, you are not

"Yes, I am well enough in health, but I have had a disappointment this morning in town; things will be all right to-morrow when I have slept off my headache. Don't press me any further, I do not feel inclined to talk.'

"When am I to speak to you, absent as you are all day in the city; things are not as they were indeed," she observed; and burst into tears.

Orwell looked at her with an expression which indicated the conflict going on in his mind. It shifted to something like pity; he only looked, for he spoke not a word. His heart might have been too full. However it was, his face recovered its natural expression after he left his wife, as if when she was before him all the past had rushed into his soul, and he felt it was one of the darkest spots in his life's path, that moment of tender reminiscence, that breath of the past which now mournfully swept by him as the melancholy autumn breeze among the embrowned foliage.

Things went on in this way for some time, and it is in skilfully depicting gradually estranged feelings that lies the somewhat cynical forte of the author. Even prosperity does not improve the wayward, saturnine, at times brutal, Orwell. The pride and idleness in which he had indulged when a soldier now came in contrast with the cares of the man of trade. He drew invidious comparisons, which soured his disposition, naturally too prone to give way to bad humour and worse temper. Husband and wife were, from the onset, floating down the stream of affection towards that abyss of indifference which, our author tells us, is "the common receptacle of matrimony"—a point upon which we venture to disagree with him. The fretful and impatient Orwell had, however, to meet checks in his career, which might have made an altered man of The death of a favourite child-little Tom-is a touching episode, charmingly told, and enough, save in the hand of a writer unswervingly bent upon a particular object, to have converted the most obdurate to meekness and humility. Not so with Orwell, however: he has to go through all the trials of a vexed spirit—the cupidity of money-lenders, the defalcation of confidential clerks, the waywardness of children, and, worse than all, the intoxication of success and prosperity. For Orwell becomes one of the great men of civic glory, dines at public dinners, and makes speeches, and he contrives even to pass for a religious character. As Orwell's affairs continued to prosper, and he increased in repute among the City men, unhappiness became, however, still more rife at home. He grew jealous of his own wife, and even of his children. He became timid and apprehensive of robbery and death, and he was most penurious and stingy in his housekeeping.

Time and trading completely changed his character, and success fixed The legacy of a miser uncle rendered him, in place of being more generous, more narrow-minded than before. His temper altered for the worse, as his desire of wealth and its real increase gratified his views. At length care, anxiety, and bad temper work their effects, and Orwell's health begins to give way; bodily indisposition increases till it affects his intellect, and both mind and body go down at an even course together till death relieves Alexia of the wreck of a once loving husband, and the children of an irritable, unkind, and tyrannical parent. moral is-and it is a most admirable one-that happiness is not to be attained by the mere pursuit of gain, and still less by that ardent devotion to its accumulation which is becoming more and more the passion of the

day.

With regard to the other couple whose fortunes help to fill up these pages so full of interesting portraiture, a short extract will suffice to show the relations of the parties to one another:

They set out upon their return home, and in walking across the fields, Denbigh put some questions to Mary, which implied, or seemed to imply, a query, as to the state of her feeling towards him. She could not at first comprehend his meaning, for she could not imagine that one in his circumstances could, for a moment, feel "an affection for a blind creature, of use to nobody," as she phrased it. To marry a blind girl seemed to her, strange, and to him, injurious. She could only be a burden to a clergyman of a middling income, a sort of dead weight. She could not look after a family. He could not be serious, and yet his address to her, she felt, could not be designed to wound her feelings. She knew he was above that unmanly trifling. She put him off with the remark that she would some day tell him, wishing to gain time to reflect upon an appeal so unexpected.

Still more touching is the following:

The hour for the operation arrived, from which so much was hoped and feared. It was determined to operate, at first, upon one eye only, though both might be done together, yet an attack of inflammation was thus better guarded against, than by performing on both eyes at once. Mr. Treville and Denbigh conducted Mary into the room where the operation was to be performed, and her servant, Jane, followed. Mary was all composure. She seated herself in the chair, perfectly calm and collected. The operator took his seat in another chair behind her, but higher, and both facing the light. One foot of the operator rested firmly upon a stool, his elbow on his knee to keep his hand steady, with the knife, on a level with the eye. Silence was enjoined throughout upon each person present, after all was carefully arranged. The keen, steel instrument, held like a pen in the fingers of the operator, was then plunged into the tunic of the eye, in the upper part. The sufferer scarcely shrank, or so little, that the assistant who kept her head steady, scarcely perceived it. The aqueous humour was then removed by pressure.

"How nobly the dear creature bears it," thought Denbigh, whose lips qui-

vered, and throat had become thick with emotion.

"You have borne it well indeed, Miss Treville," said the operator. "The eye is a tender organ. I have rarely had such a patient."

Her father praised her, and called her the heroine of his family.

Denbigh could not clearly articulate, from his feelings still overcoming him.

Mary said to him, "Not a word from you, Denbigh. I am the better man of
the two now, only I cannot yet see. They have bound up my eyes."

The blind girl is restored to sight, and lives to enjoy that happiness which was denied to Alexia. In her case, if not in that of the former, we can truly say, "All is well that ends well."

WATERLOO.

A very handsome controversy has recently been taking place in the columns of the leading journal upon the subject of M. Thiers's latest contribution to the romance of history in the twentieth volume of his great work. We are surprised that so much stress is laid on the subject, for it is notorious that Thiers is the French Hume, and models his facts according to his own views and prejudices: he does not trouble himself with a tedious comparison of authorities, but simply takes his property where he finds it. This twentieth volume, comprising the campaign of 1815 and its culmination at Waterloo, is one of the most ingenious patchworks of truth and falsehood ever published, and although the conclusion at which he arrives about the first Napoleon is in the main correct, and described in words that ring like a trumpet, the volume itself is thoroughly worthless as a book of reference. Entertaining such views of Thiers, we are not about to devote an article to a refutation of his statements, which every reader of the work can make for himself, but this subject of Waterloo, as seen from the French point of view, has at the present time reached such a phase, that it demands serious considera-

Time was when that Frenchman was a bold man who mentioned the word Waterloo at all. True it is that in some provinces, Alsace, for instance, the peasants firmly believed, and still believe, that Waterloo was a French victory; but then they are the same peasants who believed, and perhaps still believe, that Le Petit Caporal returned in the present emperor. Still, in the more educated classes, there was a quiet understanding that the subject of Waterloo should be tacitly shelved. A few generals, who believed themselves injured by the "Memorial of St. Helena," made a few faint protests—such as Grouchy to the day of his death, and the Duc d'Elchingen's chivalrous defence of his father-but that was all. Colonel Charras was the first, we believe, to show the feet of clay of the popular idol: an ardent republican and disappointed man, he strove to injure the present emperor by reducing the prestige of his uncle, and his volume is certainly a masterpiece of logical acumen. Next came Marmont, who, in his Memoirs, proved most maliciously that Napoleon of Marengo was not the Napoleon of Waterloo, and quietly insinuated that it was a mistake of Providence, and that he, Marmont, would have been the right man in the right place. Next comes Victor Hugo with his "Misérables," who devotes a section to Waterloo, and makes the wondrous discovery that Napoleon was overthrown by divine and not human agency, because il génait Dieu. Not even Hugo's epigram, that "Waterloo was a firstclass battle won by a second-class man," will compensate for the absurdity of his conclusion. Lastly, comes Edgar Quinet,* whose volume will serve as the basis of our article, and who has concentrated with great acrimony all the errors of omission and commission laid to the charge of Napoleon by his predecessors in the field. All these writers to whom we have re-

^{*} Histoire de la Campagne de 1815. Par Edgar Quinet. Paris: Michel Levy.

ferred, we may remark in limine, have a very patent object—that of glorifying the French people at the expense of the French emperor, and thus wage a covert war against the Napoleon family, whom they feel

themselves powerless to overthrow, but still wish to injure.

Before coming to Quinet's account of the battle itself, it may be as well to summarise the events that preceded it. When united Europe marched upon Napoleon to punish him for his broken faith, the English army standing in Belgium was 105,950 strong, including the Hanoverian corps of 9000 left to garrison Antwerp and the Flemish towns. They were divided into two corps—the first, of 40 battalions and 23 squadrons, under the Prince of Orange; the second, of 38 battalions and 12 squadrons, under Lieutenant-General Lord Hill. The reserve consisted of 23,748 men, under Wellington, and 9913 cavalry, the best in the world, under Lord Uxbridge. The artillery spread among the different corps was composed of 196 guns. One-half at least of this army consisted of troops tried in the Peninsular war, but it was not homogeneous. There were but 32,700 English, and the rest were Germans, Belgians, The Germans consisted of the legion, 7500; Hanoverians, and Dutch. 15,800; Nassauers, 7300; and Brunswickers, 6700. These were staunch troops, and had been for some time in British pay, but 30,000 Belgians and Dutch were doubtful, as they had already served with the French, and might be inclined to desert. Still Wellington avoided this as far as he could by incorporating them with troops whom he could depend upon. The Prussian army of 124,074 combatants, on the other hand, was thoroughly homogeneous, and animated with a fierce detestation of the French. So determined was Blucher to conquer, that he did not form a reserve, but set all on the hazard of a die. To these two armies Napoleon opposed:

Infantry .						89,415
Cavalry.						22,302
Artillery and	engin	eers				12,371
Grand park			**			 3,500

128,088 men, with 346 guns.

The army of the North was divided into five corps: the first under D'Erlon, the second under Reille, the third under Vandamme, the fourth under Gerard, and the last under Lobau. In addition to the cavalry attached to these divisions, a reserve corps of 11,826 cavalry, all picked troops, stood under the command of Marshal Grouchy. The guard brought into line 12,941 infantry, 3689 cavalry, and 52 guns, and by this clever arrangement Napoleon held in hand a corps of 30,000 men with which to turn the fortunes of a battle.

On the night of June 14, the French army was assembled behind the Sambre, crossed and marched on Charleroi, and drove back the Prussians with a loss of twelve or fifteen hundred men. Here, Quinet asserts, was the first great fault that Napoleon committed; instead of vigorously pressing the Prussians, and cutting up their separate corps in detail, he allowed them to fall back and concentrate. On the same afternoon, Ney joined the Emperor, who received him with great joy, and gave him the command of the two first corps, D'Erlon and Reille and Kellerman's

heavy cavalry, forming a total of 48,000 men. His directions were, "Go and drive the enemy back." At this point Quinet collects a mass of the most crushing evidence to prove that Ney, whom Napoleon accused after the fact of losing the campaign, had received no instructions; but this is beyond our subject. We will merely mention that Ney with Reille's corps, as D'Erlon had not come up yet, marched on Quatre Bras to intercept the communication between the English and the Prussians. Napoleon, in the mean while, advanced, and found Blucher with eighty thousand men coolly waiting for him at Ligny. It was ten A.M. when Napoleon found himself impeded by the Prussians, and though he felt certain of victory, he again lost time. His motive for doing so he never stated; some say that he was ill, others that his thoughts were engaged with the intrigues of the Jacobins of Paris, as he called them; but the best explanation will, perhaps, be found in his own remarks in the Memorial: "It is certain that, under these circumstances, I no longer had within me the feeling of definitive success. It was no longer my first confidence . . . it is certain I felt as if I wanted something.

At half-past two the battle of Ligny began; a street fight, in which the Prussians displayed unexampled bravery. At length, however, Blucher had exhausted all his reserves, and Napoleon was preparing to deal the final blow on his centre, when an unexpected incident occurred. Vandamme noticed in the rear of the French extreme left a corps d'armée hurrying to the battle-field, and did not know whether they were friends or foes. An hour later Napoleon learned that it was D'Erlon's corps of twenty thousand men, in search of Ney, but the emperor made no effort to call in this unexpected reinforcement. Had he done so, says Quinet, the Prussian army must have been lost to the last man. At eight in the evening the final charge took place. Blucher was borne off the field unconscious, and the Prussians were beginning to despond, when Gneisenau, with happy audacity, ordered a change in the line of operations, and a retreat on Wavre to join the English. Napoleon, unfortunately for himself, made no effort to discover what the Prussians were about; even Ney on the left wing was not informed of the victory. And yet the results were great: 10,000 men killed, 8000 Westphalians dispersed, 16 guns taken, but no prisoners, for the Prussians refused to surrender, and on the side of the French 6800 killed and wounded. Here let M. Quinet speak:

It is a glorious day to be added to so many others; but three causes may prevent it bearing fruit; first, the delay in attacking; secondly, the despising of Fortune, who wished to avenge herself, by neglecting the 20,000 troops whom she brought on the field of battle. These two faults might still be repaired, if an extraordinary activity be displayed in pursuing the vanquished foe; but instead of that, if, believing him more discouraged, intimidated, and weakened than he really is, he is allowed the whole night to recover, this illusion on the part of the victor will be dearly paid for, and this third fault, added to the other two, may render them irreparable.

At half-past eleven A.M. of the 16th June, Ney received his orders to march on Quatre Bras; he had under him 15,750 infantry, 1865 cavalry, and 38 guns. The Prince of Orange, who opposed him, had only Perponcher's division of 6832 men and 16 guns. Still, Ney hesitated to

attack until he heard the sound of Napoleon's cannon, and was certain that the attack had commenced on the French right. Hence he did not advance till after two, P.M. and at a quarter to three the Prince of Orange was supported by Picton's three infantry brigades, which rendered the odds even. Almost at the same time Wellington came up with the Belgian light cavalry, and after him the Duke of Brunswick with his corps. At four o'clock, according to Quinet, Nev decidedly had the best of it, but two fresh brigades of Alten's came up, with two batteries, and at this critical moment Nev is inundated by bulletins from Napoleon, the first being "the fate of France is in your hands," which he found it impossible to obey. Still, Ney had a hope that D'Erlon would come up and re-establish the equality, but, on hearing that he was three leagues distant, he exclaimed, "You see those cannon-balls, I wish they would all enter my body." Under these circumstances Ney said to Kellerman, "My dear general, a great effort must be made here, for the salvation of France is at stake. Charge, and I will support you with all Pirè's cavalry." Kellerman obeyed, but was driven back with frightful loss, and the battle was over, and Ney slowly retired upon the heights of Frasnes, where D'Erlon's troops joined him at nine P.M., when it was too late. Still, in spite of Nev's defeat. Quinet considers that he did all that could be expected of him: Wellington had promised Blucher to join him at Ligny, and not a single Englishman appeared on that battle-field. By his fierce fighting he had given Napoleon nine clear hours to destroy the Prussians, and when he surrendered Quatre Bras it was no longer of any use, as the two allied armies could no longer effect a junction. And yet French authors have thrown the whole misfortune upon Ney because he did not positively hold Quatre Bras.

The two wings of the French army passed the night at two and a half leagues from each other, at Ligny and Frasnes, and Napoleon went back to sleep at Fleurus, far from the troublesome sounds of the battle-field. In his former campaigns he would not have failed to bivouac at Ligny among his Guards. Had he done so now, he would have heard the Prussian rearguard quietly decamping at midnight to join Ziethen and Pirch's corps. Of this night's rest at Fleurus it has been said that "Napoleon remembered the emperor too much, and the general of the wars of Italy too little." During the night, however, the Prussians got away so far that the French could obtain no certain information about them, but that made no difference to Napoleon, who was accustomed to regard those whom he had struck as destroyed, and he believed the Prussians in full flight for the This first error was strengthened by the slight estimation in which he held his adversary; he imagined that Marshal Blucher would not depart from the superannuated tactics of the Austrian generals, and fall back methodically on his reinforcements by the Meuse. He refused to think that this ex-general of hussars, as he called him, would have the boldness to form a new line of operations by Louvain and Maestricht, and he would not perceive that Blucher had gone to Napoleon's school. On the morning of the 17th, Grouchy went to Fleurus for orders, and the Emperor took him with him to Ligny, to pass the troops in review. At this delay some of the generals, Girard and Excelmans, murmured; their impatience broke out, and they expressed their apprehensions to each other.

Is this the way in which war is waged in successful campaigning? Where were the decision, the rapidity and crushing genius which allowed neither conquerors nor conquered to breathe? They had previously broken coalitions, beaten the enemy when they were three to one at Castiglione, when two to one at Eckmühl and Ratisbon, but how was it done? By prodigies of activity, by impetuous blows, by forced marches, by fighting day and night, which re-established the inequality to the advantage of the smaller number. Now, they had to do with more than two hundred thousand foes, and they left them not only the advantage of numbers, but that of decision and manœuvres: for it must not be concealed that on the previous day they lost six hours by attacking at three P.M. instead of nine A.M. At this moment the same fault was repeated and aggravated. The whole night and half the day were already lost supposing they wished to attack the English, or compel the Prussians to accept a second battle, like Beaulieu at Montenotte. This was not the way in which the enemy behaved: he had escaped from the French, and the victory of Ligny, which remained sterile, would doubtless have to be fought again. It was plain that the enemy had learned from the French how to behave on a battle-field; but had the French forgotten it?

Vandamme even went further, and said that "Napoleon is no longer the man we have known;" but this was regarded as spleen. In the mean time the Prussians had not been idle, and Bulow coming up with thirty thousand men, enabled Blucher to camp at Wavre with ninety thousand men, or ten thousand more than he had at Ligny. At mid-day, and not till then, Grouchy received orders to pursue the Prussians with thirtythree thousand men. He was horribly nervous, and replied, "Sire, give this command to Marshal Ney, and take me with you." "No," Napoleon replied, "I want Ney with me." Grouchy still urged the danger of removing so large a force and going on a wild-goose chase, but Napoleon closed the interview with the bitter remark, "Do you wish to teach me?" Grouchy consequently set out at three P.M., and at the very outset committed a mistake, as he felt confident that the Prussians meant to attack the French in the rear, and he marched on Gembloux, thus breaking off his communication with the main army. So soon as Wellington heard from Blucher that he was in full retreat on Wayre, he sent to tell him that he should fall back upon Waterloo, where he would stop and accept battle on the 18th, if he could count on the support of two Prussian corps. At two o'clock on the afternoon of the 17th Napoleon's columns arrived to liberate Ney from his painful state of suspense at Frasnes, though they might have easily reached it at seven A.M., thus entailing a further loss of six hours. Wellington fell back slowly, very slightly harassed by the French, and took up his position at six P.M. at Waterloo. Napoleon is stated to have said that he wished he had the power of Joshua, to stop the sun for two hours, but he had possessed the power in the morning on the field of Ligny, and had thrown it away. On this evening Wellington received Blucher's answer, "I shall arrive not merely with two corps but with my whole army. If the French do not attack us on the 18th, we will attack them on the 19th." Upon this assurance Wellington established his head-quarters at the village of Waterloo, half a league behind his battle-front, and Napoleon at the little farm Du Caillou. This was fated to be his last bivouac.

During the night, Napoleon's sole anxiety appears to have been lest the English should decamp through the forest of Soignies and effect their

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junction with the Prussians under the walls of Brussels. He had no conception that Blucher would fall on his right by Planchenoit and Frischermont, and hence the only point which menaced him was the only one which inspired him with no fear. Strangest thing of all, he did not trouble himself in the slightest about Grouchy. So thorough was his security, that while the English cavalry pushed on to Ohain to open the way for the Prussian advance, Napoleon sent out no videttes on his right. At the moment when the French bivouacked the Prussian Major von Falkenhausen was watching from the heights, and went back to inform Blucher of the utter security of Napoleon, and his neglect of the most ordinary precautions. Upon hearing this, Blucher resolved to march the whole Prussian army on the wood of Frischermont, and attack the French flank. There was only one chance left for Napoleon: if he attacked the English at daybreak he might gain the victory before the dark mass gathering on his right had time to burst on him. When day broke, and Napoleon saw the English still in position, he was delighted, and declared that it was ninety to ten in his favour; but most assuredly, among the less unfavourable chances, he did not reckon the arrival of the Prussians on the battle-field. The confidence of the French was quite as great as that of their chief: seventy thousand Frenchmen, led by Napoleon and Ney, felt a certain superiority over eighty thousand, only one half of whom were veterans. Never had they felt more certain of victory, and it was that which caused the battle to be again deferred.

Napoleon, in his reconnaissance, judged with his ordinary quickness the circumstances of the battle-field; he saw the enemy's right and centre protected by two great obstacles, Hougoumont and La Haye Sainte; but when he stopped in front of the left wing, he noticed that on this side the ground sloped gently down. Besides, this wing was separated from the château of Frischermont by a vacant space of sixteen hundred metres, which left it without support. Hence he resolved to deceive the enemy by frequent attacks on Hougoumont, and demonstrations toward Merbe Braine. So soon as the enemy had sent reinforcements in that direction Napoleon would make his real attack on the left wing, and so soon as that was driven in, direct his troops on Mont St. Jean, at the cross roads. On this side the victory would be greater and the difficulty less. The English, if conquered, would be unable to join the Prussians, and be cut off from the Brussels road, and would have no resource but to fall back into the sea. This plan-admirable in conception-Napoleon altered in the course of the action; we shall soon

see why.

At half-past eleven the firing began in the wood of Hougoumont, and Reille attacked the château, which was magnificently defended by the Coldstreams. Napoleon sent up Kellerman's artillery to attack, but all in vain; the château was fired by the shells, but still the defenders held out. Instead of a feint it became an obstinate attack, whose principal result was to draw to that side some of the best English troops. Napoleon then turned his attention to the English left, and the attack opened with the fire of seventy-four guns. But while the columns of attack were being formed a serious event turned Napoleon's attention elsewhere. While looking round him, before giving the signal, he noticed on the heights of St. Lambert a cloud, which appeared to him troops.

He said to Soult, as the weather was very misty, "Marshal, what do you see on St. Lambert?" "I fancy I see five or six thousand men. It is probably a detachment from Grouchy." It was then one o'clock. If Napoleon really believed it were so the illusion did not last long, for one of his aides, General Bernard, galloped up, and soon brought back the news that they were Prussians. "I suspected it," said Napoleon; and turning to his staff, he said aloud, "Gentlemen, Grouchy is coming up." The truth was, Napoleon obstinately believed that Grouchy was driving the Prussians before him. What did Napoleon to check the advance of the Prussians? Nothing; and they were allowed to pass through the defiles and form in front of the Bois de Paris as if they were on the

parade-ground.

At St. Helena, Napoleon, it is true, denied this, and declared that he had given Lobau orders to advance against Bulow with 10,000 men, simultaneously with the advance of Soubervie's cavalry; but all sides agree to contradict this, and state that Lobau did not advance until the Prussians had safely passed through the defiles. The best reason that can be given for this delay is, that Napoleon did not wish to part with 10,000 of his best troops at the moment when the decisive attack was about to begin. The plan of attack on the English left was aranged as follows: The furious cannonade of seventy-four pieces in front of La Belle Alliance, on the English centre and left, had opened a path for the infantry. According to orders, four divisions were to march on, and while the left-hand one first attacked the enemy and drew his strength in that direction, the other three would rush on the extreme left and break it. But an extraordinary mistake occurred; the four divisions advanced in close columns, with no space between them, passed from the shelter of their batteries, and slowly ascended the slopes. What might be anticipated took place: the solid mass was unable to deploy, or form square, to defend itself if attacked by overwhelming numbers, and the result was that they soon re-crossed the hollow way, and fell back in disorder down the hill. It was here that Picton was killed. Ponsonby's cavalry hurled in pursuit of the four divisions, cut to pieces 5000 men, or one-third their number, and would have probably destroyed them all, had not Milhaud's cuirassiers come at once to their rescue. In this charge Ponsonby was killed, and one of his regiments severely handled. The French infantry fell back behind La Belle Alliance to re-form. The blow was a heavy one to the French; but its worst result was that it compelled Napoleon to change entirely his plan of battle. In this change of attack the first point to be carried was La Haye Sainte, and the duty was entrusted to Ney, and after a tremendous fight, in which the French lost 2000 men, the Hanoverians were expelled. It was now half-past three, and the French had gained a decided advantage: unfortunately they had no infantry left, for D'Erlon's had been cut to pieces, and Reille's three divisions were hardly sufficient to maintain the attack on Hougoumont. But if there were no infantry, there were four splendid lines of cavalry, of whom only Milhaud's cuirassiers and Jaquinot's lancers had as yet been under fire. The French artillery recommenced its fire from 200 pieces, and drove the English back from the edge of the plateau, and then the first line of cavalry, 5400 strong, started for the attack. Ney put himself at their head, passed through the English

artillery like a whirlwind, and found himself in presence of the entire British infantry, who seemed rooted in the ground. They were formed four deep in squares, and covered the whole of the plain. The French fought splendidly, but could do nothing against these men of steel; and the artillery incessantly played on them. In vain did Ney send to Napoleon for infantry to support him. "Infantry!" Napoleon answered, angrily. "Where do you expect me to get them from? am I to make them?" On receiving this answer, Ney had no other resource but retreat. When he reached the plain, under a fearful plunging fire from the British batteries, Nev resolved to renew the charge, and called to Thirty-seven squadrons were him Kellerman's reserve for the purpose. joined to the forty which Ney had rallied. Such a cavalry attack had not been seen since Eylau. Again was the attack gigantic, but the defence was equally sturdy. According to our author, the British army was exterminated; but that we are permitted to doubt, when the Prussian artillery began thundering, and Wellington felt himself saved. Unsupported again, although Napoleon still had his Guard left, the French cavalry slowly redescended the hill, mutilated and exhausted.

It was at four o'clock that Bulow reached the wood of Frischermont, and Blucher, who was with him, seeing from the heights of Maransart the critical state of the British army, and that all would be lost if Lobau were enabled to support the French cavalry, gave orders for an immediate attack. He gained his point, for Lobau, on hearing the cannonading from the eighty-six Prussian guns on the French right flank, turned back and occupied Planchenoit, in order to check the advance of the Prussians. As Lobau had only ten thousand men against thirty thousand, Napoleon sent him eight battalions of the Young Guard, and twenty-four guns, and a very sharp engagement took place round Planche-Suddenly, Napoleon distinctly heard Grouchy's batteries in the distance, and it was evident that he was engaged with the other Prussian corps. Now had the time arrived for the final attack on the English centre, and complete the victory which Bulow's arrival had retarded for four hours. Unfortunately for Napoleon, the woods prevented him seeing that Ziethen had already arrived at Ohain with other thirty thousand men, and was preparing to burst into the battle-field.

From five to seven Ney had still continued his attack with the cavalry: they had heard him say to D'Erlon, "You and I must perish here, for if the English grape-shot save us, we are destined to be hanged." rendered the troops furious; Quiot and Donzelot's infantry divisions reform behind the cavalry and again rush to the charge, again to be beaten back, although they inflicted severe injuries on the English. Napoleon felt that the moment had arrived to make his final attack; he still had ten battalions of his Guard at La Belle Alliance, and five of these were ordered to advance in echelons, with guns between them. Napoleon, galloping along the common to the left of the road, pointed to the English position, and the soldiers repeated his words: "My friends, I wish to sup to-night in Brussels." Wellington, however, was equal to the situation: he had called in all his available troops, and was prepared to receive the Guard. At this moment an unexpected incident occurred on the extreme right of the French army: a sharp, well-sustained fusillade from fresh troops advancing to take part in the battle, and attacking the

English extreme left under the Prince of Saxe Weimar, which fell back in confusion. At this sound the cry ran along the French lines, "Here is Grouchy at last!" The whole line from Hougoumont to La Haye Sainte advanced in skirmishing order, and kept up a galling fire upon the English, until the Guard, led by Ney, advanced to the charge. The English artillery opened a heavy fire on these two thousand nine hundred men preparing to attack an army; but still they advanced, closing up as their comrades fell. All at once a voice shouted: "Up, Guards, and aim carefully." The English regiments rose from the ground in an extended line, and opened fire. In a very short time, of the two thousand nine hundred men who ascended to the plateau, only seven hundred were left, and they fell back in amazement. Soon the news spread that the Guard had been repulsed, and here the first oscillation was perceptible in the French lines. But there is one hope left; though the first attack of the Guard has failed, a second is prepared. Napoleon himself arranged the last five battalions left him, and led them towards the plateau. These were again received with a tremendous artillery and musketry fire, and were, so to speak, exterminated. During this period, the hurrah of a fresh attack was heard on the heights of Smohain, and the French right and centre were driven in. When Napoleon saw his Guard retire as far as La Haye Sainte, he, too, gave up all hope, and said, "It is ended." What had happened on the extreme right? Ziethen had suddenly debouched from the wood of Ohain and attacked D'Erlon. At first deceived by the uniform, they had fired into the Nassauer, under the Prince of Saxe Weimar's command, but, soon recognising their error, the fifteen thousand fresh troops, with their cavalry at their head, dashed into the very heart of the French army.

From this moment all became confusion in the French lines, and the mass of fugitives rushing towards La Belle Alliance was so dense that the Prussian cavalry could not clear a way through them. At the same time there was a general advance of the British line, and Vivian's light cavalry brigade was the first to dash at the French. At La Belle Alliance the Imperial Guard formed once again into squares, and it was here that the affair which has recently excited so much controversy took place. Colonel Halkett, commanding the Hanoverians, summoned the Guard to surrender, and Cambronne replied, "Men like us do not surrender." These are the exact words, says Quinet, which Cambronne repeated on his return to Nantes. But we find no allusion to that other disgusting word which Victor Hugo, as we think unwarrantably, has placed on his lips. No sooner had Cambronne spoken than a splinter of a shell struck him down, and the square resumed its march. As Napoleon passed the Rossomme mound, from which he had seen at his feet that same morning the heroic army which, as he said, filled the earth with pride, he found there two battalions and a battery, which he ordered to fire. The last round shot away the leg of Lord Uxbridge, who commanded the last cavalry charge. Ziethen's corps was not the only one which suddenly dashed upon the French, for nearly at the same time the whole of Pirch's corps debouched behind Bulow, and extended his right and left. These were fifteen thousand more men who fell upon Lobau, who was already weakened by the recal of twelve battalions of the Guard. For all that, the French offered a marvellous resistance, which lasted one hour and a half, and saved the French army from utter destruction. Had Planchenoit been taken half an hour sooner the retreat would have been cut off. Men had done all that human strength could do, and they yielded to a superior force, which nearly all called treachery, for no one would have seen in it a result of the chief's errors. It required nearly half a century ere it was admitted that the general was at all responsible for the disaster of all.

Wellington stopped the British army when it reached Rossomme, and Blucher undertook the pursuit, which he carried out with vengeful glee. Bulow and Ziethen followed the fugitives closely, while Pirch crossed the Dyle to intercept Grouchy's retreat and envelop him in the general disaster. Most of the French artillery and baggage-waggons were taken between Rossomme and Maison le Roi, for the artillerymen cut the traces and rode off on the horses. At eleven at night the mass of fugitives reached the defile of Genappe, and became entangled on the narrow bridge over the Dyle: here Napoleon was obliged to quit his carriage, and it took him an hour to reach the other bank. The Prussian batteries came up, and began shelling the wretched Frenchmen: the scene must have been a frightful one—the darkness illumined by the flashes of the guns, and the shrieks of the dying and the wounded. What a subject for a Callot or a Hell-Breughel! About a league before reaching Charlemont, Napoleon dismounted to give his horse a rest, and going up to a soldier, shared his coarse fare; after which he remarked: "How little a man requires to live." Rather tardy philosophy for a man who had staked and lost in four days the fortunes of France. On reaching Philippeville, Napoleon was joined by several of his aides-de-camp, and drew up his bulletin of the battle. They found it perfectly exact, with the exception of one point: Napoleon had omitted the capture of his This detail was humiliating to him, and he wished to keep it back, knowing that the imagination of the vulgar glorifies great disasters and degrades small ones. But his generals pressed, and he yielded. Thus all was consummated, and France and the world knew what the hitherto unknown name of Waterloo contained.

So far Quinet. We will not stop to break a lance with him about the numerous errors which he makes about the English strength at Waterloo; in fact, he condemns himself, when he concedes that Wellington held his Foot Guards in reserve to crush the Imperial Guard, which does not show any such desperate weakness. We allow that we are not of those enthusiasts who believe that the English would have won the battle of Waterloo alone, but we still maintain that, even had the Prussians not come up, it would have been a drawn battle. It is a curious fact that neither Charras, Hugo, nor Quinet says a word about the charge of the Life Guards, though it is a nursery tradition among us that they rode down the cuirassiers, who lay unable to rise owing to their weight of metal. But it is a great step in advance to find Frenchmen speaking fairly of Waterloo, and Quinet's account from the French point of view is a fair one. All that is left us now to do is to examine his summary as to who lost the battle.

Historians have reckoned as many as thirteen fatalities in this short campaign, but our author thinks that they may be reduced to one. If there were traitors they were too few in number to have any influence on events, and Napoleon, during these four days, was only betrayed by his

genius. So soon as the morning of the 18th had been wasted through a deceitful confidence which allowed the Prussians time to come up. all was As for the excuse of bad weather and rain, no one (except Victor Hugo) admits it at the present day; and it is too evident that this justification is a poor covering for the false security. Two hours are not sufficient to swamp fields like those of Belgium, and it would have been the first time that Napoleon's will yielded to such obstacles. Besides, Reille's corps, which passed the night at Genappe, started at three o'clock on the morning of the 18th, and was the first in line at Waterloo. What this corps did the others might have done, and there was nothing to prevent the action beginning at eight o'clock instead of twelve. Napoleon remained blind as to the movement of the Prussians until he was convinced by the cannon that the troops seen at St. Lambert were enemies. When Blucher showed himself in the distance, he had three alternatives, which doubtless occurred to the Emperor. The first was a retreat. No one says that he once thought of it; and we really cannot blame him for not doing so. Cæsar, Turenne, Prince Eugene, and Frederick would probably have resolved on it, but the situation of Napoleon was so peculiar that the greatest prudence lay in the greatest boldness. Besides, there was no certainty that the three other Prussian corps were behind Bulow, and it might be that Grouchy was close on his heels. Besides, Napoleon must conquer: the Austrians, Russians, and Bavarians were already on the march, and he had no time to temporise. Still, if Napoleon was justified in not retreating at one o'clock, that was no reason why he should not have done so as night approached. He had no chance then of being joined by Grouchy, for he could hear his cannon some eight miles off. At that time he could have retreated with his Guard intact, and the rest of his army could have re-formed behind it, instead of flying as a fugitive, leaving his troops, cut to pieces, behind him. But Napoleon continued to force fortune up to the last moment: Hannibal is said to have done the same thing at Zama, and, perhaps, that is the reason why Napoleon preferred Hannibal to all the other captains of antiquity. We find three points in Napoleon's life exactly alike-Moscow, Leipzig, and Waterloo-at which he resolved to win all or lose all, and allowed no tertium quid.

Again, it is argued that the co-operation of the Prussians at Waterloo only allowed Napoleon one chance of victory: knowing that Bulow would require three and a half hours to reach the battle-field after being first seen, he ought to have concentrated all his troops in crushing the English. But this argument is, we think, untenable: Napoleon knew whom he was fighting against, and in his desperate attack had met with an equally desperate resistance. Bulow might have attacked the French army in the rear, and annihilated it. Such were the two chances offered to Napoleon of salvation, and we see that they were so full of dangers, and so contrary to the rules of war, that he could not but reject them. He was prudent, and his prudence ruined him, and we should not like to

say that temerity would have done him any better service.

After the first shock of the battle of Waterloo was overcome, the French unanimously threw the blame of the defeat on Grouchy, and most unjustly so. Grouchy was a man timid to excess of responsibility; he regarded Napoleon like a schoolmaster, and during the whole period

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of his wretched groping after the Prussians he displayed the most wretched indecision. It was not till he received Napoleon's express orders on the 18th to march on Wavre that he felt relieved, and he did so, although he could hear the artillery of Waterloo thundering in his rear. It has been said that he was a traitor for not hurrying to Waterloo when he received the summons to return; but M. Quinet most satisfactorily proves that at the time Grouchy was eight leagues distant from the battle-field, and could not have reached it before nine or ten P.M., when all was over. Still, he thinks that Grouchy might have produced a moral effect upon the Prussians, and even checked their advance had he shown himself on their rear. This we are permitted to doubt, for Blucher was so determined that he would have simply left one corps d'armée to hold Grouchy in check, and have marched with the other then straight on to the battle-field.

Such is all we find it necessary to extract from Quinet's volume, and we think that it offers a decided antidote to M. Thiers's very loose statements, to use a mild term. Still, we cannot quit the subject without

one quotation which will show the animus of the writer:

The glory of Napoleon is sufficiently great: but do not make it superhuman by praising the disasters equally with the triumphs. When we compare him to Cæsar, let us not forget the differences. Cæsar kept all his conquests, Napoleon lost all his. Cæsar was never deceived in one of his calculations, and never made a mistake. Nothing can be compared to Napoleon's successes except his reverses. If Cæsar had twice by his fault induced an invasion of Rome by the barbarians, if he had lost Roman armies in four campaigns, in Gaul, Germany, Iberia, and Scythia, is it credible that the ancients would have thanked him as much for his defeats as his victories? Any one acquainted with their judicious minds may be permitted to doubt this.

And thus, according to M. Quinet, success is the touchstone. recommend to his special attention a passage in the first volume of "Les Misérables," concerning the same question of success, which completely controverts his theory. We wish we had space to quote it here, for, among the many eccentricities that extraordinary work contains, it is one of the most admirable hits at society which this century has produced. Still, we thank M. Quinet for his account of Waterloo, though he might possibly have been more gracious to a fallen man. When we notice such attacks on the most wonderful man whom Christianity has been cursed with, we cannot help thinking of the apologue of the "sick lion and the donkey." Whatever injury the Napoleonic lust for empire may have inflicted on Europe, it cannot be denied that it gave France a wondrous prestige, and now that passions have toned down, we, as English, and ready to fight the French to-morrow if necessity was-which Heaven forbid !- feel a revulsion at finding a Frenchman recording his opinion that the republican armies did not need an 18th Brumaire to save discipline or the traditions of military art—in other words, that France could have gained her present position in the world without a Napoleon. Nonsense, M. Quinet; when you wrote that sentence you must have mixed some of your republican gall in your ink, so pray erase it in your next edition.

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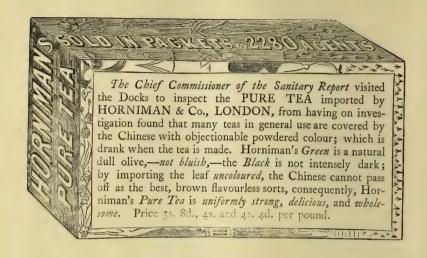
LONDON:

CHAPMAN AND HALL, 193, PICCADILLY.

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NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

SERVIA.

THERE is a fashion in politics as there is in literature, and even in morals. It is the fashion in the present day to befriend and to exalt the Turk at the expense of the Christian populations of Europe and Asia. The descendants of Osman and of Bayazid are in the minority; but they have a great number of Rayahs to tax, and large territories whence to exact revenues, and their credit is proportionately high. Their rule may be tyrannical, hostile to the feelings, religion, and traditions of their subjects, yet there are those who complain loudly at the slightest sign of the yoke festering the prostrate Christian wearer, inasmuch as complaint, and, still more so, opposition, would tend to place difficulties in the way of those grand reforms which are always coming but never arrive, or to weaken the bolstered-up, be-fezzed, and be-turbaned government of Islam-pol. It is the fashion to be liberal now-a-days, and liberality is carried so far that we can now look upon the Crusades, which stemmed the tide of Islamism, and saved Europe from the tender mercies of an Allah id din or a Salah id din-men with whom their "din," or "faith," was as sharp as a sword—as follies and fanaticism. It is the fashion to talk of nationalities and of the rights of the people, and when it serves a purpose, as in Naples, Tuscany, Parma, and Modena, there is a wonderful unanimity in according these rights; but when it came to the annexation of Savoy, the dismemberment of Holstein, the claims of the Poles, or the undying rights of the ancient kingdoms of Servia and Bulgaria, a judicious silence is observed, or time-serving arguments are bandied about to show that it is inconvenient or impolitic to admit any rights or national claims in those particular instances—that, in fact, it is just, or it is wise, to ignore them altogether. There may be fashion and even policy in this; there certainly cannot be moral rectitude, and therefore it is inevitable that what may appear as sound policy in the present day, will, being based on false grounds, be proved to be unsound in another. Policy that sacrifices justice for temporary interests, or rather for that which is viewed as such, can never ultimately triumph. The conferences on the "Turkish Question," as it is irreverently called, when it is the question of the rights and independence of the oldest Christian nations and principalities in Turkey in Europe, are admitted even by those who are most wilfully and persistently blind, to be but a mere patching up of rents that will assuredly be manifested again at no distant time. What real benefit did the Crimean war accomplish for Turkey? Did the Hatti Sherif become a reality, or were the prostrate Christians put upon an equality with the Nov.-VOL. CXXVI. NO. DIII.

inheritors of Houridom? How long had the French retired from Syria before the extortions of the local government drove the chivalrous Druses once more to rebellion in their fastnesses of the Hauran and the Hermon? Even the poor Montenegrin—the Black Mountaineer—ever ready to perish in the defence of his home, has been derided as a Christian with human heads dangling from the croup of his saddle. What has made the Tchernagori lustful of blood but ages of persecution by fanatic hordes!

The Servians, it is oozing out, are a spirited race, and have an army of some hundred thousand men, in tolerable fighting order, well officered, and as ready for the combat as in the days of Kara or Tzerni George:

What time the Servian targe Broke down the Dehli's desperate charge;

and it is beginning to be felt that there are too many parties interested in cultivating the military tastes of these impetuous mountaineers to make it at all probable that they will be urged to more pacific pursuits. Under such circumstances it has been deemed worthy of consideration at the last hour, whether the powers who are "legitimately" opposed to the extension of Russian dominion had not better anticipate events, and create some stronger barrier between St. Petersburg and the Mediterranean than is furnished by disaffected provinces. This, it is said, is a question of no ordinary importance. Such a barrier would have been created of itself by taking up the same position of sympathy with the downtrodden principalities as Russia has done. The Servians have looked to England and to France as much as to Russia; they prefer the real constitutionalism of the one to the military despotism of the other, or the spiritual ascendancy of the third. Sympathy would therefore have created a barrier such as no Muscovite could have leaped over.

Russia, we are told, is persistently in earnest, and against a man or a nation that is so, those who have recourse to temporary shifts must in the end have to succumb. Strange that just when the current in favour of the corrupt rule of the Osmanlis is at its height, this important discovery should be made. When, before the Crimean war, we, from long personal acquaintance with the countries in question, declaimed against the sacrifice of blood and treasure in propping up an effete and crumbling power, that belonged altogether to other days and times, we were "pooh-poohed." The Turk was everything that was good, honourable, solvent, and friendly. Russia must be resisted. And how? Why, by force of arms—such is always the alternative of princes; whilst Russia simply required to be anticipated among the Christian populations of Turkey in Europe and Asia-those who constitute its backbone, and give to it its prosperityto have been checkmated at once without the spilling of a drop of English The difficulty, it is said over and over again, is in constructing any Christian state in Turkey that will not look to Russia as its best and readiest friend, or will not soon be taught to do so. In the first place, there is no necessity for constructing any Christian state in Turkey at all; to talk of doing such a thing is mere braggadocio. There are Christian states already existing, as Servia, Bulgaria, Wallachia, Moldavia, and others, but more or less dismembered, and all more or less battledoored and shuttlecocked between the Czar of Muscovy and the

Sublime Porte. But to suppose that in consequence of this misfortune of geographical position, and of religious and political swayings to and fro, that these principalities must of necessity be either Turk or Russian, is the great error that besets all home writers when they discuss the politics of the East. It betrays a total ignorance of their past history, a mistaken notion of the intellectual capabilities of the people in question, and a still greater blindness to their true aspirations. Whether it be for a theoretical and imaginary Panslavonia, or a more modest and humble, but a not less deep and earnest desire for religious, political, moral, and intellectual emancipation, the Christian nationalities of Turkey in Europe seek no more to place their independence, once won, at the mercy of the temporal and spiritual head of the Greek Church (in his own dominions) than they do to continue under the repulsive tyranny of the successor of the Khalifs.

The geographical position of Servia, between Turkey and Austria, and forming, with the neighbouring countries, Bosnia, Bulgaria, Wallachia, and Moldavia, a border land between two great empires of opposite creeds, has long made this country the seat of protracted struggles, which we see on the point of commencing again, between European civilisation and Oriental despotism—between the Christian and Muhammadan re-

ligions.

In the midst of these conflicting forces, the Servians present the interesting spectacle of a brave, hardy, and simple people, contending for national independence and religious freedom. Christians in faith, and subjected to the cruel persecutions of their infidel oppressors, their efforts to throw off the Moslem yoke have as yet met with little encouragement from Christian nations, arising from the mutual jealousy existing among those nations leading them to interfere, as in the present day, only so far as they, the Servians, could be made instrumental in checking the en-

croachments, or counteracting the policy of other powers.

The Servians are, unfortunately, too little known in England. While the other countries of Europe have been overrun by the herd of English tourists, Servia and the neighbouring states are almost terra incognita, even to the travellers who visit the Danube or Constantinople. Mr. Paton and Mr. Spencer are almost the only English writers who have exerted themselves to make Servia known to English readers; but whether owing to the isolation of the territory, to the unpronounceable names of persons and places, or to a mistaken notion that Russia and Austria are so pre-eminent in the principalities, that were they to throw off the yoke of the Moslems they would pass under that of one or other of those two empires, it has been difficult to get the English to interest themselves in this the youngest member of the European family.

It is probable that the progress of events following upon the new anxieties opened by the late Crimean war will bring about a change in this respect; at all events, it shall not damp our energies in endeavouring

to obtain a hearing for them.

The history of Servia has been written by the accomplished scholar, Professor Ranke, and translated into English by Mrs. Kerr, and the work constitutes an episode in the history of the world of the deepest interest. We shall not, however, allude to that history here beyond what is neces-

sary to fix a nationality upon its people, and to attest their persistence in

a just and national struggle against their oppressors.

Leaving it to antiquarians to trace out the origin and migrations of these people, by combining languages and myths with fragmentary traditions, it will suffice to say, that from the earliest times we find them in the country which they occupy to this day. In order to take a comprehensive view of ancient Servia, we must survey the country from a central summit of that lofty range of mountains extending from the Alps to the Black Sea, the declivities of which, with the rivers and streams flowing from them, and the valleys they form, constitute the whole Servian territory between the Danube on one side, and the Adriatic and the Archipelago on the other. The successive heights of these mountain ridges—described in their national songs as variegated woods, where the darkness of the forest is relieved only by white rocks, or by the unmelted snows-have ever been in possession of the Servians. They inhabited the country from the banks of the Drina and the Bosna towards the Save, along the course of both the Morawas, down to the Danube, and southerly to Upper Macedonia; peopling, likewise, the coasts of the Adriatic Sea.

For centuries they lived under the government of their Shupanes and elders, regardless of the policy of surrounding nations, while they acknowledged with other nationalities around them the supremacy of the Western Roman emperor; and Servia still remained part of the Eastern Empire when the Western Empire was re-established, at the time of Charle-The Servians, at the same period, embraced the Christian faith: but, in so doing, they did not subject themselves either to the Empire or to the Church of the Greeks. On the contrary, history attests that, when they acknowledged the supremacy of Constantinople, they did so solely on the condition that they should never be subject to a government proceeding from that capital, whose rule they abhorred, as being extortionate and rapacious. The emperor accordingly permitted the Servians to be ruled by native chiefs solely of their own election, and they preserved a patriarchal form of government. The records of Christianity were also given to them in their vernacular language and writing, whether these were derived from the East or from the West.

But still the Servians who had acknowledged the general supremacy of the Greek Empire had to strain every nerve against the attempts made by the emperors to increase their power over them. In the eleventh century, the Greeks, despite of the stipulations they had entered into, attempted to take Servia under their immediate control, and to subject it to their financial system. In pursuance of this design, a Greek governor was sent into the country. But the proceeding incited a general revolt,

and the Byzantines were compelled to leave the country.

At length, in the year 1043, Constantine Monomachus sent a numerous army, which attempted to penetrate from the coast into the interior. The Servians encountered them in their mountains, as the Tyrolese and Swiss peasants have so often met their enemies, and the entire Greek army was annihilated in their impassable defiles.

The defeat was decisive. Not only did it put a speedy termination to the encroachment of the court of Constantinople in imposing a direct government, but it also firmly established the princely power of the

Grand Shupanes, whose existence depended upon the preservation of the

national independence.

It is not necessary here to recount the deeds of these kings: how they extended their authority towards Hungary, or Bulgaria, or Byzantium, and at the expense of the Latins along the coast. The Servians enjoyed the privilege of electing their own archbishop from their own national priesthood. St. Sawa was the first archbishop, and he took up his residence at Usitza—the holy city of the Servians. One of these archbishops, after invoking his sainted predecessors, Sawa and Arsenius, led the people into the field, and drove back the invading hordes of Mongols.

The Latin Empire at Constantinople was as powerless as the Greek Empire of Byzantium to enforce the claims which it preferred for the possession of Servia. Towards the end of the thirteenth century they assumed the offensive against the re-established Greek emperors, and by the first half of the fourteenth century they had established themselves as the strongest power in the Illyrian triangle. Stephan Dushan called himself "Emperor of the Rumelians—the Macedonian Christ-loving Czar"—and began to wear the tiara. On his coins he was represented

holding in his hand a globe, surmounted by a cross.

Whilst the primitive history of Servia attests, then, to the nationality of its people, there is nothing whatsoever that would show a tendency to submit to religious or political dictation from without. It is one of the peculiarities of the Eastern or Greek Church, that spiritual and secular obedience are inseparable in idea, although the spiritual principle may have an independent representation. The possession of princely power, and the acknowledgment of a foreign patriarch, is, with such a people, an anomaly. Hence the Servians, so long as they remain a nationality and a principality, will no more acknowledge the combined spiritual and secular Czar of Russia, than they would the separate, and yet in idea combined, power of emperor and patriarchs of Constantinople, whether in the Greek or Latin times.

Unfortunately for the growing prosperity and for the dawning civilisation of Servia, it fell before that power, which assailing the Christian faith with all the violence of Muhammadan fanaticism, swept the Roman Byzantine Empire before it, and with it the detached principalities in

Europe.

On the mountain heights, crowned by the chief seat of the Servian Empire—on the field of Kosovo or Kossowa—the Servians, the Bosnians, and the Albanians, stood united against the Osmanlis. But the Turks were stronger than all these nations combined, and from that fatal day the Servians became more or less subject to the Turkish power. The Sultan of the Osmanlis and the Servian Krall were both slain in the conflict, and their successors, Bayazid and Stephan Lasarewitsch, entered into an agreement which admitted the inferior position of the Servians.

About the year 1438, we find a mosque erected at Krushovatz, and Turkish garrisons placed in the fortresses of Kolubar and Semendria, or Smederewo, on the Danube; and in Nowobrdo, or Novibazar, the most ancient of the Servian towns, in the immediate vicinity of the richest mines. In the mean time, Bosnia was overrun from Scupi; and from Argyrocastron and Croia the Turks soon extended their dominion over the southern and northern parts of Albania.

The Servian prince, George Brankowitsch, having allied himself with the Latin nations, he redeemed the fortunes of his country for a moment by the peace of Szegedin (July, 1444), by which the independence of Servia was guaranteed; but the advantages which might have accrued from this alliance were frustrated by jealousy of the Latin Church. The Servians had the consummate folly to invite the Osmanlis into their fortresses, that they might not see their strongholds given over to a cardinal of the Romish Church. The consequence was, that the king and the chief nobles of the country were put to death, on the pretext that there was no necessity for keeping faith with infidels, and others only saved their lives by abjuring their faith. The country was divided among the Spahis, whom the inhabitants were bound to serve both in their persons and in their property. The people were disarmed, and a tribute of youths was exacted every five years. Once more they rose, on the advance of the Austrians in 1737; but they were met by the Turks near the Kolubara, and their entire host slaughtered. The patriarchate was united with that of Constantinople, over which the Porte exercised undisputed power. Greek bishops were placed over the Servian Church, and the people found themselves placed wholly under subjection to the Turkish government.

The antagonism which exists everywhere under the Turkish rule between the "faithful," whose religion is supposed to give them the claim to dominion, and the "infidels," who are condemned to servitude on account of their religion, dormant at times, wakeful and in arms at others, has never ceased to exist from that time to this in Servia.

It has, however, been more owing to the complication of European politics that this state of things has lasted so long than to any increase of the Turkish power. When Austria, under the tolerant Joseph, took the Servian patriarchate under its protection, and advanced to its emancipation in 1789-90, the jealousy of other European powers at seeing the general equilibrium likely to be disturbed by so extensive an increase of territorial possession, alone interfered with success. Prussia was in favour of the emancipation of the principalities, but England and Holland sided with the Turk; the danger which threatened the whole constitution of the European powers from France lent itself to their mistaken policy, and Servia, with all its fortresses, was given back to the Sultan!

Servia, on the other hand, remained armed, and the effects of this war, and the stipulations in favour of the Christians enforced by Russia at the peace of Jassy, were to greatly increase the elements of independence amongst the Rayah populations of European Turkey. Turkey, on her side, prepared for the worst by extensive military reforms and the build-

ing a fleet.

New elements of trouble, however, presented themselves in the rebellion of the Dahis, or Deys of Belgrade, who, with the Janissaries, entered into conflict with Pashas and Spahis, and, instigated by the fear that the Sultan would employ the Servians under their Kneses, or chiefs, against them, they went forth into the towns and villages in February, 1804, and put to death all such as might prove dangerous to them. In this general and almost indiscriminate slaughter every person of any consideration,

whether it had been acquired by military prowess, eloquence, or wealth, was put to death. Even the sacred office afforded no protection.

The national development opened out for itself a new course as a consequence of this signal outrage. The Servians, notwithstanding their prostrate condition, had acquired some wealth—by the same means that prevailed in England and Germany before the clearing away of the large forests—by the breeding of swine. Swineherds, shepherds, and peasants, who had fled from their homes to the mountains, felt that they could not return without extinguishing an authority which was exercised in so barbarous a manner. They were one and all determined to do so.

George Petrowitsch, significantly called by the Turks Kara George, or "Black George," himself a swine-owner, and one of the most enterprising and richest men of the country, placed himself at the head of the movement, abetted by other chiefs of note, and more especially the Heyducs, or Haiduchs, as they were called—a kind of Rob Roys of Servia. It is needless here to enter into the details of the long and gallant warfare, signalised by alternate successes and disasters, carried on by the brave George and his intrepid followers, combating for their national rights. The insurrection against the Dahis, the development of the opposition against Osmanli misrule and tyranny, the Servian war of liberation in 1806 and 1807, and the formation of a Servian government, constitute the four great chapters in modern Servian history.

But with the progress of time matters became complicated. Napoleon's interference at Constantinople induced Russia to abet the Servians—new and disastrous wars were entered upon in 1809 and 1810, and two parties arose in Servia, one national, in favour of Kara George; the other

Russian, and in favour of the Czar's creatures, the Gospodars.

In 1813, when all the powers of civilised Europe were engaged in settling the most momentous question that had arisen for centuries, England for once indirectly befriended the Servians, and fomented disturbances at Baghdad in order to occupy the attention of the Turks, and to prevent a renewal of the war on the Danube; whilst France, on the contrary, abetted the Sultan in planting a military force on the frontiers of Servia, for the purpose of threatening Austria, and thus preventing her from joining the coalition. Politics are almost always matters of ex-

pediency, seldom of right and principle.

Servia, thus left without direct assistance, succumbed before the Turk. Kara George was reduced to take refuge in Austria, where he was treated as a prisoner, and the Osmanlis took possession of Semendria and Belgrade without resistance. During nine years Servia had maintained its position amidst the most severe conflicts, and now it was all at once annihilated. One of the Gospodars—Milosch Obrenowitsch—alone disdained to fly, and remained to share the fate of his countrymen. "What will my life profit me in Austria?" he said, "while in the mean time the enemy will sell into slavery my wife and child and my aged mother? No; whatever may be the fate of my fellow-countrymen shall be mine also!"

Seduced by the blandishments of the Turks, Milosch was, however, induced at first to assist them in tranquillising the country, and he even accepted titles and honours at the hands of the Turks, but the utter dis-

regard of the "faithful" in keeping their promises to "infidels," and the renewed barbarities of subordinates, soon hurried the Servians into insurrection. The war commenced, in a predatory manner, on the Upper Morava, in the spring of 1815, and the insurrection spreading, nothing but successes followed the Servian arms. The Congress of Vienna, however, interfered, and Milosch was obliged to enter into negotiations, by which the Servians agreed that the Turks should again garrison the fortresses, but under conditions, which, as might be naturally expected, they were no sooner masters of the strong places than they utterly dis-

regarded them.

Milosch remained, however, at the head of affairs, whilst the attempts of the Turks to deprive the people of their liberties led inevitably to dissensions between them and their chief. Milosch met these difficulties with a high hand: he put to death Moler, the president of the National Assembly, and connived at the murder of Kara George, who had returned to the country. An English consul was at the same time appointed to Belgrade, to confirm the extension of the princely power in Servia, more especially as opposed to Russia. It was at that time the opinion both of English and French statesmen, that in a country like Servia—in a state little above barbarism—a strong and severe exercise

of power was indispensable.

The action of Russia was directed to counteract such a power, and it so far succeeded, backed by the Porte and by fomenting dissensions, as to procure the abdication of Milosch in favour of his second son Michael, and after many troubles and dissensions the election of Alexander, son of Kara George, who, however, only ruled for a short time, till the present prince, Michael Obrenowitsch, was reinstated. In the time of Kara George, it is to be observed, the Archbishop of Carlovitz, in Hungary, was looked upon as the spiritual head of the nation; but after the treaty of Adrianople the Servian government obtained exclusive direction of its ecclesiastical affairs.

The history of Servia not only attests, then, its indisputable nationality, but it also attests to an enduring antagonism between the Turks, whose claim to dominion is founded upon their religion, and the Christians, who

are condemned to servitude upon the same grounds.

By the example of Servia may be seen what opposing tendencies such a state of things comprises. People with an inextinguishable consciousness of their own position, a peculiar firmness of character, and a lively recollection of their former grandeur, found themselves by the ruling principle of the state excluded from all power, and condemned to servitude; while, on the other hand, the prevailing religion gave its professors a right to govern, filled them with overbearing pride, and excited them to oppression.

Well might the subjugated Rayahs despair of emancipating themselves by their own efforts: for this they were too weak, too much divided among themselves, and too carefully watched in every place by their enemies, who were at the same time their masters. But how different would it have been had the Christian powers, who were emulating each other in the development of their strength, and had gradually raised themselves to an unquestionable superiority over the Turk, determined to

lend their assistance to the Christians who were under the yoke of the Osmanlis!

By some inscrutable decree of Providence it was destined to be otherwise. The interjealousy of European nations has ever prevented either one or all together operating in favour of the Christian nationalities oppressed by the Turks, and this interjealousy has at last become not only the aid and abettor of tyranny, but the sole support of the Turkish Empire. The breaking up of the Osmanli rule has been the bugbear of Europe. Powerful pashas, as those of Baghdad, Acre, Widdin, and Janina, have risen in rebellion and ruled in independence. Many provinces-Egypt, for instance-Servia, Bosnia, and Montenegro, have succeeded in maintaining themselves, for lengthened periods, to a certain degree independent. The example of the Barbary States was naturally followed by others, and the independence of Greece was acknowledged by the European powers without the much-talked-of breaking-up of the Ottoman Empire taking place. Wherefore, then, would such an event be in any way hastened by permitting the Servians to re-establish their national independence? Assistance is not claimed, only non-interference. Non-interference in the right of nationalities has become the countersign of modern diplomacy. Why not extend, then, the same privileges to the Turkish principalities as to the Italian? Yet Garibaldi, when told that he would never get to Rome, and asked, "Why not change your plans, and attack Austria through the East?" "That will never do," replied the veteran patriot; "the moment we interfere in the East we shall lose the sympathy and moral support of England, and that is too valuable to risk." To be consistent, England should supplant St. George by a pasha with three tails, and exchange the Cross for the Crescent. The Christians of the East are never to be emancipated, because it pleases England to be opposed to the aggrandisement of Russia—a result which is not at all necessarily involved in the emancipation of the said Christian nationalities. The interference of Russia in Servia has been always more dictatorial than friendly, and it is not only not sought for, but, on the contrary, is as much repudiated with the majority as is any association with the Latin Church. England, as a Protestant, free, and constitutional nation, is more looked up to by the principalities than any other European power, and it has always been within the range of its means to establish, by mere friendly offices, a state which, placed between Russia and Turkey, would do more to uphold the European equilibrium than the perpetual bolstering up of the Muhammadan tyranny and barbarism—a policy which not only places England in a false position, but which must prove ultimately disastrous, for it is not founded upon truth, principle, or religion, or upon the rights of nations, but upon expediency. Those who have recourse to temporary shifts to ward off a state of things impending for ages, and inevitable with the progress of time, must not only ultimately succumb, but succumb with all the humiliation of having for a lengthened period of time advocated a mistaken and a false policy. "The eternal destinies of all nations," says Professor Ranke, in his History of Servia, "are in the hands of the Omnipotent, and the decrees of Providence, alike unfathomable and irresistible, will be accomplished in their due course of fulfilment."

It is a remarkable fact that all those who have had an opportunity of becoming personally acquainted with the Servians, and who have written concerning them, have advocated their cause, whilst the policy that keeps them in subjection emanates mainly from the cribbed and confined cabinets of statesmen. Mr. A. A. Paton, for example, says in his "Servia, &c.," p. 170, "Servia is certainly making progress; there can be no spectacle more delightful to a rightly constituted mind than that of a hopeful young nation approaching its puberty." Again, at page 306, he says: "It is a mistake on the part of the liberals of France and England to suppose that the revolutions which expelled Milosh and Michael were democratic. There has been no turning upside down the social pyramid; and in the absence of a hereditary aristocracy, the wealthiest and most influential persons in Servia support Alexander Kara Georgevitch." It is true that Mr. Paton deprecates war-so do all sensible men. "Let the Servians thank their stars," he says, "that their army is a Let all Europe rejoice that the pen is rapidly superseding the sword; that there now exists a council-board, to which strong and weak are equally amenable. May this diplomacy ultimately compass the ends of the earth, and every war be reckoned a civil war, an arch high-treason against confederate hemispheres!" But in this instance it is much to be feared that diplomacy is partly to blame for any war that may ensue; there was no necessity for such untoward results, had the majority in the recent conferences of Constantinople been in favour of the Servians, instead of being in favour of the Turks.

Mr. Spencer is far more enthusiastic than Mr. Paton. "The Servians," he says, in his work ("Travels in European Turkey," vol. i. p. 95), "appear to me to be the noblest race of all the Slavonians; their bold, martial bearing arrests attention at the first glance-broad shoulders, athletic, and robust, they present the very model of a soldier." Then again, further on: "We cannot wonder that, having achieved his emancipation by a succession of brilliant victories, the Servian, however humble his position in life, feels a proud confidence in himself, which he is by no means backward in exhibiting. This patriotism induces him to yield obedience to the laws of his country, and attaches him sincerely to the land for which he so nobly bled. There is also about this people a degree of natural sense, which serves as an effective substitute for political experience. This was manifested in a prominent degree on a recent occasion, when the independence of the country was in great danger. Having succeeded in overthrowing the tyrannical government of the ill-advised and despotic Milosch and his weak son (?) Michael, and elevated Prince Alexander to sovereign power, they were threatened with invasion by Austria and Russia. These menaces they utterly disregarded, being determined to support the prince of their choice, whatever might be the consequences." The nation that would dare two such powerful neighbours is not likely to have the tyranny of the Turk forced upon it by the

majority at the conferences of Constantinople.

Ami Boué, in his great work "La Turquie d'Europe" (tome iv. p. 248), also points out that in case of the breaking up of the Turkish Empire, Servia would always constitute a nationality and an independent principality; and he adds, at page 363, "If the condition of this country was as well known in Europe as it is in Russia and Austria, Milosch would be

just the man who could be used as an instrument necessary for the solid reconstruction of the states into which Turkey is already divided by the

will of the people."

Mr. Fonblanque, the British representative at Belgrade, argues, on the contrary, that Servia owes her political existence solely to Russia, which gives the latter a moral right of intervention over and above the stipulations of treaties, to which no other power could pretend. No wonder that Mr. Fonblanque should not be popular in Belgrade. It is not forgotten by the Servians that, when Russia was in difficulties and invaded by France, and Kara George, no longer aided by that power, was obliged to come to terms with the Sultan, it was the English who were mainly instrumental in procuring for the Servians the treaty of Bucharest (May 28, 1812), which first secured to them the sole administration of their own affairs. And, after all, what of the much-dreaded influence of Russia in case of the emancipation of the Christian nations? Ami Boué, who knew them well, says: "Les Chrétiens de la Turquie émancipés tourneraient le dos à la Russie, malgré l'identité de religion, ses agents et son argent; car, avant tout: quisque pro domo."

There is not the slightest doubt, in as far as the relations of England with Servia are concerned, that the interests of Russia are served by every step that is taken to ensure the dominion of the Osmanli over these down-trodden people. Every such act gives Russia the opportunity, by tendering its moral, religious, and political support, of winning over those affections which would be otherwise willingly given to the English.

Now that the last embers of resistance have been overcome in Montenegro, the Porte, with a correct appreciation of its perils, is preparing to fight Servia on the same point of suzerainty or independence. From all quarters of the vast yet dilapidated empire, troops have been directed to the frontiers of that nationality whose traditions are so much older than those of their enemies. On four different points camps have been formed, and a plan prepared to meet the attacks of the Servians, or to invade the principality, as the case may be. Of these, the chief force is being concentrated in the neighbourhood of Nisch, under the command of Mustapha Pasha; and there are other corps in Bosnia, which are stationed around Novibazar and Vischegrad for strategic reasons, which we shall immediately explain. The eastern frontier is guarded by the forces at Widdin and Turnova, which also serve to exercise an intimidating influence upon the Bulgarians. Of what is doing on the southern frontiers we are comparatively uninformed; but it is probable that, as the troops in Montenegro are no longer wanted, a portion of these tried soldiers has been marched off to the mountainous plateau separating the semi-independent districts of Servia from that part of the country which is under Turkish rule. The forces thus rendered available against Servia have been estimated in round numbers at a hundred thousand men.

On the other hand, the Servian army must be by no means underrated. It is said to equal in numbers that of the Osmanli's which is opposed to it; and the material is better, for there can be no question as to the bravery of the Servians, and they will be, in case of hostilities breaking out, combating for their nationality, and animated by an inextinguishable hatred of their Muhammadan oppressors. In addition to some hundred thousand men, more or less trained and regularly armed,

it is further said fifty thousand more will be ready to take the field with old-fashioned firelocks, and accompany the regulars in the useful capacity of guerillas. As to cavalry, there is little to speak of, the country not permitting the use of that arm, and the Servians never doing much in the way of horsemanship. But it is positively asserted that two hundred guns are at the disposal of the prince, part of which have been founded at Kragojevatz, while, for the majority, it is said he is indebted to the liberality of the Czar. Russian and French officers, numbering several hundreds, have likewise been sent to Servia to train the soldiery in modern tactics, so that Omar Pasha, with all his improved circumstances, will have to meet no unworthy or despicable foe. A French colonel—Moudain—is at the head of the war-office, and a Russian general—

Georgevic-is in command of the army.

Although war has not been formally declared—and it is said, indeed, is temporarily staved off—the relations between the two neighbouring countries have for some time stood upon a footing of open hostility. France, which so lately fought by the side of England in arresting the ambition of the Czars, now openly sides with Russia in abetting the dismemberment of the Turkish Empire. Prince Michael and his countrymen cannot, however, understand why France should have permitted the race of Montenegrins to have been half destroyed by withholding the support of the Servians. Their faith in the emperor has undergone, in consequence, a very marked falling off. The National Assembly will not the less be shortly convened to free the prince from the danger attaching in a country so circumstanced to the task of deciding himself upon the great questions at issue.

In the mean time, at Belgrade, as we have lately seen, on the Danube, and in many parts of the interior, the inhabitants have, like the Haiducs of old, taken up arms against the Turks. Fights abound in the villages, and, wherever forest or mountainous districts offer facilities for insurrec-

tion, skirmishing has become an ordinary occurrence.

All the principal passes guarding the frontiers have been fortified according to the rules of art, and block-houses are being erected in commanding positions. Servia has, it is to be remarked, limits naturally so well defined as to confer upon it imminent facilities for resisting an attack from without. It is surrounded by mountains, and it has in advance of the lower portions of the country the important barriers of the Save and the Danube, and three fortified points. Its weakest part is in the southeast, where occur, separated by mountains from Servia, and especially open upon Bulgaria, the districts of Negotin, on the Danube, and those equally feebly protected of Gorguschevatz and of Zaitshar. Hence it was that the Kraina, or district of Negotin, constituted till within recent times a little principality by the side of Servia, governed by the family of the Karapautschitch, on whom the Sultan had conferred an hereditary berat of Knes, upon the consideration of an annual tribute.

The dangers on this side, if we are to believe reports current, have been to a certain extent anticipated, if not entirely warded off, by arming the hitherto peaceful Bulgarians, and detaching them from their allegiance to the Sultan. Like the Wallachian principalities at a former time of their history, Bulgaria has been hitherto in the hands of the Phanariot priests, who were allowed to go half halves with the Sultan,

and felt as little compassion for the people as though they were Sheikhs or Mollahs, instead of Christian ecclesiastics. In point of fact, the corruption and fleecing practices of the Byzantine Empire have been perpetuated among the Bulgarian shepherds until the very latest times. Seizing upon this opportunity for obtaining a footing in a country whose geographical position may be destined to give it considerable importance in the settlement of Eastern difficulties, the Polish exiles, with Prince Czartoryski at their head, concluded an alliance with the French government for the subjection of the Bulgarians to the Roman Church, and possibly to a Polish-Bulgarian prince in futuro. The Poles appeared in the country in the guise of Slavonian brethren, and the French government furnished the secular assistance, without which the conversion would have been denounced as treason, and dealt with accordingly by the Sultan. Success is said to have exceeded all that the most sanguine could have anticipated. The very idea of ridding themselves of Greek tyranny, which had been their scourge for so many centuries, set the hitherto humble Bulgarians in a flame of enthusiasm. There was no necessity for changing the pictures in their Church, for most of the saints in the Greek calendar have a place in that of Rome, and when they had not, it was as easy to assign them one as it was for the Romans to discover attributes of various persons in their own mythology in the idols of Egypt, Assyria, and other countries to which their arms carried them, or, failing these, to superadd the attributes of a Bel to those of Jupiter, of an Ashtaroth to Venus, or to dedicate a temple of the sun or moon to Apollo or Diana. While the people rejoiced in being relieved of their onerous stipends to the bishops, the lower clergy, who are Bulgarians by birth, highly approved of a change which brought an enlargement of their own stipends. Coincident with this real or imaginary conversion, the Bulgarians, who had hitherto neither arms, or, it is supposed, with all their ancient and honourable traditions, the spirit to use such-so prostrate had they become under centuries of oppression-suddenly appear provided with either requisite. By this unanticipated and barely credible event, the Porte has not only been deprived of the most useful ally in its submissive listlessness that it ever possessed in these parts, but that very submissiveness threatens to assume the character, when the occasion shall present itself, of open hostility to their oppressors of old, nor can the source whence this change proceeds be taxed with having Russian predi-

But even were the Bulgarians to remain neutral, the invasion of Servia is rendered little feasible in that direction by the lofty wooded chain of hills that separates the Bulgarian valleys from the other portions of the country. It is otherwise with regard to the deep cleft that opens between the Rtagn and the Jastrebatz, through which the road from Gorguschevatz to Jagodin is carried, and the still more important one from Nisch, or Nissa, to the latter town. The latter highway is carried over the lowest of all the passes that lead over the limitrophal wall of Servia into Turkey, and it also communicates with valleys which open in Upper Mæsia to the north-east of Thrace. It is by this road that the Ottomans have penetrated from the remotest times into Servia. It is the direction which any railroad carried across Turkey in Europe, from Belgrade or up the valley of the Morava, to Constantinople or to Salonika, would have to follow.

History tells us that one of the first great Turkish expeditions into Servia passed by this hollow way to Kruschevatz, or Krukhovatz. The road once opened, the Turks used it in all their subsequent raids against the Servian despots, as also latterly, when opposed to Kara George. It is this feature in the country that determined the seat of the field of battle of Varvarin in 1810, a victory of the Servians for which vengeance was afterwards taken by the Turks by the subjugation of Negotin. On their side the Hungarians and imperialists, under Hunyad in 1443, and under the Margrave of Baden in 1689, penetrated by the same hollow way from Servia into Upper Mæsia, and were thus enabled to arrive, the one within sight of the basin of Sophia, and the other to the frontiers of Macedonia.

This pass is further formed by the flattened summits of low eminences without any wood upon them, and between which there are only the two little valleys of Aleksinitze and Rajan, which open upon the Morava. Lastly, the descent is almost as gradual to the north as to the south, and there is only in the distance to the east some woodless hills, which allow of easy communication between the road from Guruschevatz to Jagodin, and that from Nisch to Paratchin. Kara George erected a stronghold to defend this pass in the direction of Nisch, and in advance of Drajevatz, and which received from its dangerous and advanced position the usually significative name of Deligrad, or the "Fort of Fools." The Turks call their bravest commanders Deli Pashas, their most gallant soldiers Delis, madmen or foolhardy, and their wildest and most impetuous rivers and torrents Deli-chais, or Deli-sus. This fort arrested the progress of a large Turkish army for six weeks in 1806, and it was supported by another redoubt near Kamenitza, which the Turks obtained possession of in 1809.

The little citadel of Nisch, or Nissa, a few leagues to the south of these forts, was of use to the Turks in defending the approaches to Bulgaria and to Upper Mœsia. This point once in possession of the Servians, the example given by the progress made by the Hungarians and imperialists shows that the flames of revolt would then embrace all Upper Mœsia. It was the fall of Nisch before the arms of Amurath in 1386, that caused the Knes Lazar of Servia to declare himself tributary to the Sultan, and it is here that the army of invasion is assembling in the present day.

The conquests of the Servians in Upper Moesia have also met with further opposition from the Arna-ut population of its western districts, who kept the Bulgarians in check, at the same time that the open valleys of Moesia were favourable for the action of Turkish cavalry, an arm in which the Servians have always been deficient. Upper Moesia is also beyond the natural frontiers of Servia, unless the latter had in view to penetrate into Macedonia; and even granting to the Servians the plain of Nisch, it would only be making over to them a territory really belonging to Bulgaria. The Servians themselves, however, place their natural frontiers at the pass between Bania and Topolnitza and that of Kurvigrad, which would place the entrance of the valleys between Bania, Sophia, and Radomir, as well as of the great open valleys of the Toplitza and of the Bulgarian Morava, in their hands. Not only would additional facilities be thus given to invade the neighbouring countries, but in case of defeat they would have the fortress of Nisch to retreat upon.

With regard to Southern Servia, the mountains present so many dif-

ficulties to military operations, and so many facilities for defence, that there is only the valley of the Ibar by which any attempts have ever been made to penetrate into Servia from that direction. Yet most numerous and sanguinary have been the combats fought to obtain possession of the strong places that defend this line of country. In our own times we have seen the country south of Balievatz devastated, and the convent of Studenitza, one of the most advanced positions, subjected to repeated attacks, and once burnt by the Turks. But still the road from Nowobrdo Novibazar (Yeni bazar of the Turks—all the Servian towns having two names, one Slavonian, and the other Turkish) to Karanovatz, along the Ibar, now adopted as a line of advance, presents so many points easy of defence that the Turks have never been able to force it, except at times when the Servian forces were elsewhere engaged, or they had been pre-

viously routed and demoralised.

On the other hand, the neighbourhood of this renowned valley, where it opens upon Novibazar, has been the scene of fearful struggles, upon which the fate of the basin of that town has often depended, if not that of all Bosnia, for this hollow way is the sole key to that country available to the Turks. The importance of this pass of Novibazar will be thus understood, for once in the hands of Servia, Bosnia becomes an independent principality or an annexation of Servia. But so inadequate have the resources of Servia hitherto been, and so badly have they been provided with artillery, that the fort of Novibazar, of little import, and dominated on all sides (having for only outwork a palisadoed place upon a neighbouring height, which a few gun-shots would have tumbled to pieces in as many minutes), withstood all Kara George's efforts to obtain possession of it in 1809; a failure which has had the effect upon the Herzegovinians and Bosnians of leading them to believe that the establishment of free and open communication between the three principalities is a military undertaking of great difficulty. It is as much with the view to uphold this state of things that the Turks have proceeded at once to occupy Novibazar and Vischegrad, as to attempt a flank movement upon the Servians when their main body shall be engaged with Mustapha Pasha.

The junction of the mountains at the head of the Servian Morava around the basin of Usitza (Oujitze of the French) with those of Senitza, of Vischegrad, and of Strebernitza, or Sbornitza, all now occupied by the Turks, has been seldom taken advantage of by the Servians to penetrate into Bosnia, or by the Bosniac Mussulmans to invade Servia. But still the line has been used, and might be again put in use, to outflank the Servians. The basin of Usitza is, in consequence of the superior elevation of the uplands of Bosnia, even more accessible to the Bosniacs than the uplands of Bosnia are to the Servians, and hence Kara George was only enabled to fight an undecided battle here in 1809, and that by a great effort. The same reasons have made Usitza the place most favoured by Turkish residents in the country of any other in Servia, and that although the ancient and holy city par excellence of the Servians.

Nevertheless, the possession of the basin of Usitza by no means of necessity entails the occupation of the remainder of Servia, inasmuch as the valley of the Morava and its neighbouring woody heights present formidable obstacles to the advance of an invading army, and present

great facilities for defence. This basin may, on the other hand, become to the over-adventurous force that has risked itself in it nothing better than a mouse-trap; for it is certain that, if defeated, the difficulties of the surrounding country are so great that the Turks will be completely routed and cut to pieces, as took place in 1815, after the battle on Mount Lubitza, near Tscatschak. All these considerations put together have been the cause that the districts of Usitza and of Pojoga, as also that of Sokol, have hitherto seldom taken any part in the struggles between the Servians and the Turks, but their loss to the Servians is a serious consideration.*

The valley of Drina, which separates Servia from Bosnia in the north, has rarely been the seat of military operations. The Turks possess the castle of Sokal, perched upon a rock to command and facilitate the passage of the river, and Kara George contented himself with opposing a redoubt to this place, erected upon the summit of Mount Gola, which dominates Sokal to the east. The isolated position of the district of Radjevin, or the basin of Krupagn, defended at its entrance by the same fort of Sokal, caused it to remain in the hands of the Turks up to 1833. Kara George confronted this natural citadel by a fort to the east of the Jadar, upon the heights south of Sotova.

The most vulnerable point of the western frontier of Servia is formed by the plain of the Matschva, from Losnitza, or Leschnitza, to the confluence of the Drina and the Save. The most decisive battles fought by Kara George in 1806, and by Milosch in 1815, took place on these plains, and the success of the Servians was in main part due to the marshy forest of Ketog, on the road from Schabatz to Leschnitza. Kara George constructed a stronghold at Tzerna Bara (Black Marsh), on the

Matschva, in order to defend the pass of the Drina.

The possession of the Radgevina gave the Turks many facilities for attaining this plain, or the basin of the Kolubara. On the other hand, the district of Valievo has always been one of the most populous in Servia, capable in itself of sending forth ten thousand combatants, so that there has always been a sufficient force at hand to dispute the right

of way.

The Drina forms, from its confluence with the Tzerni Jadar, a channel of some one hundred and fifty yards in width, often with precipitous banks, and so deep that the great boats of the Save can ascend it beyond Zvornik. The river has thus been from all times the natural limits of the two countries, Bosnia and Servia, whether as principalities or, as in the twelfth century, as distinct states; and the frontier has never varied, except in the mountainous country comprised between Vischegrad, Usitza, Novibazar, and the tributaries to the Lim. But even this district is so cut up with valleys and ravines that Servia could never make any impression upon the rival principality from that point, and the Servian invasion of 1809, under Kara George, failed, although the Drina was passed at the same time at three places—at Vischegrad, at Strebernitza, and at Jania—that the Servians attained the heights of Senitza, and that partial revolts

^{*} The Servians have, since the above was written, obliged the Turks to abaudon the whole of this important district.

had taken place among the Bosniac Christians in favour of their coreligionaries of Servia. The Bosniac plains south of the Save are dominated by such an imposing amphitheatre of wooded heights as to present equally great difficulties to any overthrow of the Bosniac Muhammadans

on that side by the Christian Servians.

The Turks occupy also the fortresses on the Danube—namely, the important citadel of Belgrade, the fort of Schabatz, and the fort of Semendria. If the latter has lost all importance in modern times, that of Schabatz, if it was put in repair and better order, might be still of avail in defending the basin of the Kolubara. There is, however, a military position between the latter and Belgrade of no small importance, and that is the two ravines of Malo and of Veliko-Duboko, which constitute a kind of natural ditch, with deep and almost inaccessible slopes.

The centre of Servia is defended by the rugged mountains and vast forests of Schumadia, at the southern extremity of which Mount Rudnik rises up like a retreat reserved for the conquered, where his scattered forces can be reassembled as at a central point, and whence they can issue forth, and in a few hours' march meet the enemy from whatever direction he may be coming. It was into Mount Rudnik that, in 1813, Prince Milosch withdrew to his habitation of Tzernutja, and it was in the neighbouring forests that his partisans secreted themselves when they were threatened with extirpation by the Turks. An intimate acquaintance with this retreat weighed probably considerably with Milosch when he made up his mind to remain after the flight of Kara George, and he no doubt entertained hopes, in which he was not disappointed, that he would be joined there by his partisans, and that they would issue thence to fight for the liberation of their country.

Kragojevatz is indebted for its military importance to its position at the eastern foot of these mountains, and in the midst of spurs clad with vast forests, in such a manner, that no matter in what direction the enemy approaches the place—from Kruschevatz, from Jagodin, or from Belgrade—it must run the chance of an ambuscade or a surprise, if not have to overcome more serious obstacles. It has been suggested by some philo-Turks to fire these forests. The Servians, deprived of the means of hiding their aged parents and their wives and children, would not, it is argued, be able to carry on so prolonged a struggle against their Mussulman opponents; or, at all events, a future generation of warriors might be got rid of in the general catastrophe. The suggestion is certainly worthy of the quarter from whence it may be supposed to emanate.

It is, on the other hand, easy to pass from Kragojevatz to Valievo, or vice versâ, and the expedition of the Turks in 1815 showed that it was feasible to proceed by the basin of the Kolubara and by Rudnik into the upper valley of the Servian Morava, whilst the forests of the same mountain and its crater-shaped circus, with only one opening to the east, present a kind of natural citadel, which to be captured would require a regular siege. These forests, affording a plentiful nourishment to vast herds of swine, are also by the same means well provisioned for the easy sustentation of an army.

The Morava, except in winter-time, is too shallow, and its banks present too many facilities for the construction of bridges, to be looked

upon as a line of defence capable of presenting a prolonged resistance to the advance of an enemy, but the wooded crest of the Lipar, north-west of Jagodin, and that which lies between that town and Popovitsch, might be usefully employed, the one in intercepting the road from Tchupria to Pojarevatsh and Semendria, and the other that from Jagodin to Lepenitza. The passage of the river at Tchupria has been fortified by the Turks.

The chief defences of a country must, however, after all, always consist mainly in the number, skill, courage, and means of its army and Servia seems not so much wanting in these additional elements of success in the present day as in olden times. It will be undoubtedly better for the country that diplomacy should avert a sanguinary war; little good has ever arisen from such a settlement of difficulties. Servia is a conquered and oppressed country; and if ever there is an excuse for war, it is when a nation rises against foreign conquerors and fanatic oppressors. It is impossible for any policy of expediency to deny its right to do so, although it may lament the act. Timid politicians apprehend that, if emancipated, such a principality could not uphold its independence; but if that independence can be won by the sword, it might be guaranteed by the powers like that of Greece. At all events, it is certain that the Christian populations of Turkey cannot remain for ever under the decrepit sway of the once Sublime Porte. Every year's additional progress and enlightenment has only served to show up in the broad daylight the tinsel and fustian of that tawdry Sublimity.

Four centuries have, indeed, now passed away since the Crescent has replaced the Cross on the dome of St. Sophia, and the empire of Constantine crumbled before the might of Osman—four centuries of everincreasing intellect, civilisation, and prosperity. Nations, it has been justly observed, then semi-barbaric, have not only emerged from the darkness of the middle ages into the full light of the great epoch in which we now live, but their population, as it were culminating from the very acme of civilisation, have borne their talent, industry, and energy, to the most distant regions of the habitable globe. The wilderness has been cultivated and the desert peopled; cities have been founded, and railroads laid down in what were, at the period of the Ottoman conquest, the undisturbed solitudes of primeval nature; and nations great and powerful have sprung into existence in quarters of

the globe then undiscovered.

Yet when the traveller, fresh from those busy scenes of active life, industry, and usefulness, visits the land of the Crescent, expecting to meet with similar evidences of progress and improvement, and seeing none, exclaims: Where are the monuments of the power and the energy of the mighty people who laid the Christian empire of the East in the dust? Where are the proofs that they have for four centuries held dominion over one of the most beautiful and fertile countries in our hemisphere? Where!—the undrained marsh, the sand-choked river, the grass-grown market-place, the deserted field, the crumbling fortress, the tottering houses, these re-echo, Where! Stagnation, death-like stagnation, has ever characterised the rule of the Mussulman.

Crushed and degraded below the level of humanity, generation after generation of the unhappy Christians of these provinces of European Turkey have passed away like the leaves of the forest, without leaving a vestige behind to tell that they existed. Unheeded and uncared for by those nations of Europe who were employing every energy to reclaim from his savage state the swarthy son of distant India and Africa, and make him a participator in the blessings of civilisation and revealed religion, forgetful of the shame and reproach that lay at their very threshold, forgetful that while the life-blood of Europe quickened the extremities of the universe, a portion of her very self remained torpid and corpse-like.

The dawn of a brighter day has, however, at length arisen on the night of Turkish misrule; a touch of the Promethean fire of the Spirit of the Age has kindled the hearts of this neglected and uncared-for people; awakening, as it were, from a trance to a consciousness of their own power, to an appreciation of that lofty destiny, from which they have been for centuries excluded. Wherever we wander in these provinces, whether on the summit of the highest mountain, or the secluded valley, or the banks of the Danube, or the shores of the sea, we perceive indications of a movement—evidences of a determination in the people to emancipate themselves from the degrading bondage in which they are

held by their Muhammadan rulers.

What a vital question is, then, the future destiny of these people for the other countries of Europe. Here we have, so to speak, the molten ore of which nations are cast in fusion at our very door. Let the statesmen of civilised Europe look to it; not persevere, from mutual fear of aggrandisement, in upholding the tyrannical, fanatic, and yet effete rule of Turkish and Tartar hordes; not urging peoples into disastrous warfare, but protecting them with the ægis of a common admission of their rights, holding morality and religion, in their case at least, as superior to a doubtful expediency and an erroneous and short-sighted policy. It only requires a skilful hand to make way in the hour of emergency for the seething mass to flow in its predestined mould of a great and powerful community, and the honour and satisfaction of having upheld right in the face of apparent worldly gain will remain for those who shall have acted in consonance with their principles, and not with the false policy of the day.

THE SHADOW OF ASHLYDYAT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE."

PART THE FOURTEENTH.

Τ.

A NIGHTMARE FOR THE RECTOR OF ALL SOULS'.

THE Reverend Mr. Hastings had audibly expressed a wish never again to be left in the responsible situation of trustee, and the Reverend Mr. Hastings echoed it a second time as he ascended a gig which was to convey him to Binham. A vestry meeting had been called for that evening at seven o'clock, but something arose during the day, connected with the trust, and at four Mr. Hastings set off in a gig to see Brierly, the late agent to the Chisholm property. "I'll be back by seven if I can, Smith," he observed to his clerk. "If not, the meeting must commence without me."

The way to Binham lay through shady lanes and unfrequented roads: unfrequented as compared to roads where the traffic is great. It was a small place about six miles' distance from Prior's Ash, and the rector enjoyed the drive. The day was warm and fine as the previous one had been—when you saw Maria Godolphin walking through the hayfield. Shady trees in some parts met overhead, the limes gave forth their sweet perfume, the heavy crops of grass gladdened the rector's eye, some not cut, some in process of being converted into hay by labourers, who looked off to salute the well-known clergyman as he drove past.

"I might have brought Rose, after all," he soliloquised. "She would have had a nice drive. Only she'd have been half an hour getting

ready."

He found Mr. Brierly at home, and their little matter of business was soon concluded. Mr. Hastings had other places to call at in the town: he had always plenty of people to see when he went to Binham, for he knew everybody in it.

"I wish you would take something," said the agent.

"I can't stay," replied Mr. Hastings. "I shall find old Mrs. Chisholm at tea, and can snatch a cup with her, standing. That won't hinder time. You have not heard from Harknar?"

"No: not directly. His brother thinks he will be home next week."

"The sooner the better. I want the affair settled, and the money

placed out."

He held out his hand as he spoke. Mr. Brierly, who, in days long gone past, when they were both boys together, had been an old school-fellow of the rector's, put his own into it. But he did not withdraw it: he appeared to be in some hesitation.

"Mr. Hastings, excuse me," he said, presently, speaking slowly, "have you kept the money, which I paid you over, in your own possession?"

"Of course not. I took it the same night to the bank."

"Ay. 1 guessed you would. Is it safe?" he added, lowering his voice.

" Safe !" echoed Mr. Hastings.

"I'll tell you why I speak. Rutt the lawyer, over at your place, was here this afternoon, and in the course of conversation he dropped a hint that something was wrong at Godolphins'. It was not known yet, he said, but it would be."

Mr. Hastings paused. "Did he state his grounds for asserting it?"
"No. From what I could gather, it appeared that he spoke from

some vague rumour."

"I think I can explain it," said Mr. Hastings. "A deed belonging to one of their clients has been lost—has disappeared, at any rate, in some unaccountable manner; and this, I expect, must have given rise to the rumour. But the loss of twenty such deeds, all to be made good, would not shake the solvency of Godolphin, Crosse, and Godolphin."

"That must be it, then! What simpletons people are! swallowing down any absurd rumour that gets afloat; converting a molehill into a mountain! I thought it was strange—for a stable old house like the

Godolphins'."

"Let me recommend you, Brierly, not to mention it further. If such a report got about, it might cause a run on the bank. Not but what, so far as I believe, the bank could stand any run that might be made

upon it."

"I should not have mentioned it at all, except to you," returned Mr. Brierly. "And only to you, because I expected the Chisholms' money was there. Rutt is not a safe man to speak after, at the best of times. I told him I did not believe him. And I did not. Still—if anything were to happen, and I had bottled up the rumour, not giving you a hint of it, I should never cease to blame myself."

"That is the origin of it, you may depend; the loss of the deed," observed the rector. "I know the clerks were questioned about that yesterday, and some of them must have got talking out of doors. Good

day, Brierly."

Mr. Hastings paid the rest of his visits and drove home. In spite of himself, he could not keep his mind from reverting—and somewhat unpleasantly—to what he had heard. He believed the bank to be perfectly solvent; to be more than solvent. Until the previous evening, when Isaac had made that communication to him, he had been ready to answer for its flourishing state on his own responsibility, if required. He fully believed the rumour, spoken of by Rutt the lawyer, to arise from some distorted hints of the missing deeds which had oozed out, and to have no other foundation whatever: and yet, he could not keep his mind from

reverting to it uneasily.

The ting-tang (it deserved no better name, and Prior's Ash gave it no other) of All Souls' church was sending forth its last notes as the rector drove in. Handing over the horse and gig to the waiting servant of the friend from whom it was borrowed—a gig always at the disposal of the rector—he made his way to the vestry, and had the pleasure of presiding at a stormy meeting. There were divided parties in the parish at that time, touching a rate to be made, or a non-rate; and, opposing eloquence ran high. Personally, the rector was not an interested party; but he had a somewhat difficult course to steer between the two and offend neither. It was half-past nine when the meeting broke up.

"Any news of that missing deed, Isaac?" he took an opportunity of asking his son.

"I think not," replied Isaac. "We have heard nothing about it

to-day."

"I suppose things have gone on, then, as usual?"

"Quite so. We shall hear no more of it, I dare say, in the bank. If it can't be found, the firm will have to make it good, and there'll be an end of it."

"A very unsatisfactory ending, I should think, if I had to make it good," observed the rector. "I don't like things disappearing, nobody

knows how or why."

He said no more. He gave no hint to Isaac of the hint that had been whispered to him, nor questioned him upon its probable foundation. It was the best proof that Mr. Hastings assigned to it no foundation. In his sober reason he did not.

But things—troubles, cares, annoyances—wear different aspects in the day and in the night. More than all, suspense wears a different one. An undefined dread, whatever may be its nature, can be drowned by the daily bustle: business, pleasure, occupations. These fill up the mind, and the bugbear is lost sight of. But at night, when the head lies upon the sleepless pillow, and there's nothing to distract the thoughts; when all around is silent darkness, then, if there is an inner, secret dread, it shines out in colours unnaturally vivid, and presents itself in guise worse

than the reality.

Mr. Hastings was not an imaginative man. Quite the contrary. He was more given to deal with things, whether pleasant or painful, in a practical manner by daylight, than to rack his brains with them at night. Therefore, the way in which the new doubt troubled him, when he lay in bed that night, was something wonderful. Had he been a fanciful woman, he could not have experienced worse treatment from his imagination. It was running riot within him. Could it be that the money entrusted to him was gone?-lost? Had he put it into that bank for safety, only to find that the bank would never refund it again? How was he to make it good? He could not make it good, and the little Chisholms, the children of his dead friend, must be beggars! He thought not of his own money, lodged in the care of Godolphin, Crosse, and Godolphin; that seemed as nothing in comparison with this. Mr. Hastings had had rather an expensive family; he had given money away in his parish-a conscientious clergyman is obliged to give, more or less-and his savings, all told, did not amount to more than two thousand pounds. It was not of that, equally at stake, that he thought, but of this other and larger sum, of which he was but the steward.

Try as he would, he could not get to sleep; try as he would, he could not put these half-insane visions from him. His mind became wrought to the very highest pitch; he could have found in his heart to get up, make his way to the bank, knock up George Godolphin, and demand his money back again. He registered a silent resolve that he would go there with the first glimmer of morning light. Yesterday he was a free man, a man at his ease, it may be said a prosperous man; to-morrow, should that money be beyond his reach, he would be ruined for ever; broken down under his weight of care. What if he were too late! If he went

to the bank, and was told, "The bank is in embarrassment, and we cannot refund?" Oh, how supinely careless had he been, to suffer a whole day to slip on since Isaac's warning! Any hour in that past day he might have gone and withdrawn the money: might have had it securely now in the chest by his bedside. When another dawned, it might be too late.

Torments such as these—and they were all the more intolerable from the fact of his being unused to them—haunted him through the night. They have haunted us: they, or similar ones. Towards morning he dropped into a heavy sleep, awaking later than his customary hour. Those dark visions were gone then; but enough of their effect remained to keep the rector to his resolve of drawing out the money. "I'll go the first thing after breakfast," said he, as he dressed himself.

But, when breakfast was over, and the business of the day fairly entered upon, Mr. Hastings felt half ashamed of his resolution. The visions of the night appeared to him to be simply fantastic follies, diseased creations of the brain: should there be really no cause for his withdrawal of the money, how worse than foolish he should look!—nay,

how unjustifiable would such a procedure be !

What ought he to do? He leaned over the gate while he took counsel with himself. He had put on his hat and taken his stick in his hand, and gone forth; and there he stopped, hesitating. A strange frame of mind for Mr. Hastings, who was not of a vacillating nature. Suddenly he flung the gate open and went through with a decisive step; his determination was taken. He would steer a midway course, present himself to his son-in-law, George Godolphin, and ask him frankly, as a friend and relative, whether the money was safe.

Many a one would have decided that it was a safe and proper course to pursue. Mr. Hastings deemed it to be such, and he proceeded to the bank. The fresh air, the bright sun, the pleasant bustle of daily life, had

well-nigh dissipated any remaining fears before he got there.

"Can I see Mr. George Godolphin?" he inquired.

"Mr. George is engaged at present, sir," replied the clerk to whom he had addressed himself. "He will be at liberty soon. Would you like to take a seat?"

Mr. Hastings sat down on the chair handed him, and waited; watching at his leisure the business of the bank. Several people were there. Some were paying money in, some drawing it out. There appeared to be no hesitation, either in paying or receiving: all seemed as usual. One man brought a cheque for nine hundred and odd pounds, and it was counted out to him. "I feel sure it is all right," was the conclusion come to by Mr. Hastings.

About ten minutes, and George Godolphin came forward. "Ah! is it you?" said he, with his sunny smile. "You are here early this morning."

"I want to say just a word to you in private, Mr. George."

George led the way to his room, talking gaily. He pushed a chair to Mr. Hastings, and took his own. Never a face more free from care, than his; never a less troubled eye. He asked after Mrs. Hastings; he asked after Reginald, who was daily expected home from a voyage—whether he had arrived. "Maria dreamt last night that he had come home," said he, laughing, "and told her he was never going to sea again."

Mr. Hastings remembered his dreams—if dreams they could be called.

He was beginning to think that he must have had the nightmare.

"Mr. George, I have come to you upon a strange errand," he began. "Will you for a few moments regard me as a confidential friend, and treat me as such?"

"I hope it is what I always do, sir," was the reply of George Go-

dolphin.

"Ay; but I want a proof of your friendship this morning. But for my being connected with you by close ties, I should not have so come. Tell me, honestly and confidentially, as between man and man—Is that trust-money safe?"

George looked at Mr. Hastings, his countenance slightly changing.

Mr. Hastings thought he was vexed.

"I do not understand you," he said.

"I have heard a rumour—I have heard, in fact, two rumours—that——The long and the short of it is this," more rapidly continued Mr. Hastings, "I have heard that there's something doubtful arising with the bank."

"What on earth do you mean?" uttered George Godolphin.

"Is there anything the matter? Or is the bank as solvent as it ought to be?"

"I should be sorry to think it otherwise," replied George. "I don't

understand you. What have you heard?"

"Just what I tell you. A friend spoke to me in private yesterday, when I was at Binham, saying that he had heard a suspicion of something being wrong with the bank here. You will not be surprised, Mr. George, that I thought of the nine thousand pounds I had just paid in."

"Who said it?" asked George. "I'll prosecute him if I can find out."

"I dare say you would. But I have not come here to make mischief. I stopped his repeating it, and I, you know, am safe, so there's no harm done. I have passed an uneasy night, and I have come to ask you to tell me the truth in all good faith."

"The bank is all right," said George. "I cannot imagine how such a report could by any possibility have arisen," he continued, quitting the

one point for the other. "There is no foundation for it."

George Godolphin spoke in all good faith when he said he could not tell how the report could have arisen. He really could not. Nothing had transpired at Prior's Ash to give rise to it. Possibly he deemed, in his sanguine temperament, that he spoke in equally good faith, when assuring Mr. Hastings that the bank was all right: he may have believed that it would so continue.

"The money is safe, then?"

"Perfectly safe."

"Otherwise, you must let me have it out now. Were it to be lost, it

would be ruin to me, ruin to the little Chisholms."

"But it is safe," returned George, all the more emphatically, because that it would have been remarkably inconvenient, for special reasons, to refund it then to Mr. Hastings. I repeat, that he may have thought it was safe: safe in so far as that the bank would get along somehow, and could repay it sometime. Meanwhile, the use of it was convenient—how convenient, none knew, save George.

"A packet of deeds has been mislaid; or is missing in some way," resumed George. "They belong to Lord Averil. It must be some version of that which has got abroad—if anything has got abroad."

"Ay," nodded Mr. Hastings. The opinion coincided precisely with

what he had expressed to the agent.

"I know of nothing else wrong with the bank," spoke George. "Some wiseacre has got hold of the wrong pig by the tail. Were you to ask my brother, I am sure he would tell you that business was never more flourishing. I wish to goodness people could be compelled to concern themselves with their own affairs instead of inventing falsehoods of their friends!"

Mr. Hastings rose. "Your assurance is sufficient, Mr. George; I do not require your brother's word to confirm it. I have asked it of you, in all dependence, Maria being the link between us."

"To be sure," replied George; and he shook Mr. Hastings's hand as

he went out.

George remained alone, biting the end of his quill pen. To hear that any such rumour was abroad vexed and annoyed him beyond measure. He only hoped that it would not spread. Some wiseacre—as he had called it—must have picked up an inkling about the deed, and converted it into a slur upon the bank's solvency. "I wish I could hang the fools!" muttered George.

His wish was interrupted. Somebody came in and said that Mr.

Barnaby desired to see him.

"Let him come in," said George.

Mr. Barnaby came in. A simple-looking man of quiet manners, a corn and barley-dealer, who kept an account at the bank. He had a canvas bag in his hand. George asked him to a seat.

"I was going to pay in two thousand pounds, sir," said he, slightly lifting the bag to indicate that the money was there. "But I'd like, first

of all, to be assured that it's all right."

George sat and stared at him. Was Prior's Ash all going mad together? George honestly believed that nothing yet had transpired, or could have transpired, to set these doubts afloat. "Really, Mr. Barnaby, I do not understand you," he said, with some hauteur: just like he had answered Mr. Hastings.

"I called in at Rutt's, sir, as I came along, to know what had been done in that business where I was chiselled out of that load of barley, and I happened to mention that I was coming on here to pay in two thousand pounds. 'Take care that it's all right,' said Rutt. 'I heard the bank

talked about yesterday.' Is it all right, sir?"

"It is as right as the Bank of England," impulsively answered George.

"Rutt shall be brought to account for this."

"Well, I thought it was odd if there was anything up. Then I may leave it with safety?"

"Yes, you may," replied George. "Have you not always found it safe hitherto?"

"That's just it: I couldn't fancy that anything wrong had come to it all on a sudden. I'll go and pay it in then, sir. It won't be for long, though. I shall be wanting it out, I expect, by the end of next week."

"Whenever you please, Mr. Barnaby," replied George.

The corn-dealer retired to leave his money, and George Godolphin sat on alone, biting his pen as before. Where could these pernicious rumours have had their rise? Harmless enough they might have fallen, had nothing been rotten at the core of affairs: George alone knew how awfully pernicious they might prove now, did they get wind.

TT.

MR. LAYTON "LOOKED UP."

Ir this mysterious loss of the packet of deeds disturbed Thomas Godolphin, it was also disturbing, in no light degree, the faithful old clerk, Mr. Hurde. Never, since he had entered the house of Godolphin, Crosse, and Godolphin—so many years ago now, that he had almost lost count of them—had any similar unsatisfactory incident occurred. Mr. Hurde thought and thought and thought it over: he turned it about in his mind, he looked at it in all its bearings. He came to the conclusion that it must be one of two things: either that George Godolphin had inadvertently misplaced it, or that it had been stolen out and out. George Godolphin said that he had not misplaced it: indeed, George did not acknowledge to any recollection of having visited at all the box of Lord Averil, except when he went to make the search: and Mr. Godolphin had now looked in every box that the safe contained, and could not find it. Therefore, after much vacillating between opinions, the clerk came to the final conclusion that the deeds had been taken.

"Who could have done it?" he asked himself over and over again. Somebody about them, doubtless. He believed all the clerks were safe; that is, honest; save Layton. Until this happened, he would have said Layton was safe: and it was only in the utter absence of any other quarter for suspicion that he cast a doubt on Layton. Of the clerks, he felt least sure of Layton: but that was the utmost that could be said: he would not have thought to doubt the man, but that he was seeking for somebody to lay it on. The deeds could not have gone without hands, and Mr. Hurde, in his perplexity, could only think that Layton's

hands were less unlikely hands than others'.

On the previous evening, he had gone home thinking of it. And there he pondered the affair over, while he digested his dry toast and his milkless tea. He was a man of very spare habits: partly that his health compelled him to be so; partly from a parsimonious nature. While seated at it, composedly enjoying the ungenerous fare near the open window, who should he see go by, but the very man on whom his thoughts were fixed—Layton. This Layton was a young, good-looking man, an inveterate dandy, with curls and a moustache. That moustache, sober, clean-shaved Mr. Hurde had always looked askance upon. That Layton had been given to spend more than was expedient, Prior's Ash knew: but for that fact, he would not now have been a banker's clerk. His family were respectable—wealthy in a moderate way; but he had run through too much of their money and tired them out. For the last two or three years he had settled down to sobriety. Thomas Godolphin had admitted him to a clerkship in his house, and Layton had married, and appeared content to live in a small way.

A small way for him; as compared to what he had been accustomed to; too large a way in the opinion of Mr. Hurde. Mrs. Layton had a piano, and played and sang very much, for the benefit of the passersby; and Layton hired gigs on a Sunday and drove her out. Great food for Mr. Hurde's censure, and he was thinking of all this when Layton passed. Starting up with a bound to look after him, he nearly upset his teaboard.

He, Layton, was walking arm-in-arm with a Mr. Jolly: a great sporting character. Mr. Hurde gave a grunt of dissatisfaction. "Much good

it will bring him if he gets intimate with him!"

In the dark of the evening, when it had grown quite late, and Mr. Hurde had taken his frugal supper, he went out, and bent his steps towards the residence of Layton. In his present uncertain frame of mind, touching Layton, it seemed expedient to Mr. Hurde to take a walk past his place of abode, lest haply he might come upon something or other confirmatory of his suspicions.

And he did. At least, it appeared to Mr. Hurde that he did. Never a shade of doubt rested upon him that night that the thief was Ned

Layton.

On the high road, going to Ashlydyat—not the obscure and less frequented way down Crosse-street, but the open turnpike road taken by carriages—there had been a good deal of building of late years. Houses and terraces had grown up, almost as by magic, not only along the line of road, but branching off on either side of it. Down one of these turnings, a row of dwellings of that class called in the local phraseology "genteel," had been erected by a fancy architect. He had certainly not displayed any great amount of judicious skill. They contained eight rooms, had glittering white fronts and grass-green porticos of trelliswork. White houses are very nice, and there's nothing objectionable in green porticos: but they need not be made to abut right upon the public pathway. Walking in front of the terrace, the porticos looked like so many green watch-boxes, and the bow-windows appeared to be constituted on purpose that you should see what was inside them. In the last house of this row dwelt the clerk, Layton. He and his wife had lodgings in it: that bow-windowed parlour and the bedroom over it.

Mr. Hurde strolled past, in the deliberate manner that he might have done had he been out for only an evening airing, and he obtained full view of the interior of the sitting-room. He obtained the pleasure of a very full view indeed. In fact, there appeared to be so much to look

at, that his vision at first could but take it in confusedly.

The Laytons had got a party. Two or three ladies, and two or three gentlemen. A supper-tray was at one end of the table, and at this end, next the window, were two decanters of wine, some fruit and biscuits. There was a great deal of talking and laughing and there was plenty of light. Four candles Mr. Hurde counted as he stood there; two on the table, two on the mantelpiece. Four candles! and they were not staid respectable "moulds," like he burnt, but those flaring dropping composites, tenpence a pound, if they were a penny! He, the old clerk, stood there, unseen and unsuspected, and took it all in. The display of glass looked something profuse, and he nearly gave vent to a groan when he caught sight of the silver forks: silver or imitation, he did not know

which, but it appeared all one to Mr. Hurde. He had never overstepped the respectable customs of his forefathers—had never advanced beyond the good old-fashioned two-pronged steel fork. They were sitting with the window open: no houses were as yet built opposite, and the road was not invaded, save by persons coming to these houses, from one hour's end to another. Mr. Hurde could stand there, and enjoy the sight at leisure. If ever a man felt conviction rush to his heart, he did then. Wine, and composite candles, and silver forks, and supper, and visitors!—who but Layton could have taken the deed?

He stood there a little too long. Falling into a reverie, he did not notice a movement within, and suffered himself to be all but dropped upon. He could have made an excuse, it is true; for Layton was a civil fellow, and had several times asked him to go up there; but he preferred not to make it, and not to be seen. The street door opened, and Mr. Hurde had just time to dart past the portice and take shelter behind it, round the corner. From his position he was within hearing of anything

that might be said.

The sporting character with whom he had seen Layton walking early in the evening, and who made one of the guests, had come forth to depart. Layton had attended him to the door; and they stood inside the portico, talking. In Mr. Hurde's fluster, he did not at first catch the sense of the words: but he soon found it related to horse-racing.

"You back Cannonbar," said the sporting man. "You can't be far out then. He's a first-rate horse: he'll beat the whole field into next

week. You were in luck to draw him."

"I have backed him," replied Layton.

"Back him again: he's a little gold mine. I'd spend a fifty-pound

note on him, I would."

Layton answered by a laugh. They shook hands, and the sporting friend, who appeared to be in a hurry, set off with a run in the direction

of Prior's Ash. Mr. Layton went in again, and shut the door.

Then Mr. Hurde came out of his corner. All his suspicions strengthened. Strengthened? nay; changed into certainties. Plate, glass, composites, wines, supper, and friends at it, had been doubtful enough; but they were as trifles compared to this new danger; this betting on the turf. Had he seen Layton take Lord Averil's deeds with his own eyes, he could not have been more certain of his guilt, than he felt now.

Enjoying another quiet survey of the room, during which he had the gratification of hearing Mrs. Layton, who had now seated herself at the piano, plunge into a song, which began something about a "bird on the wing," the old clerk, grievously discomfited, retraced his steps past the terrace, picked his way over some clay and loose land in front of another terrace in process of erection, and turned into the high road, leading to Prior's Ash. He was going along lost in thought, when he nearly ran against a gentleman turning an angle of the road. It was Mr. Godolphin.

"Oh-I beg your pardon, sir. I did not look where I was going."

"Enjoying an evening's stroll, Hurde?" said Mr. Godolphin, who had been spending an hour with Lord Averil. "It is a beautiful night: so serene and still."

[&]quot;No, sir, I can't say that I am enjoying it," was Mr. Hurde's reply.

"My mind was not at ease as to Layton. I could not help associating him with the loss of the deeds, and I came out, thinking I'd look about a bit. It must have been instinct sent me, for I have had my suspicions confirmed."

"Confirmed in what way?" asked Thomas Godolphin.

"That Layton has had the deeds. It could have been no other."

Thomas Godolphin listened in surprise, not to say incredulity. "How

have you had them confirmed?" he inquired, after a pause.

So then the clerk enlarged upon what he had seen. "It could not all come out of his salary, Mr. Godolphin. It does not stand to reason that it could."

"As a daily extravagance, of course it could not, Hurde," was the reply.

"But it may be but a chance entertainment?"

Mr. Hurde slipped the question: possibly he felt that he could not debate it. "And the betting?—the risking money upon race-horses, sir?"

"Ah! I like that less," readily acknowledged Thomas Godolphin. "Many a clerk of far higher pecuniary position than Layton, has been

ruined by it."

"And sent across the herring-pond to expiate his folly," returned Mr. Hurde, whom the mention of "backing" and other such incentive temptations was wont to exasperate in no measured degree. "I am

afraid it looks pretty plain, sir."

"I don't know," said Thomas Godolphin, musingly. "I cannot think Layton has become a rogue. I see nothing inconsistent—with all due deference to your opinion, Hurde—I see nothing inconsistent in his entertaining a few friends occasionally. But—without any reference to our loss—if he is turning, or has turned a betting-man, it must be looked after. We will have none such in the bank."

"No, sir; it would not do at any price," acquiesced Mr. Hurde. "Are you feeling pretty well, sir, this evening?" he inquired, as Mr.

Godolphin was preparing to continue his road.

"Quite well. I have not been so well a long time, as I have been the

last few days. Good night, Hurde."

It seemed that Mr. Hurde was fated that night to come into contact with his principals. Who should overtake him, just as he had come to the spot where the houses were thick, but Mr. George Godolphin. George slackened his steps; he had been walking along at a striding pace; and kept by his side. He began speaking of the hay and other indifferent topics: but Mr. Hurde's mind was not attuned to such, that night.

"I think I have solved the mystery, Mr. George," began he.

"What mystery?" asked George.

"The stealing of Lord Averil's bonds. I know who took them."

George turned his head sharply round and looked at him. "What

nonsense are you saying now, Hurde?"

"I wish it was nonsense, sir," was the reply of Mr. Hurde. "I am as sure that I know how it was those bonds went, and who took them, as that I am here."

"And whom do you accuse?" asked George, after a pause, speaking somewhat sarcastically.

" Layton."

"Layton!" shouted George, stopping still in his astonishment. "What

Layton?"

"What Layton, sir? Why, our clerk, Layton. I ought to have held my doubts of him before; but I suppose I had got dust in my eyes. There are he and his wife entertaining the world; their room crowded; half a score people, pretty nigh, in it, and she, Layton's wife, is sitting down to the piano with pink bows in her head."

"What if she is?" asked George.

"You should see the supper-table, Mr. George," continued Hurde, too much annoyed with his own view of things to answer superfluous questions. "I can't tell what they have not got upon it: silver, and glass, and decanters of wine. That's not got out of his salary. And Layton is taking to betting."

"But what about the bonds?" impatiently questioned George.

"Why—are not these so many proofs that Layton must have taken the bonds and made money of them, sir? Where else could he get the means from? I have imparted my suspicions to Mr. Godolphin, and I expect he will follow them up, and have it fully investigated."

"Then you are a fool for your pains, Hurde!" retorted George, in anger. "Layton no more took——I dare say Layton no more took those

bonds than you did. You'll get into trouble, if you don't mind."

"WHAT, sir?" uttered Hurde, aghast.

"That," curtly answered George. "If you 'follow up' any chimera that your brain chooses to raise, you must expect to get paid out for it. Let Layton alone. It will be time enough to look him up when suspicious circumstances arise to implicate him. The bonds are gone: but we shall not get them back again by making a stir in wrong quarters. The better plan will be to be quiet over it for a while."

He resumed his quick pace and strode along, calling back a good night to Mr. Hurde. The latter gazed after him in undisguised astonishment.

"Make no stir! let the thing go on quietly!" he articulated to himself. "Who'd say such a thing but easy George Godolphin? Not look up Layton? It's well for you, Mr. George, that you have got men of business about you! He'd let himself be robbed under his very nose, and never look out to see who did it. How ever will things go on, if the worst happens to his brother?"

It seemed that they were all saying the same-however would things

go on, if the worst happened to Thomas Godolphin.

For once in his life of service the old clerk chose to ignore the wish—the command, if you will—of Mr. George Godolphin. He did not let Layton alone. Quite the contrary. No sooner did Layton enter the bank on the following morning, than Mr. Hurde dropped upon him. He had been watching for his entrance the last ten minutes; for Mr. Layton arrived late, the result possibly of the past night's extensive scene of revelry. He had taken off his hat and settled himself in his place behind the counter, when the chief clerk's voice arrested him.

"I want you, Layton."

Now, the fact was, Mr. Hurde, having slept upon the matter, arose perplexed by sundry doubts. The circumstances against Layton appeared by no means so conclusive to his mind as they had done the previous

night. Therefore he deemed it good policy to speak to that suspected gentleman in a temperate spirit, and see whether he could fish anything out, rather than to accuse him point-blank of having been the delinquent.

"This is a nasty business," began he, when Layton reached him, in

answer to his call.

"What is?" asked Layton.

"What is!" repeated Mr. Hurde, believing that the loss must have affected everybody connected with the establishment as it was affecting him, and doubting whether the indifferent answer was not a negative "What should be, but this loss that has been spoken of proof of guilt. in the bank."

"Oh, that," returned Layton. "I dare say it will be found."

"It places us all in a very awkward position, from myself downwards," went on Hurde, who was by no means a conjuror at the task he had undertaken. "There's no knowing what, or whom, Mr. Godolphin's suspicions may be turning to."

"Rubbish!" retorted Layton. "It's not probable Mr. Godolphin

would begin to doubt any of us. There's no cause."

"I don't know that," said Mr. Hurde, significantly. "I am not so

sure of some of you."

Layton opened his eyes. He supposed Mr. Hurde must be alluding to some one clerk in particular; must have cause to do it; but he did not glance at himself. "Why do you say that?" he asked.

"Well-it has occurred to me that some one or two of you may be living at a rate that your salary would neither pay for nor justify. You

for one."

"I?" returned Layton.

"Yes, you. Horses, and gigs, and wine, and company, and pianos!

They can't be managed out of a hundred a year."

Layton was rather taken aback. Not to make an unnecessary mystery over it, it may as well be mentioned that all these expenses which so troubled old Hurde, the clerk was really paying for honestly. But not out of the salary. An uncle of his wife's was allowing them an addition to their income, and this supplied the extra luxuries. He resented the insinuation.

"Whether they are managed out of it, or whether they are not, is no business of yours, Mr. Hurde," he said, after a pause. "I shall not

come to you to pay for them, or to the bank either."

"It is my business," replied the old clerk. "It is Mr. Godolphin's business, which is the same thing. Pray, how long since is it that you have become a betting man?"

"I am not a betting man," said Layton.

"Oh, indeed! You have not bet upon Cannonbar, I suppose? You never put into a sweepstakes in your life?—you are not in any now, are

you?"

Layton could only open his mouth in astonishment. He thought nothing less but that the spirits—then in the height of fashion—must have been at work. He was really no betting man; had never been inclined that way: but latterly, to oblige some friend who bothered him over it, he had gone into a sweepstakes and drawn the renowned horse, Cannonbar. And had followed it up by betting a pound upon him.

"You see, Mr. Layton, your pursuits are not quite so inexpensively simple as you would wish to make them appear. These things happen to have come to my knowledge, and I have thought it my duty to men-

tion them to Mr. Godolphin.

Layton flew into a gust of passion. Partly in the soreness of feeling at having been so closely looked after; partly in anger that dishonesty could be associated with him; and chiefly at hearing that he had been so obnoxiously reported to Mr. Godolphin. "Have you told him," he foamed, "that you suspect me of robbing the strong-room?"

"Somebody has robbed it," was Mr. Hurde's rejoinder. "And has no

doubt made money of the deeds he stole."

"I ask if you have told Mr. Godolphin that you cast this suspicion to me?" reiterated Layton, stamping his foot.

"What if I have? Appearances, in my opinion, would warrant my

casting it to you."

"Then you had better cast it to Mr. George Godolphin. There!"

But that they were completely absorbed in the dispute, their voices raised to a high pitch—at least, Layton's—they might have seen Mr. Godolphin close to them. In passing through the bank from his carriage to his private room—for, in the untoward state of affairs, touching the loss, he had come betimes—he was attracted by the angry sounds, and turned towards them.

"Is anything the matter?"

They looked round, saw Mr. Godolphin, and their voices and their tempers alike dropped to a calm. Neither appeared inclined to answer the proffered question, and Mr. Godolphin passed on. Another minute or two, and a message came from him, commanding the presence of the chief clerk.

"Hurde," he began, "have you been speaking to Layton of what you

mentioned to me last night?"

"Yes, sir, that's what it was. It put him in a passion."

"He disclaims the suspicion, I suppose?"

"Out-and-out, sir," was the answer of Mr. Hurde. "He says his wife has an income, independent of himself; and that he put into a sweepstakes lately to oblige a friend, and staked a sovereign on the horse he drew. He says it is all he ever staked in his life, and all he ever means to stake. He was saying this when you sent for me. I don't know what to think. He speaks honest enough, to listen to him."

"What remark did I hear him making, relative to Mr. George Go-

dolphin?"

"He ought to be punished for that," replied Mr. Hurde. "Better suspect Mr. George than suspect him, was what he said. I don't know what he meant, and I don't think he knew himself, sir."

"Why did he say it?"

"When men are beside themselves with passion, sir, they say anything that comes uppermost; they are not nice to a shade. I asked him, after you went, what he meant by it, but he would not say any more."

"I think you must be mistaken in suspecting Layton, Hurde. I

thought so last night."

"Well, sir, maybe I am," acknowledged Hurde. "I don't feel so sure of it as I did. But then comes the old puzzle back again as to who

could have taken the deeds. Layton would not have been so fierce but that he found the doubt had been mentioned to you," added Mr. Hurde, returning to the subject of the clerk's explosion of anger.

"Did you tell him you had mentioned it?"

"Yes, sir, I did. It's not my way to hide faults in a corner; and that the clerks know."

Mr. Godolphin dropped the subject, and entered upon some general business. The old clerk remained with him about ten minutes, and then was at liberty to withdraw.

"Send Layton to me," was the order as he went out. And the clerk,

Layton, appeared in obedience to it.

Thomas Godolphin received him kindly, his manner and words had all the repose of quiet confidence. He believed Mr. Hurde to be completely mistaken, to have erred through zeal, and he intimated as much to Layton. He might not have personally entered on the topic with him,

but for Layton's hearing that he had been accused to him.

Layton's heart opened to his master. He was a good-dispositioned man when not exasperated. He frankly volunteered to Mr. Godolphin the amount total of his wife's income and its source; he stated that he was not living by one penny more than he could afford; and he distinctly denied being a betting man, either by practice or inclination—save for the one bet of a pound, which he had made incidentally. Altogether, his explanation was perfectly satisfactory to Mr. Godolphin.

"Understand me, Layton, I did not, myself, cast the slightest doubt

upon you. To do so, never occurred to me."

"I hope not, sir," was Layton's reply. "Mr. Hurde has his crotchets, and we, who are under him, must put up with them. His bark is worse than his bite; that much may be said."

"Yes," said Thomas Godolphin. "You might fare worse, in that respect, than you do under Mr. Hurde. What was the meaning of the words you spoke, relative to Mr. George Godolphin?"

Layton felt that his face was on fire. He muttered, in his confusion,

something to the effect that it was a "slip of the tongue."

"But you must be aware that such slips are entirely unjustifiable. Some cause must have induced you to say it. What may it have been?"

"The truth is, sir, I was in a passion when I said it," replied Layton,

compelled to speak. "I am very sorry."

"You are evading my question," quietly replied Thomas Godolphin. "I ask you what could have induced you to say it. There must have been something to lead to the remark."

"I did not mean anything, I declare to you, sir. Mr. Hurde vexed me by casting the suspicion upon me; and in the moment's anger I retorted that he might as well cast it upon Mr. George Godolphin."

Thomas Godolphin pressed the question. In Layton's voice when he had uttered it, distorted though it was with passion, his ears had detected a strange sound of meaning. "But why upon Mr. George Godolphin? Why more upon him than any other?—upon myself, for instance; or Mr. Hurde?"

Layton was silent. Thomas Godolphin waited, his serene countenance

fixed upon the clerk's.

"I suppose I must have had in my head a remark I heard yesterday,

sir," he slowly rejoined. "Heaven knows, though, I paid no heed to it; and how I came to forget myself so in my passion, I don't know. I am sure I thought nothing of it, afterwards, until Mr. Hurde spoke to me this morning."

"What was the remark?" asked Mr. Godolphin.

"Sir, it was that sporting man, Jolly, who said it. He fastened himself on me last evening in going from here, and I could not get rid of him until ten at night. We were talking about different things: the great discount houses in London, and one thing or other; and he said, incidentally, that Mr. George Godolphin had got a good deal of paper in the market."

Thomas Godolphin paused. "Did he assert that he knew this?"

"He was pretending to assert many things, as of his own knowledge. I asked him how he knew it, and he replied a friend of his had seen it—meaning the paper. It was all he said; and how I came to repeat such a thing after him, I cannot tell. I hope you will excuse it, sir."

"I cannot help excusing it," replied Mr. Godolphin. "You said the thing, and you cannot unsay it. It was very wrong. Take care that

you do not give utterance to it again."

Layton withdrew, inwardly vowing that he never would. In point of fact, he had not attached much credence to the information; and could now have bitten his tongue out for repeating it. He wondered whether they could prosecute him for slander; or whether, if it came to the ears of Mr. George, they would. Mr. Godolphin had met it with the considerate generosity ever characteristic of him; but Mr. George was different from his brother. If ever a man in this world lived up to the divine command, "Do as ye would be done by," that man was Thomas

Godolphin.

But the words, nevertheless, had grated on Thomas Godolphin's ears. That George was needlessly lavish in expenditure, he knew: but not more so than his income allowed, did he choose to spend it all—unless he had secret sources of expense. A flush came over Thomas Godolphin's face as the idea suggested itself to his mind. Once in the train of thought he could not stop it. Had George private valves for expenditure, of which the world knew nothing? Could he have been using the bank's money?—could it be he who had taken Lord Averil's deeds? Like unto Isaac Hastings, the red flush of shame dyed Thomas's brow at the thought—shame for his own obtrusive imagination that could conjure up such things of his brother. Thomas had never conjured them up, but for the suggestion gratuitously imparted to him by Layton.

But he could not drive it down. No; like the vision which had been gratuitously presented to the Reverend Mr. Hastings, and which he had been unable to lay, Thomas Godolphin could not drive it down. In a sort of panic—a panic caused by his own thoughts—he called for certain

of the books to be brought to him.

Some of those, wanted, were in George Godolphin's room. It was Isaac Hastings who was sent in there for them.

"The books!" exclaimed George, looking at Isaac.

"Mr. Godolphin wants them, sir."

It was entirely out of the common for these books to come under the inspection (unless at periodical times) of Mr. Godolphin. The very asking for them implied a doubt on George—at least, it sounded so to

that gentleman's all-conscious ears. He pointed out the books to Isaac

in silence, with the feather end of his pen.

Isaac Hastings carried them to Mr. Godolphin, and left them with him. Mr. Godolphin turned them rapidly over and over: they appeared, so far as he could see at a cursory glance, to be all right; the balance on the credit side weighty, the available funds next door to inexhaustible, the bank altogether flourishing. Thomas took greater shame to himself for having doubted his brother. While thus engaged, an observation suddenly struck him—that all the entries were in George's handwriting. A few minutes subsequent to this, George came into the room.

"George," he exclaimed, "how industrious you have become!"

"Industrious?" repeated George, looking round for an explanation.

"All these entries are yours. Formerly you would not have done as much in a year."

George laughed. "I had used to be incorrigibly idle. It was well

to turn over a new leaf."

He-George-was going out of the room again, but his brother

stopped him. "Stay here, George. I want you."

Mr. Godolphin pointed to a chair as he spoke, and George sat down in it. George, who seemed rather inclined to have the fidgets, took out his penknife and began cutting at an offending nail.

"Are you in any embarrassment, George?"
"In embarrassment? I! Oh dear no."

Thomas paused. Dropping his voice, he resumed in a lower tone, but just removed from a whisper:

"Have you paper flying about the discount markets?"

George Godolphin's fair face grew scarlet. Was it with conscious emotion?—or with virtuous indignation? Thomas assumed it to be the latter. How could be give it an opposite meaning from the indignant words which it accompanied. A burst of indignation which Thomas stopped.

Stay, George. There is no necessity to put yourself out. I never supposed it to be anything but false when the rumour of it reached my

ear. Only tell me the truth quietly."

Possibly George would have been glad to tell the truth, and get so much of the burden off his mind. But he did not dare. He might have shrunk from the terrible confession at any time to his kind, his good, his upright brother: but things had become too bad to be told to him now. If the exposé did come, why it must, and there would be no help for it: tell him voluntarily, he could not. By some great giant strokes of luck and policy, it might be averted yet: how necessary, then, to keep it from Thomas Godolphin!

"The truth is," said George, "that I don't know what you mean.

To what rumour are you alluding?"

"It has been said that you have a good deal of paper in the market.

The report was spoken, and it reached my ears."

"It's not true. It's all an invention," cried George, vehemently. "Should I be such a fool? There are some people who live, it's my belief, by striving to work ill to others. Mr. Hastings was with me this morning. He had heard a rumour that something was wrong with the bank."

"With the bank! In what way?"

"Oh, of course, people must have gathered a version of the loss here, and interpreted it after their own charitable opinions," replied George, returning to his usual careless mode of speech. "The only plan is, to laugh at them."

"As you can at the rumour regarding you and the bills?" remarked

Thomas.

"As I can, and do," answered easy George. Never more easy, more apparently free from care than in that moment. Thomas Godolphin, truthful himself, open as the day, not glancing to the possibility that George could be deliberately otherwise, felt all his confidence come back to him. George went out, and Thomas turned to the books again.

They were all in order, all right. With those flourishing statements before him, how could he have been so foolish as to cast a suspicion to George? Thomas had a pen in one hand, and the forefinger of the other pointed to the page, when his face went white as of one in mortal agony, and the drops of moisture oozed out upon his brow.

The same pain, which had taken him occasionally before, had come again. Mortal agony in verity it seemed. He dropped the pen; he lay back in his chair; he thought he must have fallen to the ground. How long he so lay he could not quite tell: not very long probably, counting by minutes; but counting by pain long enough for a lifetime. Isaac Hastings, coming in with a message, found him. Isaac stood aghast.

"I am not very well, Isaac. Give me your arm. I will go and sit

awhile in the dining-room."

"Shall I run over for Mr. Snow, sir?"

"No. I shall be better soon. In fact, I am better, or I could not

talk to you. It was a sudden pain."

He leaned upon Isaac Hastings, and gained the dining-room. It was empty. Isaac left him there, and proceeded, unordered, to acquaint Mr. George Godolphin. He could not find him.
"Mr. George is gone out," said a clerk. "Not two minutes ago."

"I had better tell Maria, then," thought Isaac. "He does not look

fit to be left alone."

Speeding up the stairs to Maria's sitting-room, he found her in it, talking to Margery. Miss Meta, in a cool brown holland dress and a large straw hat, was dancing about, in glee. She danced up to him.

"I am going to the hayfield to make haycocks," said she. "Will you

"Don't I wish I could!" he replied, catching her up. "It is fine to be Miss Meta Godolphin! to have nothing to do all day but roll in the hay."

She struggled to get down. Margery was waiting to depart. A terrible thing if Margery should have all the rolling to herself and Meta be left behind! They went out, and he turned to his sister.

"Maria, Mr. Godolphin is in the dining-room, ill. I thought I'd

come and tell you. He looks too ill to be left."

"What is the matter with him?" she asked.

"A sudden pain," he said. "I happened to go into his room with a message, and saw him. I thought he was dead at first; he looked so ghastly."

Maria hastened down stairs. Thomas, better then, but looking fearfully ill still, leaned upon the arm of a couch. Maria went up and took his hand.

"Oh, Thomas, you do look ill! What is it?"

He gazed into her face with a serene countenance, a quiet smile. "It is only another of my warnings, Maria. I have been so much better that I am not sure but I thought they were gone for good."

Maria drew forward a chair and sat down by him. "Warnings?" she

repeated.

"Of the end. You must be aware, Maria, that I am attacked with a

fatal malady."

Maria was not entirely unaware of it, but she had never understood that the fatal termination was inevitable. She did not know but he might live to be an old man. "Can nothing be done for you?" she breathed.

"Nothing."

Her eyes glistened with the rising tears. "Oh, Thomas! you must not die! We could none of us bear to lose you. George could not do without you; Janet could not; I think I could not."

He gently shook his head. "We may not pick and choose, Maria—who shall stop here, and who be taken. Those go sometimes who, seem-

ingly, can be least best spared."

She could scarcely speak; afraid lest the sobs should come, for her heart was aching. "But surely it is not to be speedy?" she murmured. "You may live on a long while yet?"

"The doctors tell me I may live on for years, if I keep myself tranquil.

I think they are wrong."

"Oh, then, Thomas, you surely will!" she eagerly said, her cheek flushing with emotion. "Who can have tranquillity if you cannot?"

How ignorant they both were of the black cloud looming right overhead, ready then to burst, and send forth its sweeping torrent! Tranquillity! Tranquillity henceforth for Thomas Godolphin!

III.

GONE!

THE days passed on to a certain Saturday. An ominous Saturday for the family of the Godolphins. Rising rumours, vague at the best, and therefore all the more dangerous, had been spreading in Prior's Ash and its neighbourhood. Some said the bank had had a loss; some said the bank was creachy; some said Mr. George Godolphin had been lending out money from the bank's funds; some said their London agents had failed; some actually said that Thomas Godolphin was dead. The various phases that the rumours took were something extravagantly marvellous: but the whole, combined, whispered ominously of danger. Only let public fear be thoroughly aroused, and it would be all over. It was as a train of powder laid, which only wants one touch of a lighted match to set it exploding.

Remittances arrived on the Saturday morning, in the ordinary course of business. Valuable remittances. Sufficient for the usual routine of

business: but not sufficient for any unusual routine. On the Friday afternoon a somewhat untoward incident had occurred. A stranger presented himself at the bank and demanded to see Mr. George Godolphin. The clerk to whom he addressed himself left him standing at the counter, and went away: to acquaint, as the stranger supposed, Mr. George Godolphin: but, in point of fact, the clerk was not sure whether Mr. George was in or out. Finding he was out, he told Mr. Hurde, who went forward: and was taken by the stranger for Mr. George Godolphin. Not personally knowing (as it would appear) Mr. George Godolphin, it was a natural enough mistake. A staid man, looking like a gentleman, with staid spectacles, might well be supposed by a stranger to be one of the firm.

"I have got a claim upon you," said the stranger, drawing a piece

of paper out of his pocket. "Will you be so good as settle it?"

Mr. Hurde took the paper and glanced over it. It was an accepted

bill, George Godolphin's name to it.

"I cannot say anything about this," Mr. Hurde was beginning: but the applicant interrupted him.

"I don't want anything said. I want it paid."

"You should have heard me out," rejoined Mr. Hurde. "I cannot say or do anything in this myself: you must see Mr. George Godolphin.

He is out, but-"

"Come, none of that gammon!" interposed the stranger again, who appeared to have come prepared to enter upon contests. "I was warned there'd be a bother over it: that Mr. George Godolphin would deny himself, and say black was white if necessary. You can't do me, Mr. George Godolphin."

"You are not taking me for Mr. George Godolphin!" exclaimed the

old clerk, uncertain whether to believe his ears.

"Yes I am taking you for Mr. George Godolphin," doggedly returned the man. "Will you take up this bill?"

"I am not Mr. George Godolphin. Mr. George Godolphin will be

in presently, and you can see him."

"It's a do," cried the stranger. "I want this paid. I know the claims there are against Mr. George Godolphin, and I have come all the way from town to enforce mine. I don't want to come in with the ruck of his creditors, who'll get a sixpence in the pound, maybe."

A very charming announcement to be made in a banking-house. The clerks pricked up their ears; the two or three customers who were present turned round from the counters and listened for more: for the civil gentleman had not deemed it necessary to speak in a subdued tone. Mr. Hurde, scared out of his propriety, in mortal fear lest anything worse might come, hurried the man to a safe place, and left him there to await the entrance of Mr. George Godolphin.

Whether this incident, mentioned outside (as it was sure to be), put the finishing touch to the rumours already in circulation, cannot be known. Neither was it known to those interested, what Mr. George did with his loud and uncompromising customer, when he at length entered and admitted him to an interview. It is possible that but for this untoward application, the crash might not have come quite so soon.

Saturday morning rose busily, as was usual at Prior's Ash. How-

ever stagnant the town might be on other days, Saturday was always full of life and bustle. Prior's Ash was renowned for its grain market; and dealers from all parts of the country flocked in to attend it. But on this morning some unusual excitement appeared to be stirring the town; natives and visitors. People stood about in groups, talking, listening, asking questions, consulting: and as the morning hours wore on, an unwonted stream appeared to be setting in towards the house of Godolphin, Crosse, and Godolphin. Whether the reports might be true or false, there'd be no harm just to draw their money out, and be on the safe side, was the mental remark made by hundreds. Could put it in again when the storm had blown over—if it proved to be only a false alarm.

Under these circumstances it was little wonder that the bank was unusually favoured with visitors. One strange feature in their application was, that they all wanted to draw out money; not a soul came to pay any in. George Godolphin, fully aware of the state of things, alive to the danger, was present in person, his words gracious, his bearing easy, his smile gay as ever. Only to look at him eased some of them of half their doubt.

But it did not stop their cheques, and old Hurde (whatever George may have done) grew white with fear.

"For the love of Heaven, send for Mr. Godolphin, sir!" he whispered.

"We can't go on long at this rate."

"What good can he do?" returned George.

"Mr. George, he *ought* to be sent to; to be let known what's going on; it is an imperative duty," remonstrated the clerk, in a strangely severe tone. "In fact, sir, if you don't send, I must. I am responsible to him."

"Send, then," said George. "I only thought to spare him vexa-

Mr. Hurde beckoned Isaac Hastings. "Fly for your life up to Ashlydyat and see Mr. Godolphin," he breathed in his ear. "Tell him

there's a run upon the bank."

Isaac, passing through the bank with apparent unconcern, easy and careless as if he had taken a leaf from the book of George Godolphin, did not let the grass grow under his feet when he was out. But, instead of turning towards Ashlydyat, he took the way to All Souls' rectory.

Getting there panting and breathless, he dashed in, and dashed against his brother Reginald, not five minutes arrived from a two years' absence at sea. Scarcely affording half a moment to a passing greeting, he was

hastening out of the room again in search of his father.

"Do you call that a welcome, Isaac?" exclaimed Mrs. Hastings, in a surprised and reproving tone. "Where's your hurry? One would think you were upon an errand of life and death."

"So I am: it is little short of it," he replied, in agitation. "Regy, don't stop me: you will know all soon. Is my father in his room?"

"He is gone out," said Mrs. Hastings.

"Gone out!" The words sounded like a knell. Unless his father hastened to the bank, he might be a ruined man. "Where's he gone, mother?"

"My dear, I have not the least idea. What is the matter with

you?

Isaac took one instant's dismayed counsel with himself: he had not time for more. He could not go in search of him: he must hasten to Ashlydyat. He looked up: laid summary hold of his sister Rose, put her outside the door, closed it, and set his back against it.

"Reginald, listen to me. You must go out and find my father. Search for him everywhere. Tell him there's a run upon the bank, and he must be in haste if he would make himself safe. Mother, could you look for him as well? The Chisholms' money is there, you know, and

it would be nothing but ruin."

Mrs. Hastings gazed at Isaac with wondering eyes, puzzled with

perplexity.

"Don't you understand, mother?" he urged. "I can't look for him: I ought not to have come out of my way as far as here. He must be found, so do your best, Reginald. Of course you will be cautious to

say nothing abroad: I put out Rose that she might not hear."

Opening the door again, passing the indignant Rose without so much as a word, Isaac sped across the road, and dashed through some cross-fields and lanes to Ashlydyat. His détour had not hindered him above three or four minutes, for he went at the pace of a steam-engine. He considered it—as Hurde had said by Mr. Godolphin—an imperative duty to warn his father. Thomas Godolphin was not up when he got to Ashlydyat. It was only between ten and eleven o'clock.

"I must see him, Miss Godolphin," he said to Janet. "It is impera-

tive."

By words or by actions putting aside obstacles, he stood within Thomas Godolphin's chamber. The latter had passed a night of suffering, its traces remaining on his countenance.

"I shall be down at the bank some time in the course of the day, Isaac; though I am scarcely equal to it," he observed, as soon as he saw

him. "Am I wanted for anything in particular?"

"I—I—am sent up to tell you bad news, sir," replied Isaac, feeling the communication an unpleasant one to make. "There's a run upon the bank."

"A run upon the bank!" repeated Thomas Godolphin, scarcely be-

lieving the information.

Isaac explained. A complete run. For the last hour, ever since the

bank opened, people had been thronging in.

Thomas paused. "I cannot imagine what can have led to it," he resumed. "Is my brother visible?"

"Oh yes, sir."

"That is well. He can assure them all that we are solvent: that there is no fear. Have the remittances come?"

"Yes, sir. But they will be nothing, Mr. Hurde says, with a run like this."

"Be so kind as touch that bell for me, Isaac, to bring up my servant. I will be at the bank immediately."

Isaac rang the bell, quitted the room, and hastened back. The bank was fuller than ever: and its coffers must be getting low.

"Do you happen to know whether my father has been in?" he whispered to Layton, next to whom he stood.

Layton shook his head to express a negative. "I think not. I have

not observed him."

Isaac stood upon thorns. He might not quit his post. Every time the doors swung to and fro—and they were incessantly swinging—he looked for Mr. Hastings. But he looked in vain. By-and-by Mr. Hurde came forward, a note in his hand. "Put on your hat, Layton, and take this round," said he. "Wait for an answer."

"Let me take it," almost shouted Isaac. And, without waiting for assent or dissent, he seized the note from Mr. Hurde's hand, caught up his hat, and was gone. Thomas Godolphin was getting out of his car-

riage as he passed out.

Isaac had not, this time, to go out of his way. The delivery of the note would necessitate his passing the rectory. "Rose!" he uttered, out of breath with agitation as he had been before, "is papa not in?"

Rose was sitting there alone. "No," she answered. "Mamma and Reginald went out just after you. Where did you send them to?"

"Then they can't find him!" muttered Isaac to himself, speeding off

again, and giving Rose no answer. "It will be nothing but ruin."

A few steps farther, and who should he see but his father. The Reverend Mr. Hastings was coming leisurely across the fields, from the very direction which Isaac had previously travelled. He had probably been to the Pollard cottages: he did sometimes take that round. Hedges and ditches were nothing to Isaac in the moment's excitement, and he leaped one of each to get to him: it cut off a step or two.

"Where were you going an hour ago?" called out Mr. Hastings before

they met. "You were flying as swift as the wind."

"Oh, father!" wailed out Isaac, "did you see me?"
"What should hinder me? I was at old Satcherly's."

"If you had but come out to me! I would rather have seen you then, than—than heaven," he panted. "There's a run upon the bank. If you don't make haste and draw out your money, you'll be too late."

Mr. Hastings laid his hand upon Isaac's arm. It may be that he did not comprehend him; for his utterance was rapid and full of emotion.

Isaac, in his impulsive eagerness, shook it off.

"There's not a moment to lose, father. I don't fancy they can keep

on paying long. Half the town's there."

Without another word of delay, Mr. Hastings turned and sped along with a step nearly as fleet as Isaac's. When he reached the bank the shutters were being put up.

"The bank has stopped," said an officious bystander to the rector.

It was even so. The bank had stopped. The good old firm of Godolphin, Crosse, and Godolphin had GONE.

AGRIPPA D'AUBIGNÉ.

BY SIR NATHANIEL.

The life—and a long life it was, covering a good fourscore years, from the mid-year of the sixteenth century to the thirtieth of the seventeenth—this long life of Theodore Agrippa d'Aubigné has been truthfully called a grand romance, crowded with marvellous adventures and heroic traits. Brave as any real or fabulous hero of antiquity, says one of his English biographers, he possessed qualities and acquirements that are to be found combined in few military heroes, whether of ancient or modern times; while his failings were those of his century, of which the virtues and vices were reflected, as in a mirror, in his active and turbulent career. A man he was (to apply the poet's self-portraiture), by nature

——somewhat stern
In temperament, withal a happy man,
And therefore bold to look on painful things,
Free likewise of the world, and thence more bold.**

His father, Jean d'Aubigné, "homme d'un caractère opiniâtre et fier,"† was one of the leaders of Protestantism in his province—that of Saintonge. His mother died in giving birth to Agrippa,—whose name was, in fact, they tell us, derived from that circumstance;—ægrè partus. This mournful event is said to have remained painfully impressed for life on his memory; and in the delirium of old age he heard some one enter his room, whose garments rustled beside his bed, the curtains of which were then drawn by a Woman in White—herself une femme fort blanche—who, having imprinted on his lips a kiss that was cold as ice, death-cold as from a dead woman's lips, instantly vanished from his gaze. A fever of fourteen days succeeded this vision, and confirmed his conviction of its reality.

As a child, Agrippa was notably precocious, even in that age of educational precocity. If Montaigne knew Latin at six years old, the little D'Aubigné, taking up the classics before his fourth year was complete, is asserted to have made good way in not only Latin, but Greek, and Hebrew, by the time he could count six summers; and midway in his eighth year, to have translated the *Crito* of Plato, incited thereto by his father's promise to have the translation printed, with the child-translator's

portrait engraved as frontispiece to the book.

When the lad touched on his tenth year, his Huguenot sire, who seems to have been

——a soldier
Even to Cato's wish, not fierce and terrible
Only in strokes; but, with his grim looks and

* Wordsworth, The Prelude, book xi.

[†] Léon Feugère. See vol. ii. of this lamented scholar's "Portraits Littéraires du XVI Siècle," pp. 205-421, for an ample, instructive, and entertaining memoir, critical as well as biographical, of brave and burly old Agrippa, in all the aspects of his many-coloured existence.

The thunder-like percussion of his sounds, He made his enemies shake, as if the world Were feverous and did tremble:*—

this stalwart veteran, as he took his little boy through Amboise, and there pointed out the heads of the conspirators still fixed to the battlements of the town, adjured him to live and die in and for their creed and their cause. "The murderers!" he exclaimed, in a pang of wrath against the persecutors of the brethren, "they have decapitated France!" And then, laying his hand on the boy's upturned, open brow, the stern grey-beard thus enjoined him, under penalties: "My son, you must not spare your head when mine is lost, to avenge these honourable chiefs; if you do, my curse be upon you!" The after-life of Agrippa afforded no scope for the contingent malediction. He was his father's son—kneaded of the same stern stuff—loyal to his party through evil report and good report—staunch to his faith through persecution and distress—a Huguenot to the

backbone, and a Huguenot to the death.

It was in conducting the boy to Paris, for a college career, that the elder D'Aubigné led him through Amboise, and preached that homily to him, which had for its grim text the exposed and mouldering heads of his fellow-conspirators. At Paris, Agrippa pursued his studies for some time, until forced to leave the capital by the persecution that dogged, but could not daunt, his sect. He escaped to Orleans, at the siege of which city his turbulent old father received a wound, that cost him his life. Agrippa then renewed his studies, first at Geneva, under the congenial tutorship of Beza, and afterwards at Lyons, where his curriculum comprised a medley hash of mathematics, Pindar, Rabbinical literature, and magic. When the next outburst of civil war occurred, he gave his guardian the slip, and joined the Huguenot bands in the south of France, abiding with them for some months of the years 1567-68, and sharing their perils and fatigues to the full, with a loyalty which, among other

results, cost him a nearly fatal fever.

Peace returned after a while,—a patched-up peace; and in its piping times, Agrippa found leisure to fall in love, and turn scribbler of loveditties passing many. With a will, as in everything else he undertook, he courted at the same time, and under one and the same inspiration, the Muses and his mistress. Nor was prose composition beneath his regard. But from these amenities of literature he was harshly aroused by the tocsin of the St. Bartholomew. Anon, Henry of Navarre became his recognised chief,—at whose court D'Aubigné signalised himself by his habit, quite inveterate, of calling a spade a spade, and a turncoat a turncoat. His impracticable temper and chartered libertinage of tongue, involved him in many a pretty quarrel with Henry's courtiers and hangerson, for any and all of whom he was ready with his sword as with that trenchant tongue of his, and that swift, sharp-pointed pen. himself appreciated him, however, as a man of men,—the pink of partisans,-the trustworthiest of fellows trusty and true. D'Aubigné shared in Henry's personal adventures; and recompensed himself, in lieu of more tangible pay (for Henry's exchequer was poor indeed), with a

^{*} Coriolanus, Act I. Sc. 4.

hearty unrestraint in speaking a bit of his mind that extended its term of license day by day continually,—until a candour that merged in insolence, and a discontent that vented itself in taunts and ridicule, were something too much for the best-natured of good-natured kings.

In 1577, Henry and Agrippa parted company; and the latter soon afterwards found a wife in Mdlle. de Lezay. But he is by Henry's side again, before long; and before long he is again ousted from that pleasant (if not profitable) proximity, by the impatience of his old foes at court. In disgust, D'Aubigné resolved to take the most decided step in life that his nature could possibly take, but which it was not possible for a nature like his to actually take,—that of renouncing his father's creed, and so encountering his father's curse. To accomplish this purpose, on solid foundations, and with a good conscience, he set himself to the perusal of Bellarmine and other controversialists, with the express design and desire of being converted by their arguments to the Holy Catholic Church. But the result of this Anxious Inquiry was, to sever our Agrippa more distinctively than ever from the pale of Rome. The patient perusal of these Aids to Faith did but make him a more stubborn Protestant than before.

Again we find the energetic creature battling by Henry's side at Coutras in 1587. In 1588 we see him rewarded with a berth in the civil service—rather military than civil, though—namely, the government of Maillezais. Fresh squabbles with his sovereign recur, as a matter of course. He casts in his lot with his party rather than with his prince, whenever compelled to choose between the two. But the prince knows the man, and respects the partisan, too well, far too well, to discard him in dudgeon. And whenever a commission is afoot that requires an outand-out trusty fellow, to ensure its safe issue, D'Aubigné is at once selected as the man.

Henry's recantation of Protestantism made D'Aubigné but cleave to it the more closely, and even the more noisily. Sully, and the other leading names of his communion, were sharply upbraided by the staunch old Reformer, as chargeable, by their corrupt, compromising, conniving ways, with the ruin of the Huguenot cause. Like them, he might have been rich, could he but, like them, have been less scrupulous. Among the chiefs of his party, he is said to have been the only man that continued poor to the last.

Some measure, however, of otium cum dignitate it was his fortune to enjoy, while in office as Governor of Maillezais—during his residence at which place he employed and enjoyed himself in writing the History of his Own Times, the last volume being printed in 1619, and condemned to be burnt, next year, by the Parliament of Paris. Marie de Médicis, in particular, was embittered against the Governor, by the freedom of his satire in describing public characters and life at court. He had to resign his fortress, after it had stood out against a long siege of ministerial solicitations, menaces, and promissory propositions. But he took care, when he did give it up, to place it in the hands, not of the Catholic court, but of the foremost noble of the Huguenot party, the Duke of Rohan. He then retired to that free city in which, some threescore years before, he had been taught to love liberty and literature by Theodore Beza. Arriving at Geneva in the autumn of 1620, the septuagenarian hero was

most cordially welcomed. Here he lived in exile for the remainder of his days, and here, in the church of St. René, he was buried in 1630,—a Latin epitaph, written by himself, being placed over his tomb. His closing years were mainly occupied with multifarious authorship, and with plans for fortifying the Swiss towns, as bulwarks of the Reformed faith,—the carrying out of which plans were zealously superintended by himself. What troubles he had to endure at this stage of his troublous pilgrimage, arose in part from the inappeasable enmity of the French court, at whose instigation no less than four judgments of death were successively, though ineffectually, recorded against him; but more sensibly, from the wild and wicked ways of his son Constant,—predestined father of Madame de Main-

tenon, and also, by many infallible signs, predestined scamp.

Michelet ever speaks in high admiration of the writings of Agrippa d'Aubigné. He calls his History "eloquence itself, poetry, passion." And says that the holy firmness of virtue, the tension of a life of combats, the strong purpose and strenuous endeavour that palpitate in every line, "make this great writer interesting in the highest degree, although painful to read; the gentilhomme is predominant throughout, and a prolix attention to military matters. He is at times eccentric; at others, sublime. On the whole, no loftier work exists."* Elsewhere the same critic styles D'Aubigné's Memoirs "œuvre capitale de la langue, âcre et brûlant jet de flamme qui jaillit d'un cœur ému, mais si loyal et si sincère!"† Our vastly more sedate countryman, Mr. Hallam-at antipodes with M. Michelet in all the characteristic points of a Constitutional Historian-rather ambiguously commends D'Aubigné's Autobiography as having "at least the liveliness of fiction;" while the versatile old author's Adventures of the Baron de Fæneste is spoken of by Mr. Hallam as "a singular book written in dialogue, where an imaginary Gascon baron recounts his tales of the camp and the court," in a patois not quite easy for us to understand, and not perhaps worth the while; but containing much that illustrates the state of France about the beginning of the seventeenth century. "Much in this book is satirical; and the satire falls on the Catholics, whom Fæneste, a mere foolish gentleman of Gascony, is made to defend against an acute Huguenot." M. Mérimée thinks there are strokes of nature, des traits de naturel, in this book that Molière himself would not have disowned. The great Condé, acknowledged to be an excellent judge of œuvres de l'esprit, made a perfect delight of reading the Adventures of the Gascon Baron-a predecessor of the Marquis of Mascarille—and comprehended with wonderful accuracy all the allusions and all the finesses introduced by the author. The contrast between the shallow-pated, big-talking Fæneste, and the solid, practical Enay, is interpreted to mean that between appearance and reality, between form and substance, between être and paraître; a meaning implied, indeed, in the Greek etymology of the two names Eval (Enay) and φαίνεσθαι (Fæneste). "C'est pour paraître," is Fæneste's invariable answer, when questioned as to why he complies with this or that custom, or gives way to this or that influence. Study appearances, is the motto,

^{*} Michelet, Notes des Guerres de Religion, pp. 465 sq.

[†] Henri IV. et la Ligue, ch. xix. ‡ Hallam, Literature of Europe, vol. iii. part iii. ch. vii.

the practical maxim of the man. He is of the family of courtiers derided by Henry Stephens, -who aimed at Italianising the speech as well as manners of the French of that day, and accordingly were lavish of those formulas of obsequious politeness, the use of which, as recently imported from across the mountains, made Frenchmen of the old school knit their brows. He declares himself the "slave" of the first comer in whose power it is to serve him, and "ready to be the servant to all eternity" of any one that will do him an obligation. The Duke of Epernon, one of the grand seigneurs favoured by Henry III., was the alleged original of the Baron of Fæneste. In Enay, "sage et loyal," whose sensible discourse is made to expose in still more glaring relief the nullité vaniteuse of the Gascon,-in this "gentilhomme de la vieille roche," as simple in his courage as the other is fanfaron in his poltroonery,—endowed, in right of his Protestantism, with becoming accomplishments of intellectual culture and patriotic feeling, and who is throughout the very opposite of his interlocutor, - many were pleased to discover Duplessis-Mornay; but, as M. Feugère objects, it is hardly probable that Agrippa would have painted in such fair colours one in whom he saw a rival. Others were of opinion that in Enay the author more or less directly designed his proper Most likely, all such conjectures were at fault. Most likely, D'Aubigné meant general, not individual satire, and had a good many coxcombs, highflyers, and provincial fire-eaters, in his mind's eye, and not merely one of the class.

As a writer of Memoirs, Agrippa d'Aubigné has again and again been pronounced, by judges divers and diverse, second to none of his time. M. Guizot has said, in reference to Thomas May and the contemporary annalists of our Great Rebellion, that no task can be more adventurous than to write the history of events while they are actually taking place; and, above all, to compose, in the camp of one of the hostile parties, the history of an important revolution, which every year, or perhaps every month, appears under different leaders, and is determined by different principles, aims, and professions.* A good deal of the difficulty here intimated is palpable in D'Aubigné's Memoirs; which were written, however, under more favourable circumstances than those here referred to. But they stand out with life and movement and abiding interest from among the multitude of Memoirs which belong to the same age. M. Chasles distinguishes them in merit and inherent vitality from those of Lanoue and Mornay even-much more from such small deer as the Mémoires embarrassés et obscurs of Hurault de Chiverny, and the explications énigmatiques of Villeroy, and the tolerably accurate and purely-written, but reserved and comparatively dull, memoirs of Castelnau, and those again of D'Ossat and the President Jeannin, hommes honnêtes, both of them, but a trifle heavy in style, and not wholly guiltless alike of ambiguity and of pompous emphasis. Apart from, and far above, this mob of gentilhommes who wrote with ease, and at their ease, those memoirs which are not always easy reading, M. Chasles pays his critical dues, in his best manner of flattering obeisance, first to Margaret of Navarre, for her private Memoir; next, to Brantôme, that broken-down gentleman, who, after making war and love all Europe over, or nearly

^{*} Guizot, Contemporains de Monk.

so, and after serving six kings, one after another, amused himself, in the depths of his retreat, in writing, unmethodically enough, all that had come to his eyes and ears during that long, agitated, and not very moral (in fact, that very immoral) life of his. The third is D'Aubigné-" gentilhomme Gascon, brave comme les gens de son pays, comme eux caustique, fanfaron, sacrifiant tout à un bon mot, hardi en amour et en guerre, d'ailleurs bon huguenot et d'une âme aussi ardente que son esprit et sa valeur étaient téméraires; traçait le tableau de ses folies sans trop les blamer, et prétendait ainsi prémunir ses enfants contre des fautes de même espèce."* Though Agrippa was very old when he wrote these Memoirs, his style has the freshness of youth. Modern critics, his compatriots, say that his work belongs unquestionably to the sixteenth century not more by the scenes it retraces than by the tone and manner which pervade it. M. Chasles writes with an air of regret, if not of remonstrance, that an author so full of vigour and impulse as D'Aubigné should scarcely be known in the present day except for a few freaks of Gascon humour; for in D'Aubigné he recognises one of the most energetic prose writers, one of the most robust satirists, and one of the freest-hearted and frankest-spoken poets of his age. "His political and military life has been detrimental to the fame he ought to have enjoyed as an author. He writes like Saint-Simon with abandon, with martial vivacity, and with a profusion of irony. Once begin reading his Memoirs, and you cannot help reading them to the end: the liveliest of romances does not offer more to interest. All the ardour, and impetuosity, and hare-brained zeal, that distinguished the Gascon youth, Protestants all, who rallied round the white feather of Henry IV., may be seen embodied in D'Aubigné, who at sixteen made his first expedition en chemise, and danced la Gaillarde before the Grand Inquisitor, † who was all ready to pass upon him instant sentence of death; made his escape by a window, and having managed to find refuge within the domains of Renée of France, came to seat himself at the feet of that princess, on a silken cushion, there to improvise, while yet panting for breath and all soiled with dust, a sermon on contempt for death, derived from the Bible and Seneca. The commencement of these piquant Memoirs is noble as ancient history; when the author tells his battles o'er again, you would say, here is the bold and vehement touch, the fire, the truthfulness, which distinguish Salvator Rosa and le Bourguignon." I

Nearly a century ago, there was, presumably, a larger public in England that could and would take interest in these Memoirs than is now the case—to judge, at least, by the publication hazarded by a now-forgotten sister of Mrs. Montague, sarcastically referred to by Horace Walpole in one of his letters of literary gossip. "Mrs. Scott, sister of Mrs. Montagu, has written a life of Agrippa d'Aubigné—no—she has not written it, she has extracted it from his own account, and no dentist at a fair could draw a tooth with less grace. It is only in a religious sense that she has made it a good book, for," adds Horace, settling his features to a genuine Strawberry-hill sneer, such as he knew would be

^{*} Le Seizième Siècle en France: Persistance de l'Esprit Français.

[†] The celebrated Democharès. ‡ Etudes sur le XVI° Siècle, par Ph. Chasles, livre iii. § ix. Nov.—vol. CXXVI. No. DIII.

understood and appreciated by the Reverend William Mason, "for it seems she is very pious."* But a good gentlewoman of this type is not quite the chaperone to introduce into our home circles, and to establish there on a familiar footing, a Huguenot Captain of Agrippa d'Aubigné's cast; as doughty and dashing a fellow in his day, and in his way, as was Chaucer's Dyomede in his, who,

——as bokès us declare, Was in his nedès prest and corageous, With sterne vois, and myghty lymes square, Hardy, testif, strong, and chevalerous Of dedès, like his fader Tydeus.†

In D'Aubigné's impassioned nature were congregated, as Sainte-Beuve has said, not a few contrarious qualities. He reasoned well, and expended raillery without stint on what he called superstition; himself a believer, the while, in dreams, in ghosts, and, to some extent, in magic; he joined together, mingle as they might, war, and controversy, and erudition, and wit, and satire that was both mocking and cynical, diction invariably prompt and unbridled, and together with the fear of a terrible and everpresent God, the occasional consolation of a God mild and loving. all his licences he kept a corner of his heart for puritanism, and this puritanism maintained its place and power without ever putting an end to his original nature, to the vieil homme within him, though its place might be further established and its power enhanced by age. It was owing to the family rock whence he was hewn, to the education he received, and to the rude life-battle into which he was plunged, that he preserved, athwart all those conflicting passions of his, which he did very little to subdue, an underlying strength of moral feeling which may well excite our wonder: "on the whole, a generous nature—the surviving witness of a more robust and case-hardened age than ours,"I and rife in characters of rugged originality, whim, and enterprise.

The Memoirs, which were professedly written, as we have seen, for his children, should be read in connexion with the author's great work, that "Universal History" to which he keeps referring incessantly, and in which his powers of authorship are to be seen in their utmost breadth and clearest light. Of this "Universal History" Henry IV. is the centre and pivot, and by his advice it was undertaken; his majesty being noway displeased, as Sainte-Beuve suggests, at securing such a pair of historians, or historiographers royal, as, on the one side, the uncompromising Calvinist, D'Aubigné, and on the other, that old League partisan, Jeannin; the former relating chiefly the deeds of war and party strife; the latter, explaining affairs of state and council. But it was not long ere Henry-whether from being convinced by a Jesuit, Father Cotton, of the inconvénients in which such a work by such a workman involved him, or whether himself alone mistrusting the range and rancour of cette satirique langue of his very faithful and equally free-spoken Agrippa, either way, so it was, that Henry ceased to urge on Agrippa in the historical pathway his own suggestion (and is not a royal suggestion tech-

† Chaucer, Troylus and Cryseyde, book v. ‡ Causeries du Lundi, t. x.

^{*} Horace Walpole to Rev. W. Mason, May 5, 1772. Letters, vol. v. p. 389.

nically a command?) had chalked out,—and significantly refrained from allusion to the encouragements, rewards, and material aids he had originally promised. So D'Aubigné, in effect, had to wait till after Henry had disappeared from the scene, before he again girded himself to his work and labour of love. And when he did return to his interrupted toil, it must be owned that he did so, as far as his late sovereign was concerned, in a spirit worthy of his magnanimous task. For whereas in the private Mémoires Henry IV. is shown to us in aspects the reverse of engaging or heroic—and is charged unsparingly with envy and avarice; in the great Histoire, on the other hand, there is nothing of the kind; the historian's own petty grievances and personal wrongs have disappeared. D'Aubigné restores Henry to his proper altitude as hero and statesman,—and having now lost him, regrets the loss with tears, and becomes in public as favourable and as faithful to him as loyal heart could wish.

D'Aubigné was, in fact, a grumbler and growler by natural disposition: an impracticable public servant, incapable of becoming in any large or lofty sense a real statesman or a great commander: he was born to be what is now-a-days called an Opposition member: nevertheless, the moment you earnestly appeal to him, and touch his heart in the right place, how proud he is of his Harry the Fourth, of the "great king that God had given him for a master," and on whose feet he has so often pillowed his head! and how keenly alive he is to the glory he will enjoy with posterity, for having saved that master's life on memorable occasions

more than one or two!*

Nothing can be more interesting, Michelet asserts, in his History of Henri Quatre, than to see in D'Aubigné how many there were of his own class of gens maltraités, who, despite of any amount of maltreatment and cold-shouldering at court, continued the devoted adherents of Bourbon Harry. D'Aubigne speaks of this subject,—a sore one it is,—with the bitter yet unalterable passion of the lover whose wounded heart still clings to the adored woman who has betrayed it. Every moment he is snapping asunder the ties that bind him, and every instant binding them anew. "Such was the charm of this king: in vain you came to see through him, to depreciate him, to abuse him, -oust him from your heart you could not." † Or, as a more sober and less sentimental historian puts it, assuredly the ill-assorted alliance of the Huguenot party with the Royalist party, under the auspices of the Bourbon, affords ample room and verge enough for une peinture spirituelle et amusante, such as M. Vitet essays in his dramatic scenes of the Barricades, the Etats de Blois, and the Death of Henry III., -in which "their mutual distrust, their differences, their antipathies, are represented to the life. The part of D'Aubigné is delightful, replete with points the most piquant, full of verve and truth." Sainte-Beuve somwhere compares, or contrasts, him with Monluc, that heroic captain of the Catholic party, -ardent, indefatigable, a fanatic in the cause of his God and his king, a crusader of the sixteenth century; while in D'Aubigné we have another captain, equally intrepid, ardent, and obstinate, as great a Gascon as the other, not less

^{*} Causeries du Lundi, t. x. pp. 256 sq.

[†] Michelet, Histoire de France, t. x. ch. xxv. † Barante, Études littéraires, t. ii., Des drames historiques.

attached to his God, mais malmenant un peu son roi;* right loyal, but on conditions, and not a thorough-going royalist quand même; with more of the feudal and communal spirit in him than the other,—and accordingly dying a republican at Geneva, a terminus ad quem which would have shocked the susceptibilities, and stunk in the nostrils of Monlue, as anything but odorous of sanctity; quite the other way.

D'Aubigné took for his literary guides and models, in the composition of his Universal History, those from among the ancient classics who have been styled "pragmatical,"—political instructors, such as Tacitus. He even calls Tacitus his master. And M. Feugère really claims for him something of the vehemence of Tacitus, and particularly of that mental tendency which inclined the historian of Tiberius to "creuser dans le mal," as Fénélon said; though Agrippa is of course allowed to be deficient, comparatively speaking, in the nervous brevity and sombre colouring of the illustrious Roman, as well as in that profound judgment and that moving eloquence which burst from depths of indignation that had long been a fountain sealed. D'Aubigné manifestly depicts himself in the young man "envieux des grandeurs romaines," whom he thus introduces, as an eager student of Tacitus:

Je t'épiais, ces jours, lisant, si curieux, La mort du grand Sénèque et celle de Thrasée; Je lisais partes yeux, en ton âme embrasée, Que tu enviais plus Sénèque que Néron, &c.

Among the moderns, again, D'Aubigné clave by preference to historians of the same school,—in particular to Commines,† of whom he proclaimed himself an earnest admirer, and whose moral reflections he imitates, or emulates, in a variety of apophthegms and maxims, inter-

spersed through his narrative.

His Tragiques may be defined a politico-religious satire—an incoherent medley of Greek mythology, moral and theological allegories, and other effete forms of composition, now and then illumined by flashes of indignation, and redeeming passages of what M. Demogeot calls the manliest beauty. A Hebrew spirit pervades and informs it, rather daringly says M. Sainte-Beuve, tike that spirit of God which brooded over chaos. In contradistinction to contemporary poets, whose worship was that exclusively of form, D'Aubigné, like the writers of prose, is occupied with matter of thought,—which he seizes upon, and sways, with a supremacy that makes it bend and bow beneath the rude enveloppe of his diction. The form adopted by him bewrays the tumult of an age of confusion and disorder. Of this the poet is himself aware, and duly apprises those who care to read him:

Si quelqu'un me reprend que mes vers échauffés Ne sont rien que de meurtre et de sang étoffés, Qu'on n'y lit que fureur, que massacre et que rage, Qu'horreur, malheur, poison, trahison, et carnage, Je lui réponds: ami, ces mots que tu reprends Sont les vocables d'art de ce que j'entreprends.

^{*} Ste.-Beuve, Essai sur Etienne Pasquier, 1851.

[†] See Léon Feugère, t. ii. pp. 326 sq. ‡ Poésie Française au XVIº Siècle.

Les flatteurs de l'amour ne chantant que leurs vices, Que vocables choisis à peindre les délices, Que miel, que ris, que jeux, amours et passe-temps: Une heureuse folie à consumer le temps... Ce siècle autre en ses mœurs demande un autre style: Cueillons des fruits amers desquels il est fertile. Non, il n'est plus permis sa veine déguiser, La main peut s'endormir, non l'âme reposer.*

What fine passages he has, nevertheless, exclaims M. Demogeot, when his thought, dissipating the clouds of laboured and gloomy expression, breaks out all at once, with a flash as of sword drawn in gleaming haste from its scabbard!—what enthusiasm in his accents when celebrating

martyrs suffocated in the flames of their funeral pile!

Incidentally, another critic finds special reason to admire a "wonderful degree of technical detail" in D'Aubigné's description of the toilette of Henry III., so scrupulously catalogued, item by item, in the terms proper to each,—"ce corps de satin noir coupé à l'espagnole, ces déchiquetures d'où sortent des passements, ces manchons gauffrés de satin blanc et ces manches perdues." Only an alexandrine, says M. Sainte-Beuve,‡ can and dare utter such things: the alexandrine franc et loyal, as Victor

Hugo calls it.

But Aggrippa's forte in poetics was in the line of impassioned protest and indignant rebuke. Facit indignatio versum. Sword or dagger of civil war, of patriotic strife, seemed to give the best point to his pen, and made it the pen of a very ready writer. At the very beginning of the eight thousand verses and upwards which make up the Tragiques, his political and religious opinions burst forth in all their fouque, or rather, as M. Feugère amends that phrase, in all their fureur. And the enemies he assails from the first, are "les légions de Rome, les monstres d'Italie"those kings of France who had become the tools and agents of a spiritual despotism-kings who, instead of shepherds to feed and guard over, were turned into wolves that tore and devoured the flock-together with a throng of financiers, and justiciaries, and men-of-war above all, who sucked the marrow of the nation they ought to protect. He crowds his stage with scenes of mourning and tableaux vivans of ensanguined contest, the deplorable fruit of religious dissensions and the blindness of their princes, whereby the common fatherhood of France had come to be forgotten or ignored. His invectives are intense against Catherine de Médicis, in the person of Jezabel,—and against the Cardinal of Lorraine, in that of Achitophel. Catherine he accuses of scattering broadcast throughout France les fins empoisonneurs d'Italie, and of sowing on its too fertile soil the fatal pest of private combat-y semer la peste du duel. Bitterly he resents the facility of duelling as a fashion of the day, all for a mere nothing—for a bird, a dog, a valet, a buffoon, or for rien du tout :

Car les perfections du duel sont de faire Un appel sans raison, un meurtre sans colère.

The second book of the Tragiques comprises a celebrated portrait-

^{*} Les Tragiques. † Demogeot, Litt. Fr., ch. xxvii. ‡ Tableau de la Poésie Fr., p. 149.

gallery of the Royal Family of the Valois. He invites us to watch his opening the whited sepulchres of a set of reprobates who have been the ruin of their country. Charles IX. is there, a mere hunter of beasts and men—of the latter from the Louvre windows, when Bartholomew's bells are booming—for then and there it is we see his majesty giboyer de sa fenêtre au Louvre. Henry III. is there, with the eye and mien of a Sardanapalus, masquerading in woman's attire, and definable either as un roi-femme or un homme-reine, for the poet is not quite certain which. With the court, courtiers, and customs of the degraded realm, he honourably contrasts those of England, whose Protestant institutions enlisted his "elective affinities:"

Car les nobles et grands la justice y ordonnent, Les états non vendus comme charges se donnent: Heureuse Elisabeth, la justice rendant, Et qui n'as point vendu tes droits en la vendant!

Among other noticeable poems of D'Aubigné's are the "Création,"—the collection entitled "Printemps," consisting of lays, and odes, and ditties inspired by youth and love,—and the "Petites œuvres mêlées," a miscellany of very unequal merit, containing some morçeaux of gay and facile humour, and a large proportion of lines, flat, feeble, and unfinished. We may appropriately take leave of him with a glance at one of the best things in the collection—the piece, namely, entitled "D'Aubigné's Winter," meaning the winter of his old age. In it he recals the illusions of his youth, long since fled from him afar, and compares them to swallows that, at the first approach of winter, wing their way in quest of a softer clime:

Mes volages humeurs, plus stériles que belles, S'en vont et je leur dis: Vous sentez, hirondelles, S'éloigner la chaleur et le froid arriver; Allez nicher ailleurs.

As for himself, at the close of so agitated a career, his only thirst is for repose; rest he invokes, with all his heart in the invocation:

Laissez dormir en paix la nuit de mon hiver.

His white head is surely warning enough that 'tis time for such as him to give up love-making. So he salutes with *empressement* that season of life, the last season of life's four (for life like the year has its four seasons), of which wisdom is the presumed associate; and of this season he celebrates the advantages and compensations (for it has *some*) in lines such as these:

Voici moins de plaisirs, mais voici moins de peines; Le rossignol se tait Nous ne voyons cueillir ni les fruits ni les fleurs: L'espérance n'est plus, bien souvent tromperesse; L'hiver jouit de tout. Bienheureuse vieillesse, La saison de l'usage et non plus des labeurs!

It is justly observed by Léon Feugère that in these accents may be traced something of the feeling and grace of Villon, when he puts this question to remembrances of the beauty that is so fleet and transient, and the glory that is no more: mais où sont les neiges d'antan?

MADEIRA:

AND THE MAN WHO FOUND IT.

WE have another of those pleasant contributions to the history of his native county, for which Mr. Lysons—with the untiring care of a zealous

antiquary—is constantly finding materials.

It is not the first time, however, that the story of Machin and Madeira, now brought before us with all its circumstances,* has been revived during the present century. At its commencement, the poet Bowles, whose works were then more read than in our own day, had written what Lord Byron termed "a very spirited and pretty dwarf epic" called the "Spirit of Discovery," in which the story was introduced as an episode;† and his lordship in his Satire—dealing his blows on all sides without much care as to where they might fall—alleged that the bard, in describing the first kiss of the lovers whose adventures he sang, had made it cause the woods of Madeira to tremble: "much astonished," says my lord, "as they well

might be, at such a phenomenon."

We might have supposed that a man who must have been pretty often reviewed could have borne the imputation without much annoyance; and it requires some experience of the sensitiveness of the poetical temperament before we can believe that, upon meeting Lord Byron at Rogers's, Mr. Bowles stopped him as they were passing from one room to another, to convince him, volume in hand, that he had misinterpreted the lines he had ridiculed. Whether the complainant considered that he had taken anything by his motion may be doubted, for his lordship admitted that he had never read the book, and only knew the passage from having seen it quoted in a review. Yet all this the aggrieved poet had the simplicity to tell us himself in his printed letter to Campbell.

Turning from Mr. Bowles's poetry to Mr. Lysons's prose, we find that the plain facts are in themselves sufficiently romantic, apart from their

historic interest.

Modern maritime discoveries have occasionally proved to be merely the re-discovery of places that were known to some of the nations of antiquity. America was unquestionably so. Madeira also seems to be referred to by ancient writers; but "whether," says Mr. Lysons, "under the name of Cerne Atlantica, or Juno and Antetala, is a matter of question." Its re-

^{*} Gloucestershire Illustrations. No. I. Machin and Madeira: an Attempt to investigate the Truth of the romantic and interesting Discovery of that Island. By the Rev. Samuel Lysons, M.A., F.S.A., Rector of Rodmarton, and Perpetual Curate of St. Luke's, Gloucester, Author of "Claudia and Pudens," "The Model Merchant of the Middle Ages," "The Romans in Gloucestershire," "What has Gloucestershire achieved?" &c. Gloucester: A. Lea. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co. 1861.

[†] We are reminded by Mr. Lysons in a note (p. 7) of another version of the story in Mr. Knight's amusing volume of "Once upon a Time." The prose introduction to a volume of verses by T. M. Hughes, under the title of "The Ocean Flower," also contains some interesting notices of Madeira and its traditions. The repetitions of the story in books of travels it is unnecessary to notice.

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discovery in the fourteenth century is claimed for Gloucestershire in the person of Robert a Machin: the difficulty of his having been a Bristolian being surmounted by the fact that the ancient city is, in part, within the county of Gloucester. Formerly it seems to have included the whole;* and prisoners for trial at the assizes are still sent from Bristol to Gloucester.

The story of Machin is not a happy one. It seems that, in the reign of Edward III., there was a wealthy citizen of Bristol who had one fair daughter; and Machin was the commander of a vessel which, amongst others, this "Merchant Venturer" occasionally employed. They seem to have been a class of the mercantile marine, not unlike what we most of us remember as "Letters of Marque." Fitted out for some commercial object, they were not supposed to seek the enemy, but were empowered to capture him when met with; and as their captains could not be expected in those days to trouble themselves (like the American Wilkes) with any difficult interpretations of international law, they were not always particular as to what they laid their hands upon, provided it was of sufficient value.

On the return of Machin from one of those adventurous expeditions to the great marts of the Mediterranean, on which he was generally despatched, when visiting the merchant in the "little parlour" that served for his office in St. Augustine's Back, he had seen the lovely Anna D'Arfet,† who was thenceforth destined to become the companion of his luckless destiny. Whatever were their opportunities of meeting, they must have led to a passionate attachment. It is said that her father had pledged her in marriage "to a nobleman in the neighbourhood, whose age was double her own, and whose manners and habits could not have been otherwise than distasteful to her." She preferred to share the fortunes of the young mariner; and, on an evening towards the end of September, in the year 1344, "or thereabouts," his gallant craft lying ready to receive them (probably off Shirehampton), she embarked with Machin—we cannot suppose unwillingly—prepared to meet and suffer whatever might betide.

Without pretending to describe the weather, nearly five hundred years since, as minutely as Mr. Lysons has done, we may easily suppose that they had chosen an unfavourable season for such a voyage. They were scarcely at sea before they encountered one of those equinoctial gales which

so often leave

Many a child made fatherless, And many a widow mourning,

and, unable to keep their course towards "France or Spain," for either of which countries it was proposed to steer—with sail after sail split into ribbons, the helm unshipped, the mainmast gone, several of the crew

* Mr. Lysons gives the following from the Norman French of the Rolls of Parliament:

† Our antiquary brings proof that her real name was a more common one.

[&]quot;To our Lord the King and his Council, the Meire and Commonalty of Bristuyt shew, that whereas the aforesaid town and the suburb of the same is within the county of Gloucester, and is obedient (entendannt) to the Sheriff of the same county, &c., therefore our Lord the King commands the Sheriff of Gloucester to make his executions," &c.—p. 5.

washed from the deck, and half the cargo thrown overboard, their vessel lay a wreck in the Bay of Biscay, at the mere mercy of the waves. The thick and hazy weather had made it impossible to keep any reckoning, so they continued drifting day after day on an unknown sea, till they were carried to the "well-wooded shore of a beautiful country"—and it was thus that Madeira was discovered.

They had still to fear that it might prove the home of pirates, or a land of savages, but no inhabitants appeared; and "after regaling themselves with such fruits as they found growing spontaneously in great abundance near the shore, they sought that repose of which the maddened waves had deprived them for many a tedious night. Machin (continues Mr. Lysons's narrative) knowing how greatly rest was needed for his companion's agitated mind and body, remained on shore to guard her, with three or four of the most trusty and confidential of his sailors, while the others went on board the wreck again, with the hope of securing and refitting the shattered vessel: their only means of escape. . . . But alas! their troubles were not over; the storm had only lulled to rise again with redoubled fury, and ere the morning's dawn the ill-fated ship was driven from her too feeble moorings far out to sea again." She had gone for ever, and was finally cast, with the sailors who had been left on board her, upon the coast of Morocco.

Machin had now to consider the newly-discovered island as his home. It was in itself a lovely spot. "Nothing could exceed the luxuriance of its vegetation, trees of enormous size abounded, laurels and other evergreens enlivened the scene; its plains were enamelled with the most beautiful and fragrant flowers, all betokening a climate superior to anything they could imagine; and while everything around them exhibited that the country had at some unknown and distant period evidently undergone the action of fire, as shown in the extinct volcanoes which abounded there; yet the vegetation, far from having suffered from such a cause, had, on the contrary, received additional luxuriance. . . . Orange groves offered their fruits most temptingly to the hand of the passer-by; the vine grew wild, yet were its grapes none the less full or sweet from never having known the pruning knife; water-melons spread themselves trailing on the ground; guavas and bananas united in producing spontaneously their food. . . . The most delightful rills and streams issued from among the débris of primeval conflagrations. . . . Sheep and goats, of small size but excellent quality, roamed uncontrolled over the hills, while the seas and streams swarmed with fish of various descriptions. Thus there was no lack either of the necessaries or luxuries of life; everything to please the eye and gratify the senses was to be found within the compass of that delightful country."*

But they pined for their native land. The feeling of expatriation preyed deeply upon Anna D'Arfet, whose health had also suffered severely from the hardships she had undergone; and twelve months had scarcely passed before she sunk a victim to the very malady that has since driven so many to the same spot with the hope of being restored to health. Machin was distracted and made miserable by her death; he accused himself as its cause; he erected a chapel with a rude cross and grave-

^{*} Mr. Lysons describes it as vividly and truly as though he had been there.

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stone to her memory; and, "after a few weeks' ineffectual struggle with his sorrow," he also died, leaving "the infant son to which Anna had given birth in her melancholy exile" to the care of the four rough but

faithful sailors who had been his companions.

To these men the life they led became so wearisome and monotonous that they were determined it should end. They were probably kind-as sailors almost always are-to their infant charge; but they preferred risking everything in an attempt to escape, "rather than endure any longer the solitude of their sea-girt prison." They had no tools that would fell a tree or convert it into a canoe, and weeks and months passed on before they could devise the means of accomplishing their wishes. At last, by taking some of the trees which had been felled by storms, and binding them together with osiers, they formed a raft, and with a sail of matting made of rushes, and with a supply of dried fruits, and fish, and bladders filled with water, they took with them the child, and once more ventured upon the deep. Their hope of meeting with some vessel was Before many days they attracted the attention of a Spanish bark, commanded by Don Juan Morales, which bore down to their rescue. They had a strange story to tell, and the Spanish captain saw the advantage to his sovereign and himself of the information they had given him.

The prize, however, was not destined to be his.

He was very soon afterwards taken by the Moors, and, with his crew, carried into captivity. What became of the English sailors and the boy does not appear. On the Spaniard's return homewards, having escaped or been redeemed, after a bondage of some years, he was again taken prisoner by Don Juan Gonsalvo Zarco, a gentleman in the service of Don Henry of Portugal, who having learned from Morales the discovery that had been made, at once informed his royal master, with the view of anticipating the rival nation in making so valuable an acquisition of territory. A squadron was fitted out under Zarco, with the Spaniard as his lieutenant. (Under which king, Bezonian? was then a common question.) After some difficulty they reached their destination, but, to their surprise, found the island inhabited by a people whose swarthy complexions left no doubt as to their origin. The sailors who had been wrecked in Machin's vessel on the coast of Morocco, as soon as they had mastered a little of the language, and in hopes that they might better their lot, had informed their captors of the discovery; and an expedition fitted out by the Moors, which the Englishmen accompanied, "had forestalled" both Spaniard and Portuguese in taking possession of the prize. The number of the settlers was too great to give Zarco a chance of then subduing them. He therefore contented himself with trading for some of their produce to stimulate the enterprise of his fellow-countrymen, and the occupation of the island by the Portuguese "was postponed till a later

To give to this romantic tale the authority of history, Mr. Lysons

gathers, from various sources, the following evidence:

1. The name that had been converted, by the phonetic orthography of a foreigner, into D'Arfet, was in reality Darby—so at least Mr. Lysons thinks there is good reason to believe. The wealthy citizen who bore it was an alderman of Bristol, and afterwards its chief magistrate; and he had rendered services to his sovereign which made him powerful

at court. He had sufficient influence, therefore, to obtain the banishment or outlawry of the man who had so grievously injured him; and, in ignorance of his fate, it was from time to time renewed "down to the 7th and 8th Henry IV." Of this there is sufficient proof in "the brief and significant entry of Machin banished, time extended, which is

found in the Parliamentary Rolls of that date."

2. That Madeira was discovered by an Englishman is one of the traditions of the island. A town on its eastern extremity, near the chapel supposed to have been erected to the memory of Anna D'Arfet, is called Machico, and the chapel itself, with all its recollections, existed till it was carried away by the memorable flood of 1803. For these facts the authorities are given in Rees's "Cyclopædia." They are supported by the Portuguese writers quoted by Mr. Kerr in his "General History and Collection of Voyages and Travels;" and Mr. Lysons feels justified in stating that "in 1420, Bartolomeo Perestello, Gonzales Zarco, and Tristram Vaz Teixera, visited the island, and actually found there the chapel, wooden cross, and tombstone, which had been erected by Machin, with his name engraven upon it."*

3. And lastly, as a connecting link, we have the testimony of the Rev. J. Ovington, M.A., chaplain to King William III., in his "Voyage to Surat," &c., who, on touching at Madeira "in 1689," received the same account from its then inhabitants, "that in 1344, an English gentleman having married a lady of considerable fortune, setting out with her for France, from the port of Bristol, was by gusty weather and opposite

winds driven to this island."

This is a careful summing up of the evidence adduced; and we think

that Mr. Lysons proves his case.

At the same time, it must be admitted that, in narrating the facts, he sometimes introduces incidents which, though very probable in themselves, are not to be found upon the record. He likewise reminds us that the story is elsewhere told with occasional variations. "Some authors state that Anna D'Arfet was actually married to the old nobleman, before she went away with Machin; some say that Machin did not die on the island, but escaped after Anna's death, and was made prisoner by the Moors, who presented him to their king, by whom he was sent, in an exchange of prisoners, to the King of Castile."

Mr. Knight's account despatches Zarco to take possession of the discovered land, with Morales as his pilot, and finds in Morales the lost son of Machin.† But we take Mr. Lysons as our most trustworthy authority on an event which has an historical as well as poetical interest; and we

look forward with pleasure to his future "Illustrations."

† "Once upon a Time," p. 59. 2nd ed.

^{*} Illustration, pp. 19, 20. Mr. Hughes, in his "Historical and Descriptive Account of Madeira," says: "All Portuguese historians, with the exception of Barros, commence their account of its discovery with the romantic history of Machin and Anna D'Arfet."

GRANVILLE DE VIGNE.

A TALE OF THE DAY.

PART THE TWENTY-SECOND.

T.

ONE OF THOSE WHOM ENGLAND HAS FORGOTTEN.

The chill Crimean winds blew from the north of Sebastopol, and the dust whirled and skerried before our eyes, as we kept the line in front of Cathcart's Hill on the morning of the 8th September, while the Guards stood ready in Woronzoff-road, and the Second and Light Divisions moved down to the trenches, and the Staff stationed themselves in the second parallel of the Green Hill Battery, and the amateurs, who had come out to see what was doing in the Crimea, as they went other years to Norwegian fishing or Baden roulette, were scattered about in yachting costume, and stirred to deep excitement as the Russian shells began to burst among us, and the bombs to fall with thuds loud enough

to startle the strongest nerves.

What would young ladies at home, full of visions of conquering heroes and myrtle and bay leaves, and all the pomp and circumstance of war, have said if, in that cold, dusty, raw Crimean morning, they had seen General Simpson, with only nose and eyes exposed, coddled up in a greatcoat, and General Jones, a vrai héros in spite of all costume, in his red bonnet de nuit—a more natural accompaniment to a Caudle lecture than to a siege—and Sir Richard, with his pocket-handkerchief tied over his ears after the manner of old ladies afflicted with catarrh? Ah me! it was not much like Davy Baird leading the forlorn hope under the hot sun of Seringapatam, or Wellington, "pale but ever collected," giving his prompt orders from the high ground behind San Christoval! Yet, God knows, there was daring and gallantry enough that day to have made of the Redan a second Ciudad Rodrigo; that it was not so, was no fault of the troops; the men whom Unett and Windham tossed up to lead would, had they been allowed, have given England as complete a success as they gave her invincible pluck, and the dead bodies piled high on the slopes of the Great Redan, were offered up as cheerfully and as nobly as though the fancied paradise of the Mahometan soldier awaited them, instead of the ordinary rewards of the British one—abuse and oblivion.

Heaven forfend that I should attempt to give you a description of the morning of the 8th. William Russell has told all our stories for us better than we could any of us tell them for ourselves; a man engaged in a battle or an attack can only see things as they go on around him, specially when stationed, as we were, at some little distance from the actual encounter; while smoke and dust and a leaden-coloured atmosphere all interfered with a view of those "dun-coloured, rugged parapets," where young boys fresh from their native villages were sent to fight some of the

best-drilled regiments of Europe.

The tricolor waved from the parapet of the Malakoff, and Chapman's Battery sent up the sparks of four rockets against the raw grey clouds. Our men at the signal left the fifth parallel, and the Russian muskets swept along their ranks, to such deadly result that in the few minutes' passage upwards to the salient, Shirley, Van Straubenzee, Handcock, Hammond, Welsford, most of their leaders and many of their officers, were hors de combat, if not dead. Then, as all the world knows, there were but half a dozen ladders. and those few were too short! But the officers led on and the troops followed them, jumping down into the ditch fifteen feet deep, and scaled the parapet, and once in, the carnage began, where, "fed by feeble driblets," and unable to form into line, not all the heroism of their leaders or the courage of their officers could prevent their being shot down pêle-mêle. We could see little beyond the great dull parapets of the Redan, and the troops that were pouring into and over it, and, though they were forced back again under the dense smoke of the Russian musketry, twice capturing the position, and twice pushed back down the slopes, slippery with human blood and piled with human bodies. It was afterwards, from the wounded that were brought down the Woronzoff-road, and from the remnant that came back unscathed from the reeking salient, that we heard the detail of the struggle in which we could take no part; heard how Windham held the triangle with the storm of shot seething round him, and crossed alone, amidst the death-rattle of grape and rifle bullets, with his gallant, " Now mind, let it be known, in case I am killed, why I went away"-to demand too late the support which should have been there unasked; heard how Pat Mahoney fell dead in the embrasure, shouting beside his colonel, "Come on, boys, come on!" how Lysons, of the 23rd, shot through the thigh, still kept his ground, cheering on his men to the very last; how Handcock was shot through the brain, and his body carried past the picket-house, where his wife was watching for him, back out of that fatal salient; how Molesworth sprang upon the parapet and lighted his cigar, smoking and cheering on his fellows to follow him. And we heard, too, what all the individual daring could not retrieve to any of us, least of all to those who did all that men could do to fight against the disadvantages with which the attack on the Redan was encircled at every side—we heard how the fire from the traverses killed off the storming party so rapidly that there was no force left large enough to sweep across; how the gabions gave way and broke down with the men gathered upon them; and Rowland, trying to charge across the open space with his handful of men, had almost all of them shot down one after the other; how the officers, picked out by the Russian fusillade, fell on every side, marked out by their own daring, and their men, bewildered for want of leaders, got mixed together, and rushing in inextricable confusion to the front, were swept down by the Russians, who, covered by their breastwork, could be but little injured by our fire.

We heard how three times Windham sent for the support, without which nothing decisive could be done in that fatal scene of carnage, where the British, unbacked, had nothing but broken ranks to oppose to the steady fire of the enemy and to the fresh troops who were swarming from the town and the evacuated Malakoff. We heard how, when at last he had leave "to take the Royals," the permission came too late; how the Russians, collecting some thousands of their troops behind the

breastworks, charged our troops with the bayonet, while their rear ranks poured over their heads a volley upon our men, who averaged one against three Muscovites, and were unable to form from the narrow neck of the salient. We heard how hand-to-hand our plucky fellows stood their ground against the granite mass, that, swelling every moment from the rear, pressed down upon them, till those who had held the salient, unsupported for an hour and three-quarters, under a fire that thinned their ranks as a scythe mows down meadow grass, grappling to the last with the Russians in the embrace of death, were forced from the loose earth and breaking gabions that made their ground, and, pelted with great stones, were driven down by the iron tramp that crushed recklessly alike friend and foe, till slipping, panting, bleeding, exhausted, pêle-mêle, they fell on to the mass of bayonets, muskets, and quivering human life that lay mingled together in the ditch below, the men rolling over each other like loose stones down a crevasse; the living crushed by the dead, the dying struggling under the weight of the wounded; the scarps giving way and burying not a few alive, while those who could struggle from the horrible heap of human life, where the men lay four deep, ran for life and death to reach the English trench. We heard that, and more toolonger details than can find space here—and, if we were not "Christian" to swear as fiercely as we did to avenge the Redan; if we had not done so, we should scarcely have been human—we should assuredly have not been English. Sad stories passed from one another. We were all down in the mouth that night; for though the officers had been as game and as gallant as men could be, flinging down their lives as of no account, their men had not imitated them; and it was hardly the tale that we, after the long winter of '54-'55, and the weary, dreary, hopeless months of inaction, had hoped to be rewarded with, by sending home to England. Wellington was wont to say that the saddest thing, after a defeat, was a victory. I think his iron heart would have broken over the loss of human life, the waste of heroic self-devotion that was seen on the parapets of the Redan.

We knew that Curly was to lead the —th with the Light Division that day, and we thought of him anxiously enough when we saw from Cathcart's Hill the smoke pouring out from the rugged parapets, and the troops fighting their way over, only to be sent forth again decimated

and exhausted.

I saw him early on the morning of the 8th, when we were all looking forward to the attack, and hoping, though but faintly, for success that should make the long-watched city ours. I saw him about half-past six, before we were posted, as he was chatting with some other fellows of the Light Division about the coming assault, which they were longing for as ardently as in days passed away they had longed for the dawn of the 1st or the 12th. Curly was in better spirits than he had been since he landed in the Crimea: he put me strangely in mind of the little fellow I had first known at Frestonbills, as he stood in that careless nondescript costume which we dandies of the Queen's had adopted, his old gay débonnaire smile on his lips, a cap much the worse for wind and weather on those silky yellow locks that we had teazed his life out about in the old school-days; a pipe of good Turkish tobacco peering out from be-

neath his long blond moustaches à la Hongrois. I had not seen him look so much like his old gay light-hearted self since the campaign began; and as we paced past him in the raw grey morning, I laughingly wished him good luck; he laughed, too, as he told us he was going in for all the honours now, and should have a clasp the more to his medals than we. De Vigne, as we passed, pulled up his horse for a second, bent from his saddle, and gave him his hand, with a sudden impulse. Bitter words had been between them—words such as he had found it hard to pardon; but now his old warm love for Curly rose up in him, and, forgetting or forgiving all, he looked on him kindly, almost wistfully, and offered his Frestonhills pet as warm a grasp as before Alma Tressillian and their mutual love for her had come between them. For the first moment Curly's eyes flashed with angry fire; then the better spirit in him conquered, his hand closed firm and warm on De Vigne's, and they looked at one another as they had used to do in days

gone by, before the love of woman had parted them.

There was no time for speech; that cordial shake of their hands was their silent greeting and farewell, and we left Curly laughing and chatting with his pipe in his lips, and his lithe, youthful figure standing out against the grey cold sky, while we rode onwards to form the line on Cathcart's Hill. I think De Vigne thought more than once of his old school pet when from our post we saw the ramparts of the Redan belching forth fire and smoke, and the ambulances coming down the Woronzoff-road with their heavy and pitiful burdens. Both he and I, I fancy, thought a good deal about Curly that day leading his Light Bobs on to the Russian fusillade. We saw them through the clouds of dust and smoke scale the parapet, with Curly at their head, some of the foremost to enter the Redan; we lost them amidst the obscurity which the fire of the musketry and the flames of the burning embrasure raised around the scene of carnage and confusion, and whether he was there among the remnant who were forced over the parapet and fell, or jumped, pêle-mêle into that mass of human misery below, where English pluck was still so strong among them that some laughs they say were heard at their own misery, we could not tell. If I were a believer in presentiments, which I am not, having seen too much real life to have time to accredit the mystic, I could fancy our thoughts of Curly were a foreboding of his fate. But a very few out of the gallant —th lived through the struggle in the salient, and the perilous passage back to our own advanced parallel; there were but a very few left of the old veterans, and the young recruits, who had gone up that morning to the assault of the Redan, with devotion enough in their commanders to have made of it a second Badajoz, and poor Curly, their Colonel, was not among them-not even amongst the wounded in the temporary hospitals; but late that night, Kennedy, one of his sergeants, told to De Vigne and me and a few other men another of those stories of individual heroism so great in their example, so unfortunate in their reward; telling it in rough, brief words, not picturesquely or poetically, yet with an earnestness that gave it eloquence to us, with those frowning ramparts in front, and those crowded hospitals behind:

"We was a'most the first into the Redan, Major. When I

see the ladders, so few, and what there was on 'em so short, I began to think as how we should never get in at all; but Colonel Brandling, he leaped into the ditch and scrambled up the other side as quick as a cat, with a cheer to do your heart good, and we went a'course after him and scaled the parapet, while the Russians ran back and got behind the traverses to fire upon us as soon as we got atop. sessed 'em I don't know, Major, but you've heard that some of our men began loading and file-firing instead of follering their officers to the front; so many trench-bred infantry men will keep popping away for ever if you let 'em; but the Colonel led on to the breastwork with his cigar in his mouth, just where he'd put it for a lark when he jumped on the parapet. There was nobody to support us, and our force weren't strong enough to carry it, and we had to go back and get behind the traverses, where our men were firing on the Russians, and there we stayed, sir, packed together as close as sheep in a fold, firing into the Redan as long as our powder lasted. I can't tell you, Major, very well how it all went on; it wasn't a right assault like, it was all hurry-scurry and confusion, and though the officers died game, they couldn't form the troops 'cause they were so few, sir, and the salient so narrow. But it was the Colonel I was to tell you about, Major. I was beside him a'most all At first he seemed as if nothing would hit him; one ball knocked his cap off, and another grazed his hair. He had as near shaves as Colonel Windham, but he took it all as careless as if he was at a ball, and he just turned to me, sir, with his merry smile: 'Good fun, eh, . Kennedy?' Them was the last words he spoke, sir. Just at that minute the enemy charged us with the bayonet, and the devils behind 'em began to pour volleys on us from the breastwork. Four of them Russians closed round the Colonel, and he'd nothing but his sword against their cursed bayonets. I closed with one on 'em; he was as hard as death to grip with. The Colonel killed two of 'em off hand, though they was twice as big as he, but the third, just as his arm was lifted, ran him right through the left lung, and a ball from them devils on the breastwork cut off one of his feet, just as the shot cut off Major Troubridge's last year. fell straight down, Major, of course, and I was a going to fight my way to him and carry him off in my arms, and I would ha' done it, sir, too, but the Russians pressed so hard on the front ranks that they pushed us straight off the parapet, and I only caught a sight of the Colonel lifting himself up on his elbow, and waving us on with a smile-God bless him!—and then I fell over into the ditch, with Pat O'Leary a-top of me, and I see him no more, Major, and he must be dead, sir, or else a prisoner in that confounded city."

And honest Kennedy, whose feeling had carried him beyond recollection of delicate language or other presence than his own, stopped abruptly. In his own words, he "felt like a fool," for Curly, like Eman of the 41st,

was loved by all the men who served under him.

De Vigne set his teeth hard as he listened; he turned away, sick at heart. Memories of his Frestonhills pet througed upon him; the little fellow who had been so eager for his notice, so proud of his patronage; the merry, light-hearted child, with his golden locks and his fearless spirits; the wild young Cantab with his larks and his devilry; the dandy Guardsman about town, so game in the hunting-field, so bored in the

ball-room; the warm, true, honest heart, unstained by the world he lived in; the friend, the rival, who had loved his love more unselfishly than he. Poor little Curly!—and he was lying yonder, behind those smoking ramparts, wounded and a prisoner—perhaps dead!

For an instant De Vigne's eyes flashed with eagle glance over the stormed city, lying there grim and gaunt, in the shadow of the grey-hued day, and but that his duty as a soldier held him back, I believe he would not have hesitated to cross those death-strewn lines alone, and

rescue Curly or fall with him.

The Crimea is not so far distant but that the world knows how we were awakened the morning after by the Russian general's masterly retreat, by thunder louder than that which had stunned our ears for twelve months long, by the explosion of the Flagstaff and Garden batteries, by the tramp of those dense columns of Russian infantry passing to the opposite side, by the glare of the flames from Fort Nicholas, by the huge columns of black smoke rising from Fort Paul, by the sight of that fair and stately Empress of the Euxine abandoned and in flames! Little did the people at home—hearing Litanies read and hymns sung in the village churches nestling among the fresh English woodlands—dream what a grand funeral mass for our dead was shaking the earth

with its echoes that Sabbath morning in the Crimea.

It was as late as Wednesday before De Vigne and I got passes from the adjutant-general's office, and went into the town before whose granite ramparts we had lain watching and waiting for twelve weary months. What a road it was through the French works! a very Fair Rosamond's maze of trenches, zig-zags, and parallels, across the French sap, where every square inch might be marked "Sta viator, heroem calcas;" threading our way through the heaps of dead, where the men lay so thickly one on the other, just as they had fallen, shoulder to shoulder, till we were inside the Malakoff. It was horrible there even to us, used as we were to bloodshed, and to mangling, and to human suffering in every form of torture. I wonder how it would have suited the nerves of those gentlemen who sit at home at ease, and dictate from their arm-chairs how this should have been done, and that should have been avoided? I fancy Messieurs the Volunteer Rifles, who think themselves just now "so much better than a standing army," taken in to such a scene after one of their days of ball-practice or Hyde Park turn-out, would very likely turn sick and faint, and not find "soldiering" quite so pleasant as firing at a butt and toasting the ladies. Four piles of dead were heaped together like broken meat on a butcher's stall—not a whit more tenderly -and cleared out of the way like carrion; the ground was broken up into great pools of blood, black and noisome; troops of flies were swarming like mimic vultures on bodies still warm, on men still conscious, crowding over the festering wounds (for these men had lain there since Saturday at noon!), buzzing their death-rattle in ears already maddened with torture; that was what we saw in the Malakoff, what we saw a little later in the Great Redan, where, among cook-houses, brimful of human blood, English and Russian lay clasped together in a fell embrace, petrified by death; where the British lay in heaps, mangled beyond recognition by their dearest friends, or scorched and blackened by the recent explosions, and where-how strange they looked there !-there

stood outside the entrance of one of the houses a vase of flowers and a little canary, rebuking, as it were, with their soft and gentle beauty, the outrage of Nature that stretched around them. But we did not stay to notice the once white and stately city, now ruined and defaced. with its snow-like walls, now black and broken with our shot; we went straight on towards Fort Paul, as yet untouched, where stood the hospital, that chamber of horrors, that worse than charnel-house, from which strong men retreated, unable to bear up against the loathsome terrors it That long low room, with its arched roof, its square pillars, its dim, cavernous light coming in through the shattered windows, was a sight worse than all the fabled horrors of painter, or poet, or author; full of torment—torment to which the cruelest torture of Domitian or Nero were mercy—a hell where human frames were racked with every possible agony, not as a chastisement for sin, but as a reward for heroism! De Vigne, iron as his nerves were counted, used as he had been to death and pain, strong soldier as he was, capable of Spartan endurance and braced to English impassibility, closed his eyes involuntarily as he entered, and a shudder ran through his frame as he thought of who might belying there among those dead and dying men that the Russian general had abandoned to their fate. There they lay, packed as closely together as dead animals in a slaughter-house—the many Russians, the few English soldiers, who had been dragged there after the assault, to die as they might; they would but have cumbered the retreat, and their lives were valueless now! There they lay; some on the floor that was slippery with blood like a shamble; some on pallets, saturated with the stream that carried away their life in its deadly flow; some on straw, crimson and noisome, the home of the most horrible vermin; some dead hastily flung down to be out of the way, black and swollen, a mass of putrefaction, the eyes forced from the sockets, the tongue protruding, the features distended in hideous grotesqueness; others dead, burnt and charred in the explosion, a heap of blanched bones and gory clothes and blackened flesh, the men who but a few hours before had been instinct with health and hope and gallant fearless life! Living men in horrible companionship with these corpses, writhing in torture which there was no hand to relieve, no help from heaven or earth to aid, with their jagged and broken limbs twisted and powerless, were calling for water, for help, for pity; shrieking out in wild delirium or disconnected prayer the name of the woman they had loved or the God that had forsaken them, or rolling beneath their wretched beds in the agony of pain and thirst which had driven them to madness, glaring out upon us with the piteous helplessness of a hunted animal, or the ferocious unconsciousness of insanity.

We passed through one of these chambers of terrors, our hearts sickened and our senses reeling at the hideous sight, the intolerable stench that met us at every step. Great Heaven! what must those have endured who lay there days and nights with not a drop of water to soften their baked throats, not a kind touch to bind up their gaping wounds, not a human voice to whisper pity for their anguish; before their dying eyes scenes to make a strong man reel and stagger, and in their dying ears the shrieks of suffering equal to their own, the thunder of exploding magazines, the shock of falling fortresses, the burst of shells falling through the roof, the hiss and crash and roar of the

flaming city round them.

We passed through one chamber in which we saw no one who could be Curly, or at least who we could believe was he, for few of the faces there could have been recognised by their nearest and their dearest, for not Edith's quest of Harold wanted so keen an eye of love as was needed

to seek for friend or brother in the hospital of Sebastopol.

We entered a second room, where the sights and the odours were vet more appalling than in the first. Beside one pallet De Vigne paused and bent down: then his pale bronze cheek grew white, and he dropped on his knee beside the wretched bed-at last he had found Curly. Poor dear Curly! still alive, in that scene of misery, lying on the mattress that was soaked through with his life-blood, his broken ankle twisted under him. the wound in his shoulder open and festering, his eyes closed, his bright hair dull and damp with the dew of suffering that stood upon his brow, his face of a livid blue-white hue; the gay, gallant, chivalrous English gentleman, thrown down to die as he would not have had a dog left in its suffering. On one side of him was a black charred corpse, swollen in one place, burnt to the bone in another; could that ever have been a living, breathing human soul, with thought and hope and life, loving, acting, aspiring?—the woman that loved him best could not have known him now! On the other side of him, close by, was a young Russian officer but just dead, with an angry frown upon his handsome features, and his hands, small and fair as a girl's, filled with the straw that he had clutched at in his death-agony; and between these two dead men lay Curly!

De Vigne knelt down beside him, lifting his head upon his arm.

"My God, Arthur, is he dead?"

At the familiar voice his eyes unclosed, first with a dreamy vacant stare in them—his mother's heart would have broken at the wreck of beauty in that face, so fair, so delicate, so handsome but a few days before.

"Curly, Curly, dear old fellow!-don't you know me?"

How soft and gentle was De Vigne's voice as he spoke, with that latent tenderness which, though all had chilled, nothing could wholly banish from his heart!

Curly looked at him dreamily, unconsciously. "What! is that the

prayer-bell? Is the Doctor waiting?"

His thoughts were back among the old school-days at Frestonhills, when we first met at the old Chancery—when we little thought how we were doomed to part under the murderous shadow of Fort Paul.

De Vigne bent nearer to him. "Look at me, dear old boy. You

must know me, Curly."

But he did not; his head tossed wearily from side to side, the fever of his wounds had mounted to his brain, and he moaned out delirious dis-

connected words.

"Why don't they form into line, Kennedy—why don't they form into line? If there were more of us, we could take that breastwork. Water!—water! Is there not a drop of water anywhere? We shall die of thirst. I should like to die in harness, but it is hard to die of thirst like a mad dog—like a mad dog—ha! ha!" (Both of us shuddered, as the mocking, hideous laughter rang through the chamber of death.) "Alma!—Alma! Who talked of Alma? Can't you bring her here

once, just once, before I die? I think she would be kinder to me now, perhaps; I loved her very much; she did not care for me—she would not care now—she loves De Vigne. You know how I have hated him—my God! how I have hated him—and yet——I loved him once better than any man till she came between us. Oh, for God's sake, give me water

-water, for the love of Heaven!"

At the muttered raving words De Vigne's face grew as livid for the moment as that of the dead Russian beside him, and his hand trembled as he took a flask from his belt that he had filled with sherry before starting, and held it to Curly's lips. How eagerly he drank and drank, as if life and reason would flow back to him with the draught! For a time it gave him strength to fling off the faintness and delirium fastening upon him, his eyes grew clearer and softer, and as De Vigne raised him into a sitting posture, and supported him on his arm with all the gentle care of a woman, he revived a little, and looked at him with a conscious and grateful regard.

"De Vigne! How do you come here? Where am I? Oh! I know;

is the city taken, then?"

Dying as he was, the old spirit in him rallied and flashed up for a brief moment, while De Vigne told him how the Russians had retreated, leaving Sebastopol in flames. But he was too far gone to revive long; he lay with his head resting on De Vigne's arm, his eyelids closed again, his breathing faint and quick, all his beauty and his manhood and his strength stricken down into the saddest wreck that human eyes can see and human passions cause. Few could have recognised the once gay, brilliant Guardsman, whom women had loved for his beauty and his grace, in the wounded man who was stretched on that wretched and gore-stained pallet, with his life ebbing away simply for want of that common care that a friendless beggar would have been given at home.

"Is the city won?" he asked again; his low and feeble words scarcely heard in the shrieks, the moans, the muttered prayers, the groans, the

oaths around him.

"Yes, dear Curly," answered De Vigne, not heeding the pestilence of which the air was reeking, and from which many a man as strong as he had turned heart-sick away, while he bent over the death-bed of the friend who so many years ago had been his pet and favourite at Frestonhills.

"I am glad of that," said Curly, dreamily. "England is sure to win; she is never beaten, is she? I should like to fight once more for her, but I never shall, old fellow; the days here—how many are they?—have done for me. It is hard to die like this, De Vigne?" And a shudder ran through his frame, that was quivering with every torture. "God knows, I longed to fall in the field, but not a bullet would hit me there; however, it does not matter much; it comes to the same thing; and if we won, that is all I care. Tell my mother I die quite content, quite happy. Tell her not to regret me, and that I have thought of her often, very often—she was good and gentle to me always—and bid my father, if he loves me, to be kinder to Gus—Gus was a good old fellow, though we made game of him."

Curly paused; slowly and painfully as he had spoken, the exertion was greater than his fading strength could bear; he, three days before the ideal of manly vigour, grace, and beauty, was powerless as a new-born

child, helpless as a paralysed old man, stricken down like a gracious and beautiful cedar-tree by the hacking strokes of the woodman's axe, its life crushed, its glory withered; only to be piled amidst a heap of others to

make the bonfires for a conqueror's ovation.

De Vigne bent over him, his cheek growing whiter and whiter as he thought of the boy's early promise and sunny boyhood, and of the man's death amidst such horror, filth, and desolation as England would have shuddered to compel her paupers, her convicts, nay, the very unowned dogs about her streets, to suffer in; yet made small count of having forced it on her heroes to die in it like murrained cattle.

"Curly, dear Curly," he whispered, pushing off the clammy hair from Brandling's forehead as gently as any woman, "why talk of death? Once out of this d—d hole" (ah, reverend Christians in England, you would have found it hard to keep to holy language amidst such horrors as De Vigne saw then!), "you will get well, old fellow; you shall get well; men have got over wounds ten times more dangerous than yours. We shall have many a day together still at home among the bracken and the stubble."

Curly smiled faintly:

"No, never again. I do not die from the wounds; what has killed me, De Vigne"—and at the memory the old delirious vagueness grew over his eyes, which wandered away into the depths of his dire prison-house—"has been the sights, the scents, the sounds. Oh, my God, the horrors I have seen! In sermons we used to hear them try sometimes to describe a hell; if those preachers had been here as I have been, they would have seen we don't want devils to help us make one—men are quite enough! The stench, the ravings, the roar of the flames round us, the vile creeping things, the blasphemy, the prayers, the horrible thirst—oh, God! I prayed for madness, De Vigne; prayed for it as I never prayed for anything in all my life before, and yet, I am no coward either!"

He stopped again, a deathly grey spread over his face, and a cold shiver ran through him; the brain, last of all to die, the part immortal and vital amidst so much death, triumphed yet a while over the dissolution of the body. Curly knew that he was dying fast, and signed De

Vigne down nearer still to him.

"De Vigne, when the war is over, and you go back to England, first

of all try and seek out Alma Tressillian."

The fierce red blood crimsoned De Vigne's very brow; had it been a living and not a dying man who had dared to breathe that name to him, I think he would have provoked a reply he would have little cared to hear. All the mad passion, all the infinite tenderness there were in his heart, stronger still than ever, for his lost love, rose up at the abrupt mention of her.

"Will you promise me?" asked Curly; "to give me peace in my

death-hour, promise me."

"No," said De Vigne, between his teeth, clenched like an iron vice. "I cannot promise you. Why should you wish me? You loved her yourself——"

"Because I loved her myself, because I love her still; love her so well that it is the thought that in my grave I shall never hear her little soft voice, never see her bright blue eyes, never meet her once again,

that makes me shrink from death," said Curly; an unutterable tenderness and despair in those faint broken tones whose last utterance was Alma's name. "I do love her, too well to believe what you believe, that she is Vane Castleton's mistress."

De Vigne's hands clenched the straw of the pallet like a man in bodily

agony

"For God's sake be silent! Do not drive me to madness. Do you

think I should believe it without proof?---"

"On the spur of anger and jealousy you might. I do not know, I cannot tell, but I could never think her capable of falsehood, of dishonour," whispered Curly, his breath growing shorter, his eyes more dim, though even on his haggard cheek a flush just rose, wavered, and died out, as he went on: "The day she—she—rejected me I accused her of her love for you, and then she answered me as a woman would hardly have done if she had not cared for you very dearly. Before I left England I left all I had to her; it is little enough, but it will keep her from want. Let some one seek her out, even though she were sunk in the lowest shame, and see that they give her my money. It will save her from the vile abyss to which Castleton would leave her to sink down as she might;—as she must. Promise me, De Vigne,—or you, Chevasney,—promise me, or I cannot die in peace."

"No, no, I promise you."

Hoarse and low as De Vigne's voice was, Curly heard it, a look of gratitude came into the eyes once so bright and fearless, now so dim and dull.

"And if you find that she does love you, you will not reward her for

her love as we have done too many?"

Whiter and whiter yet grew De Vigne's face, as his hands clenched harder on the straw of Curly's bed; it was some moments before he spoke:

"I dare not promise that. God help me!"

But his words fell on ears deaf at last to the harsh fret and bustle of the world; the faintness of that terrible last struggle of brain and body with the coming chill of death had crept over poor Curly. Sudden shiverings seized him, the mind vanquished at last began to wander from earth-whither who can dare to say?-dark blue shadows deepened under his hollow eyes, the life in him still lingered, as though loth to leave the form so brief a space ago full of such beautiful youth, such gracious manhood; to watch it flickering, struggling, growing fainter and fainter, ebbing away so slowly, so surely, dying out painfully, reluctantly, and to know that it might all have been spared by the common care that at home would be given to a horse—to a dog. God knows, there are sights and thoughts in this world that might well turn men into fiends. He gave one sigh, one heavy sigh deep drawn, and turned upon his side: "My mother -Alma!" Those were the last words he uttered; then-all light died out of his eyes, and the life so young, so brave, so gallant, had fled away for ever. De Vigne bent over the reeking straw that was now the funeral bier of as loyal a heart as ever spent itself in England's cause; and bitter tears, wrung from his proud eyes, fell on the cold brow, and the closed features that never more would light up with the kind, fond, fearless smile of friendship, truth, and welcome.

"I loved him," he muttered. "God help me! Such is ever my fate! My mother—Alma—Curly—all lost! And no bullet will come to me!"

In his own arms De Vigne bore Curly out from the loathsome charnelhouse, where the living had been entombed with the dead. We buried him with many another, as loyal and gallant as he, who had died on the slope of the Great Redan; and we gave him a soldier's gravestone; a plain white wood cross with his name and his regiment marked upon it, such as were planted in thick, those two long years on the hills and valleys of the Crimea. God knows if it be there now, or if the Russian peasant has not struck it down and levelled the little mound with his ploughshare and the hoofs of his heavy oxen. We have left him in his distant grave. England, whom he remembered in his death-hour, has forgotten him long ere this. Like many another soldier lying in the green sierras of Spain, among the pathless jungle of the tropics, amidst the golden corn of Waterloo, and the white headstones upon Cathcart's Hill; the country for which he fell scarcely heard his name, and never heeded his fate. he lies in his distant grave, the white and gleaming city he died to win stately and restored to all her ancient beauty, the waters of the Alma rolling through its vineyards as peacefully as though no streams of blood had ever mingled with its flow; the waves of the Euxine Sea beating slowly on the Crimean sands a requiem for the buried dead. There he lies in his distant grave; God requite England if ever she forget him and those who braved his danger, found his death, and shared his grave.

II.

HOW INCONSTANCY WAS VOTED A VIRTUE.

THERE was a ball at the Tuileries. The bells had fired, and the bonfires blazed upwards through the still September night in dear old England for the fall of Sebastopol; and M. Louis Napoléon, in imitation of the holy men of old, had been to his Te Deum in Notre-Dame, making much of his Mamelon Vert to a populace whom his uncle had won with Mont Tabor and Arcola. There was a ball at the Tuileries, that stately palace that has seen so many dynasties and so many generations, from the polished Pairs de France gathered round the courtly and brilliant Bourbons, to the Maréchaux roturiers, with their strong swords and their broad accents, crowding about the Petit Caporal, taking camp tone into palace salons. There were that night all the English élite, of course, in honour of the "alliance;" and there was among the other foreign; guests one Prince Carl Wilhelm Theodore Vallenstein-Seidlitz, an Austrian, with an infinitesimal duchy and a magnificent figure, a tall, strong fellow, with the blue eyes and fair hair of the Teuton race, a man of few words and only two passions: the one for belles tailles, the other for gros jeu.

He had been exchanging a few monosyllables with the Empress, and now leant against the wall of one of the other reception-rooms, regarding, with calm admiration, the beauty of the Duchesse d'Albe, until his attention wandered to a new face that he had not seen before, and he turned to a young fellow belonging to the British Legation, and demanded, with more consideration of brevity than of grammar, "Qui?"

"Ma sœur, mon Prince."

"Ciel! quelle taille; pas grande, mais quelle taille!"

With which, for him, warm encomium Prince Carl stroked his blonde moustaches and studied her silently for five minutes. Then he asked another question:

"Pourquoi est-ce que je ne l'ai jamais vue?"

"Parceque vous n'étés pas arrivé à Paris, que depuis huit jours; et parcequ'elle est diablement éprisé d'un homme marié, qui est dans la Crimée, et, si c'était permis par ma mère; elle ne voudrait pas aller dans le monde."

The Austrian shrugged his shoulders.

"Hein! Un homme marié! Comme les femmes aiment les pommes

defendues! Introduisez moi, mon cher, je la ferai l'oublier."

So Rushbrooke Molyneux introduced the Duke of Vallenstein-Seidlitz to his sister, and the bold Teuton eyes fastened on Violet with delight at that belle taille, whose grace and outline eclipsed all he had ever seen. I am not sure that a casual observer would have noticed any change in our brilliant belle. The eyes had lost their riant and cloudless regard; the soft rose hue upon her cheeks was altered to an excited flush at times, a marble pallor at others; and the smile that had before been so spontaneous and so heartfelt, now faded off her lips the moment courtesy ceased to require it. Beyond that, there was little alteration. At her years the most bitter curse upon the mind does not always stamp itself upon the features, and though Violet never affected a gaiety which her heart refused, and did not care who saw that, while Sabretasche was in danger, she shrank from all scenes of pleasure and distraction, she knew that she was pitied and that he was blamed, and that knowledge was sufficient to rouse her Irish spirit to face the world, which would only have amused itself with her sorrow and taken occasion for fresh condemnation of him, so-she let the wolf gnaw at her vitals, but closed her soft girlish lips with the heroism of the Spartan, and suffered no word of pain to escape them which might be construed into a reproach to him.

Vallenstein looked on her belle taille, and on her lovely face, never noticing the weary depths in the eyes that seemed "looking afar off," and the haughty chillness of tone into which Violet, surrounded with men who would willingly have taught her to forget, had unconsciously fallen in self-defence; but thought to himself, as he drove away to a less formal and well-nigh as gorgeous an entertainment in a cabinet particulier at Véfours: "Qui le diable est ce peste d'homme marié? N'importe! Je la ferai l'oublier." And Lady Molyneux, too, thought, as her maid unfastened her diamond tiara: "If the cards are played well, I may make Violet Duchess of Vallenstein-Seidlitz. It would be the best match of the His hotel here is very fine, and Madame de la Hauteville says his Viennese palace is charming. What a pity it seems Sabretasche has never had anything happen to him !- if he were not in that Crimea alive to write her letters and feed this romance, I could soon bring her to reason. However, as it is, a great deal may be done by firmness; I am glad Rushbrooke is so intimate with Vallenstein; Rushbrooke has such just views, he will never throw himself away for love-if I could only persuade Violet how utterly unnecessary a grande passion is-indeed, in marriage, positively inconvenient! She will outgrow her romance, of

course: still, it is time we put an end to it, some way or other. Her dresses mount up very expensively. I must have that lace—only three hundred guineas, dirt cheap! and I don't believe the women will let me have it unless I pay part of their bill, tiresome creatures. I paid them up every farthing seven years ago, but that sort of persons grows so rude now-a-days, instead of being thankful for one's custom, that it is utterly insufferable. I must certainly marry Violet to somebody, and I will not procrastinate about it any longer. I shall be firm with her!"

With which resolution my lady sharply bade her femme de chambre be quick and brush out her hair, and composed herself to her slumbers till Jeanne and the chocolatière and a French novel should arouse her at noon: while on the other side of the partition-wall that divided their chambers, Violet, an hour ago the belle of imperial salons, with her graceful languor, and her matchlesss loveliness, and her glittering court dress, lay on her couch, her long hair unbound, her pillows wet with bitter tears, pouring out all her soul in passionate prayer, and sinking at last into the slumber of exhaustion, with his letters clasped tightly in her hands, till the gleam of the morning sun, shining in through the persiennes on her cheeks, found the tears still wet upon them, while the lips that had

so often touched his were still murmuring Sabretasche's name.

The Molyneux had come to winter in Paris. Corallyne, though it looked well enough in Burke, was utterly uninhabitable; London was out of the question till March, and the Viscountess, tired of travelling, and bored with the Bads, had taken a suite in an hotel in the Champs Elysées, where, between her French acquaintance and her English connexions, the fashionable Chapels and the Boulevard, the Opera-Comique and the jeunesse dorée, the shops and her own petit soupers, she contrived to spend her days tolerably pleasantly, especially as there was a remarkably handsome Confessor of her friend Madame de la Hauteville's, who gave her unusual piquancy in her religious excitements, and made her think seriously of the duties of auricular confession. (It is commonly said that women make the best devotees—doubtless for causes too lengthy to enter upon here but I wonder, if religions had no priests how many of their fairer disciples would they retain?) And now, Lady Molyneux had another object in life-to woo Prince Carl for her daughter. Bent on that purpose, she tried to make the Hôtel Clâchy very delightful to him, and succeeded. Violet paid him no attention—barely as much as courtesy dictated to a man of his rank and to her father's guest-but he cared nothing for conversation, and as long as she sat there, however haughtily silent, and he could admire her belle taille as he liked, he wished for no words, though he might have desired a few smiles. Still she was the first woman who had neglected him, and to men as courted as the Austrian that is a better spur than any, and he really grew interested when he found it not so easy "de la faire oublier l'absent."

"C'est en bon train," thought my lady; "if only Violet were more tractable, and Sabretasche would not write!"-would not live was in her thoughts, but naturally so religiously-minded a woman could hardly "murder with a wish," and, having no other weapons than her natural ones of tongue and thought, planned out a series of ingenious persecutions against her daughter till she had induced her to marry either Regalia, who had followed them to Paris, or the Duke of Vallenstein.

She rather preferred the latter, because the little German Court, could she transplant Violet thither, would be too far away for men to compare disadvantageously, as they did now, the passé, with the perfect beauty. It is very inconvenient for a handsome coquette woman to have constantly beside her one twenty years younger, who waltzes better than herself, and needs no cosmetiques.

"My dear Violet, oblige me with a few minutes' conversation," said

my lady, one morning.

Violet looked up and followed her passively; her manner was as soft and gentle as of old—even gentler still to those about her—but the chill of her great grief was upon her, and her mother's persistence in teasing her to go into society, or to receive attentions which to Violet seemed semi-infidelity to Sabretasche, had taught her a somewhat haughty reserve quite foreign to her nature, in defence not only of herself, but of the allegiance, which she never attempted to conceal, that she gave to him as faithfully as though he had been her husband.

"My dear Violet," began the Viscountess, seating herself opposite to her daughter in her own room, "may I ask whether you absolutely intend dedicating all your days to Vivian Sabretasche? Do you really mean to devote yourself to maidenhood all your life because one man happens not

to be able to marry you?"

The colour rose on Violet's white brow; the sensitive wound shrank at any touch, how much more so from one coarse and unfeeling; and my Lady Molyneux, religious and gentle woman though she was, could use Belgravian Billingsgate on occasion. The blood mounted over her daughter's pale features; she answered with involuntary hauteur:

"Why do you renew that subject? You know as well as I that, unless I marry Colonel Sabretasche, I shall never marry any one. It is a subject which concerns no one but myself, and I have told you, once for all, that I hold myself as fully bound to him as if the yows we hoped

to take had passed between us!"

Her voice trembled as she spoke, though her teeth were set together. Her mother was the last person upon earth to whom she could speak either of herself or of Sabretasche. The Viscountess sighed and sneered en même temps.

"Then do you mean that you will refuse Regalia?"

"I have refused him."

"You have!" And my lady, with a smile, drank a little eau-de-Cologne by way of refreshment after hearing such a statement. "I suppose you know, Violet, that you will have no money; that if you do not make a good match now you are young and pretty, nobody will take you when you are the dowerless passé daughter of a penniless Irish Peer? And Vallenstein-Seidlitz, may I inquire if you have refused him, too?"

"He has not given me the opportunity; if he do, I shall."

"If he do, you will? You must be mad—absolutely mad!" cried her mother, too horrified for expression. "Don't you know that there is not a girl in the English, or the French, or the Austrian empire, who would not take such an offer as his, and accept it with thanksgiving? The Vallenstein diamonds are something magnificent; he is a thorough Parisien in his tastes, most perfect style, and—"

"Oh yes! I could not sell myself to better advantage!"

"Sell yourself?" repeated the peeress. Fine ladies are not often fond

of hearing things called by their proper names.

"Yes, sell myself," repeated Violet, bitterly, leaning against the mantelpiece, with a painful smile upon her lips. "Would you not put me up to auction, knock me down to the highest bidder? Marriage is the mart, mothers the auctioneers, and he who bids the highest wins. Women are like racers, brought up only to run for cups, and win handicaps for their owners."

"Nonsense!" said her mother, impatiently. "You have lost your senses, I think. There is no question of 'selling,' as you term it. Marriage is a social compact, of course, where alliances suitable in position, birth, and wealth, are studied. Why should you pretend to be wiser than all the rest of the world? Most amiable and excellent women have married without thinking love a necessary ingredient. Why should you object to a good alliance if it be a marriage de convenance?"

"Because I consider a marriage de convenance the most gross of all social falsehood. You prostitute the most sacred vows and outrage the closest ties; you carry a lie to your husband's heart and home. You marry him for his money or his rank, and simulate an attachment for him that you know to be hypocrisy. You stand before God's altar with an untruth upon your lips, and either share an unhallowed barter, or deceive and trick an affection that loves and honours you. The Quadroon girl sold in the slave-market is not so utterly polluted as the woman free, educated, and enlightened, who barters herself for a "marriage for position."

Something of her old passionate eloquence was roused in her, as she spoke with contempt and bitterness. Her heart was sick of the follies and conventionalities that surrounded her, so meshing her in that it needed both spirit and endurance to keep free and true amidst them all. Lady Molyneux was silent for a minute, possibly in astonishment at this novel

view of that usual desideratum—a marriage for position.

"My dear Violet, your views are very singular—very extraordinary. You are much too free of thought for your age. If you had listened to me once before, you would never have had the misery of your present unhappy infatuation. But do listen to me now, my dear—do be sensible. The eye of society is upon you; you must act with dignity; society demands it of you. You must not disgrace your family by pining after a married man. It was very sad, I know—very sad that affair; and I dare say you were very attached to him. Everybody knows he was a most handsome, gifted, fascinating creature, though, alas! utterly worldly, utterly unprincipled. Still, even if you suffered, I think your first feeling should have been one of intense thankfulness at being preserved from the fate you might have had. Only fancy if his wife had not declared her claims before your marriage with him! Only fancy, my dear Violet, what your position in society would have been! Every one would have pitied you, of course, but not a creature could have visited you!"

The silent scorn in her daughter's eyes made her pause; she could not but read the contempt of her own doctrines in them, which Violet felt

too deeply to put into words.

"I have no doubt it was a very great trial," she continued, hurriedly; "I am not denying that, of course; still, what I mean is, that your duty, your moral duty, Violet, was, as soon as you found that Vivian Sabretasche was the husband of another, to do your very utmost to for-

get him, certainly not to foster and cherish his memory as persistently and wilfully as you do. It is an entire twelvementh since you parted from him, and yet, instead of trying to banish all remembrance of your unhappy engagement and breaking entirely with him, you keep up a correspondence with him—more foolish your father to allow it!—and obstinately refuse to do what any girl would be only too happy to do who had been the subject of as much gossip as you have been of late; form a more fortunate attachment, and marry well. I tell you that your affection for Colonel Sabretasche, however legitimate its commencement, became wrong, morally wrong—a sin to be striven against with every means in your power, as soon as you learned that he was married to another woman."

At last the Viscountess paused for breath; the scorn which had been gathering deeper and deeper in Violet's face burst into words; she lifted her head, that her mother might not see the thick blinding tears that

gathered in her eyes:

"A sin? To love him! with the love God himself has created in us—the noblest, best, least selfish part of all our natures! You cannot mean what you say! The sin, if you like, were indeed to forsake him and forget him; that were a crime, of which, if I were capable, you would indeed have reason to blush for me. When I know him noble in heart and character, worthy of every sacrifice that any woman could make him, so true and generous that he chose misery for himself rather than falsehood towards me, am I then to turn round and say to him, 'Because you cannot marry me—in other words, give me a good income, home, and social position, contribute to my own aggrandisement, and flatter my own self-love, I choose to forget all that has passed between us, to ignore all the oaths of fidelity and affection I once vowed to you, and sell whatever charms I have to some buyer free to bid a better price for them?"

The satiric bitterness in her tone stung her mother into shame, or as faint an approach to it as she could feel, and, like most people, she

covered an indefensible argument with vague irritation.

"Really, Violet, your tone is highly unbecoming towards me: if you own no obedience to a parent, you might at the least show a little respect for the opinion of a person of so much larger experience than yourself. I have absolutely no patience with your folly——!"

Violet stopped her with a gesture as of physical suffering, but with a

dignity in her face that awed even her mother into silence.

"Not even you shall ever apply such a term to any devotion I can show to him. He is worthy all the deepest love of a woman far nobler and better than I ever shall be, whose only title to such a heart as his, is that I hold him dearer than my own life. I promised him my allegiance once when the world smiled upon our love; because the world now frowns instead, do you suppose that I shall withdraw it? Do not torture me any more with this cruel discussion; it is ended once for all. I shall never marry any other; it will always be as useless to urge me as it is useless now. God knows whether we may ever meet again; but, living or dead, I am for ever bound to him."

Every vestige of colour led from her face as she spoke; her small

white fingers were clasped together till her rings cut into the skin; there was an utter despair, a passionate tenderness in her voice, which might have touched into sympathy, one would have thought, even the coldest nature. But (I do not think one can blame my Lady Molyneux; if she was born without feelings, perhaps she was hardly more responsible for the non-possession of them than the idiot for the total absence of brain) her mother was not touched, not even silenced, by the sight of the suffering, which, though she checked its utterance, was only too easily read on Violet's face and in her voice.

"Is that your final decision?" she said, with a sneer. "Very well, then! I will tell Vallenstein that my daughter intends to lead a semi-conventual life, with the celibacy, but not the holy purpose, of a nun, because she is dying with love for a handsome roue who happens to be a married man. I dare say he will enjoy telling the story at the Tuileries, and there are plenty of women, my love, who will like nothing better than a laugh against you."

"You can say what you please," answered Violet between her teeth. But that she was her mother, the Viscountess would have had a far

sharper retort.

"Of course I can! And stories grow strangely in passing from mouth to mouth! Dear me, is it three o'clock? And I was to be at Notre-Dame by half-past, to hear that divine creature, Alexis Dupont!" And my lady floated from the room, while her daughter leant her head upon the mantelpiece, the tears she had forced back while in her mother's presence falling hot and thick on the chill marble—not more chill than the natures that surrounded her in the gay world of which she was so weary. Her heart was sick within her, the burden of her life grew heavier than she knew how to bear.

"Vivian, Vivian, why did you leave me, why did you forsake me? Would to God that I were near you! Any fate were better than this,—any fate, any fate! Would to God that I could die with you!" burst from her lips, while the form that Vallenstein coveted shook with uncontrollable sobs.

How long she stood there she did not know; her thoughts were all centred on that inexorable misery of absence, which stretched like a great gulf between those two, so formed to make each other not only happy, but tenderer, nobler, better, as two lives each incomplete without the other may well become when blended into one. How long she stood there she did not know, till hands as soft as her own touched hers, a face as fair as her own was lifted to hers, a voice whispered gently to her, "Why do you talk of dying? For you, of all, life should be bright and beautiful?" Violet lifted her head with a faint smile; she had not heard her entrance; a volume lay open by chance on a table beside her, and she pointed at the passage that was on the open page:

To feel that thirst and hunger of our soul We cannot still, that longing, that wild impulse, And struggle after something we have not And cannot have; the effort to be strong, And, like the Spartan boy, to smile and smile While secret wounds do bleed beneath our cloaks, All this the dead feel not—the dead alone! Would I were with them!

"Do you not understand that, Alma?"

"Do I not!"

Alma spoke with that passionate vehemence natural to her, which, while her dark blue eyes grew darker still, with a grief in them more sad than tears, expressed in those three little words how much of sympathy, suffering, and despair! In their long intercourse, which had been the intercourse of friends rather than that usual in their relative positions, the tenderest chord in the heart of both had never been touched; each of them would have shrank from unveiling what was most sacred and most near, and the love which they felt was never desecrated by being pulled out as public wares, and tainted by the sentimental atmosphere of "confidences."

Violet, struck by her tone, looked down at her, forgetting for the moment her own sorrow: in Alma's passionate eyes perhaps she read a history similar to her own; perhaps she guessed that Alma's association with De Vigne had not been broken without a wrench, to one of the two at least; probably she thought that he, whom she had only known satirical, and to all appearance utterly unimpressionable, had won the girl's love carelessly, and cared nothing for her in return. At least she saw enough to tell her that she was not the only one who suffered, and moved by a sudden impulse of pity, Violet Molyneux stooped and touched with her lips the white arched brow that had once flushed beneath De Vigne's caresses.

"Alma, you are the only woman I have ever met who thought and felt

as I do; tell me, what do you call fidelity?"

"Fidelity?" repeated Alma, with that instantaneous flash of responsive feeling on her mobile features which it had been De Vigne's pleasure to summon up and watch at his will. "There is little of it in the world, I fancy. A marriage is to me null and void without fidelity, not only of act, but of thought, of mind, of heart; and fidelity, however wide the distance, however great the severance, makes in God's sight a marriage tie holier than any man can forge, and one which no human laws can sever. What do I call fidelity? I think it is to keep faithful through good report and evil report, through suffering and, if need be, through shame; it is to credit no evil of the one loved from other lips, and if told that such evil is true by his own, to blot it out as though it never had been; to keep true to him through all appearances, however against him, through silence and absence and trial; never to forsake him even by one thought, and to brave all the world to serve him; that is what seems fidelity to me,—nothing less—nothing less!"

Her eyes flashed, her lips quivered, her thoughts were with De Vigne. A tender love, an undying sorrow, were spoken on every feature of her expressive face, as, turned full to Violet the sunlight fell upon it; showing the shadow beneath the eyes, the passion in them, the weary thought on

her brow and lips, which love for De Vigne had stamped there.

Violet looked at her and sighed; she was too unselfish not to regret, even amidst her own sorrow, that another should share a similar fate; and she felt little doubt either that De Vigne cared nothing for his former protégée, or that he had left her, with his love unspoken but his marriage told. She liked the depth of feeling and delicacy of nature which made Alma, impulsive and demonstrative as she was, hold her attachment to him too sacredly to speak of it, and hear his name, when it was occasionally mentioned in the Molyneux circle, without betraying "the secret wound

beneath the cloak," loving the hand that had given that wound too well to murmur to others at its pain. The similarity of nature and of fate touched Violet. Absorbed as she was in her own bitter trial, she had liked the Little Tressillian, and felt a sensation of rest and sympathy when with her which she found with no other in the whirl of her fashionable and heartless home; but now she felt almost affection for her, the first warmth of feeling into which she had been roused since the deadly blight of severance and suffering had fallen on her brilliant life. Softer tears than those that had burned in her eyes before stood in them as she looked at her. She stooped over Alma as she sat on a low chair, her head bent, her thoughts far away, and passed her jewelled hand over the golden hair that De Vigne had drawn through his fingers, those shining silken threads that had held him closer than chains of iron.

"You are right! We must give 'nothing less."

Alma, for answer, threw her arms round Violet and kissed her with all the fervour which no sorrow could wholly chill out of her half Southern nature—the first warm, fond caresses which had touched Violet's lips since Sabretasche was parted from her. That was all that passed between them then or afterwards on what lay nearest to the hearts of both, yet that little was enough to awake a strange sympathy between them, none the less real because it was silent. Poor little Alma! life was bitter enough to her now. Twelve months had passed; she was still as far from De Vigne as when she lay chained to her sick-bed in Reuben's cottage. The letter she had written at Montressor's had miscarried; De Vigne had never had it. Hearing nothing from him, she had written again, passionately, imploringly, a letter that would have touched a heart far harder and more steeled against her than his: that shared the fate of many others that winter; many others that lay in the bottom of the harbour, or went Heaven knows where, while we were wearily waiting for them to bring something of the old familiar light from the Christmas fires at home into our cheerless tents. Undaunted, she wrote a third time. That letter she received back, sealed again, and directed to her in a writing that she knew but too well, firmly, boldly, with not a trace allowed to appear in the clear caligraphy of the passionate agony in which the words were penned. She knew then that he believed her false to him, that he accredited that horrible impossibility that she had forsaken him and fled with Vane Castleton; that the circumstantial evidence which had told so strongly against her had crushed out all faith and trust and tenderness in his heart towards her. It was the most cruel wound Alma had ever had, to find herself so readily doubted, so harshly given up, so unjustly denied even a hearing. "I would never have believed evil against him if all the world had sworn it to me!" she thought, her proud and high-spirited nature stung by the doubt and the injustice from him to whose full faith she knew she had so full a right. Injustice was always very bitter to her; it roused all that was dark and fiery in her character. From anybody else she would never have forgotten or pardoned it; certainly never have stooped to clear herself from it. It was the strongest proof of all of the intensity and self-oblivion of her love for De Vigne, that she forgave him even his ready suspicion of her fidelity, and thought less of her own wrong and suffering than of all she knew he endured in thinking her-his own darling, to whose lips his love caresses had clung so passionately that warm summer night when they had last parted—false and worthless, lost to him for ever.

But as I have said, Alma, with all her impulsiveness and expansiveness to De Vigne, never wore her heart on her lips; on the contrary, she was more reserved and silent on the things that were dearest and deepest to her than any one would have fancied from her frank, gay, childlike exterior. She was as sensitive as he to all touch of those more delicate mimosas that she sheltered in her heart; over them she was haughty, proud, reserved; deep feeling, whether her own or another's, was too sacred to her to be dragged out into daylight. She had, moreover, like all strong natures, great self-control and reticence. De Vigne's name was too dear to her to be breathed before others. She had resided twelve months with the Molyneux, and they never knew, though he was often mentioned casually, that his name merely spoken by another's voice sent those bitter tears to her heart which were too deeply seated to gather

to her eyes.

Alma's principles of honour and of trust were far more acute and refined than those of most people; to her a tacit confidence was the same as a spoken bond; the love De Vigne had lavished on her in those few hours, when their hearts had throbbed as one, was sacred to her; a gift, a trust, a treasure reposed in her alone, not to be spread out before other eyes. It was his secret, his heart that she would have revealed, his confidence that she would have betrayed in bringing forward to others that love for him which for her own part she would have proudly and gladly avowed to all the world if needs be. Violet, the only one who would have guessed the bond there was between Alma and the Crimea, who would have translated the dilated terror of her eyes when the morning papers came in, the pallid anguish of her face when she bent over the Returns of killed and wounded, the darker gleam of her eyes whenever De Vigne's name was mentioned by any of their set, or by some man who had come back from the Crimea from ill-health or to bring despatches, Violet was too absorbed in her own thoughts to notice what passed beside her, or at least to reflect or to muse upon it. She was pleased, as much so as the great grief that had so suddenly shadowed her life would allow her to rouse herself to be in anything, when she saw in the companion it had been her mother's fancy to procure, the Little Tressillian, the girl artist, whom she had introduced at the ball in Lowndes-square, and whom she had once blindly and laughingly envied. She was kind to her, as Violet would at any time have been to any one in a subordinate situation; still more so to one in whom she recognised a nature as proud, as delicate, as high-bred as her own, and to whom she had always had a certain attraction ever since she had heard of her as the artist of the Louis Dix-Sept.

It was a peculiar position that Alma occupied in the Molyneux household, which was now—for some time, at the least—located in Paris. All of them, except Violet, had looked upon her as an employé and a subordinate, to be treated accordingly. The Hon. Rushbrooke, attaché to the British Legation, admiring her chevelure dorée, had thought he could make much the same love to her as to his mother's maid, whenever that soubrette chanced to be a pretty one; Lady Molyneux had scarcely ever spoken to her, save when, struck with Alma's great taste in dress, she would fain have

had her turned into a sort of chef de toilette. But the Little Tressillian, conscious in herself of as good birth and breeding as any one of them, was quite able, clinging and childlike as she was in many things, to hold her own, and to make people treat her with the respect and dignity she merited by blood, by talent, by manners, by all save money. One worthy of De Vigne's love she thought was certainly worthy to be treated as an equal by these people; her haughty reserve and resentment of Rushbrooke's attentions quickly sent that youth into dudgeon, and he would probably have joined the Trefusis and Vane Castleton in calling her "a little devil;" Jockey Jack vowed she was as much of a lady as any of them; swore he'd known Tressillian in early days; by George, he would have them civil to the little girl, and was civil to her himself, in his bluff, blunt, kindlymeant way; even my lady was brought down to chill but decent politeness to her, by reverencing her in her secret heart for the art by which she managed to dress so prettily upon nothing; and Violet, won towards her as months passed on by that similarity and congeniality of heart and character which we had always noticed between them, was very kind to her, and gladly sought refuge in her society from the inanities, frivolities, scandals, and manœuvres constantly poured into her ears by her mother, and from the whirl of a circle whose gaieties were now so foreign to her and so repugnant; until a tacit sympathy and a sincere regard grew up between them—the friendless artiste and the fashionable belle.

HAUNTING EYES.

By Mrs. Bushby.

PART II.

I.

THE FELON OF AUBREY PRISON.

Some ten years had passed since the evening of Camilla Egerton's adventures at St. Alban's Cove, and on the hill above it; but these years had neither brought in their transit sorrow or bad health to destroy the good looks and good spirits of the very pretty girl who was then just entering upon womanhood. At twenty-seven she was still a blooming and beautiful young woman, though no longer Miss Egerton, for she had married the young naval officer who had introduced himself to her, and had come to the assistance of the weary wanderer, when she was quite worn out by anxiety and fatigue. Mr. Howard had been received as a cherished guest at Rose Villa; he was not dependent on his profession, but had a handsome private income, and was heir presumptive to a large fortune, therefore Colonel and Mrs. Egerton were well pleased at the admiration

he seemed to feel for their daughter Camilla, while the more she saw of Howard the more she liked him.

In their happy case the truth of that saying,

The course of true love never does run smooth,

was not verified, for there were no tremendous obstacles to be smoothed down, no opposition from relations to be overcome, no prudent calculations to mar, with their hard, cold dicta, and the consideration of pounds, shillings, and pence, the wishes and the hopes that had stolen into their hearts. No, all was sunshine with them, except that Mr. Howard's being ordered on service in a distant part of the world delayed their marriage for three or four years after their engagement had been formed.

It took place, however, at last, and some time afterwards circumstances induced Captain, as he then was, and Mrs. Howard to visit the United

States of America.

Camilla, though devotedly attached to her husband, who had, of course, occupied the greater number of her thoughts during the progress of her early acquaintance and subsequent intimacy with him as her accepted suitor, had never entirely forgotten the smuggler of St. Alban's Cove. Often and often in the still twilight hours, and even in the darkness of midnight, she saw his haunting eyes, gazing as it were at her, and memory used to recal the scenes of her meeting and her parting with him. But impressed with the solemnity of the oath she had taken, she never breathed his name to mortal ear, though she could not refrain from inquiring now and then of the gardener at Rose Villa, the village doctor, and others, if the daring smugglers had ever returned to St. Alban's Cove, or had ever been heard of again. The answer was always that they had never returned, and that no more had been heard of them. Sometimes she would make her escape for a solitary walk, and then she was sure to bend her steps to that lonely portion of the hill where Ralph Woodley and herself had separated, and which she knew was near the unknown opening to the cave. Every inch of ground in the vicinity of that well-remembered spot was examined by her, and any one who had seen her stooping and searching intently among the rocks, or down on her knees, feeling among the loose stones and stunted herbage, might have fancied that she was seeking for some hidden treasure, which some hallucination of the mind had led her to imagine might be found on that dreary hill. Or else she would descend by the now well-known safe path to the sands below, and shading her eyes with her hands from the dazzling rays of the sun, would gaze on the blue sea, and especially where its waves washed the headlands to the left, almost expecting to discover some suspicious-looking boat lurking under the shadow of their frowning rocks. And sometimes she even ventured to peep into the cave itself, and listen if there were any sound of voices in the mysterious inner chamber.

But the smugglers seemed to have deserted that part of the coast, and within eighteen months of the period of her meeting with Ralph Woodley, Camilla herself left Rose Villa with her parents, no more to return to its picturesque neighbourhood.

After Camilla's marriage she began by degrees not to forget, but to recollect less vividly, the strange being who had interested her so much

when a girl of seventeen, and whose history, so slightly sketched to her, had been worked up into the size of at least a three-volume novel in her own imagination. But she had never known how to finish her unwritten tale. She could not marry her hero to the fair-haired Alice, for she was no longer in this world. She could not guess whether he had been drowned on some wild stormy night, or had left his reckless companions and emigrated to a distant land, where, safe and free, he might resume the position in life he was born to occupy. Speculations were vain, and, after a lapse of ten years, the smuggler with the wonderful eyes was remembered but as a dream of the past.

Captain and Mrs. Howard were making a tour through part of the Northern States of America, and among other places which they visited was Auburn, a romantically situated and very pretty town, about one hundred and seventy miles west of Albany, which was originally a Dutch settlement on the banks of the noble Hudson river, and is now the political

capital of the State of New York.

The little town of Auburn, not far from the northern extremity of Lake Owasco, is not, however, so much distinguished for its beauty as for its model prison, which is the most extensive penitentiary in the United States, and one of which the Americans are extremely proud. They pique themselves much on the management of this prison, which they consider worthy of the admiration of the whole world for the excellence of its discipline, the means of moral improvement afforded to its inmates, and the comforts provided for them. The prison, which is composed of two large buildings enclosed in a hollow square two thousand feet in circumference, is surrounded by a massive wall thirty-five feet in height. The workshops, in which the convicts are employed, range over an area of nine hundred and forty feet, and are well ventilated, and kept tolerably clean.

Captain and Mrs. Howard and their party first visited the weaving department, which is in a large hall, and where they found the weavers very busy, and though enjoined to strict silence, they did not all look gloomy—indeed, some of their countenances expressed placidity if not exactly cheerfulness. In fact, none can be utterly miserable who are fully and usefully employed, and constant occupation, if without labour too fatiguing to the frame, must partially dissipate even the tedium of imprisonment.

But this portion of the prison at Auburn, where those busy groups carry on their appointed tasks, is its bright side; there is a darker side to the picture. The Howards persuaded the official who conducted them through the establishment to take them to a somewhat remote part of the building—to those melancholy cells where felons, condemned to solitary imprisonment for a term of years, or, still worse, for life, were shut up, and the sight of those living dead was enough to freeze the warm blood in their veins! Who that has ever visited this site, where the Americans deemed that mercy held her sway, but must have felt a thrill of horror on looking on those poor objects of, shall we say, mistaken philanthropy? whose pallid features were only expressive of misery and despair. The experiment which was made at Auburn of awarding solitary imprisonment for many years or for life, instead of death, in cases where capital punishment was the sentence pronounced on the criminal, has probably

been relinquished, but at the period referred to it was in full operation,

and much lauded as a humane act of legislation.

By the prisoners themselves this commutation of punishment was not accepted as a boon; they would rather have faced death than be condemned to this living tomb. Nor did it appear that they, at least most of them, profited by the time afforded them for repentance; they became sullen, savage, and often deranged in intellect. Could it be otherwise?—shut up in lonely cells, darker and more dismal than those in which wild beasts are kept for show—separated from all intercourse with their fellow-beings—condemned for days, and months, and years, to withering idleness—no employment for, no exercise of, mind or body—nothing before them but hopeless, helpless, endless solitude within a prison's

gloomy walls!

God help them! At His tribunal, had they been sent there by the offended laws of society, there might have been grace for them, for who shall dare to assign limits to the mercy of the Omnipotent Ruler of the creation? But the elemency of man was a mockery to those poor wretches, and so thought Camilla and her husband as they approached those fearful cells. The only aperture for light or air to each cell was a small grated window which looked into a little interior space, or court, with some sort of window in its roof. The visitors did not enter this space, but stood on the outside of a railing which ran along one side of it. Probably there were doors to the cells at the back, through which the gaolers may have taken food to the prisoners, but the cells were too much in obscurity to discern anything within them.

The first person whom the Howards perceived in

This dark, opprobrious den of shame,

was a young man, who was standing in his cell leaning his head against the grated window. He looked pale, sickly, and stupid, and scarcely seemed to notice the strangers who had now ranged themselves close to the railing. The unwonted sounds of footsteps, and the rustling of Mrs. Howard's silk dress, seemed to have roused, probably from a lethargic trance, another unfortunate denizen of the place, for a man, in the cell nearest to the railing, came forward from the recesses of his gloomy chamber, and put his face close to the iron bars of his little aperture for air.

Heavens! whom did she see? Camilla started and uttered a faint cry, as she grasped convulsively her husband's arm. The blazing eyes which had so haunted her memory were there—there, in that felon's prison—and gazing on her with an intensity of expression which evinced

that he too remembered her.

"Oh, Philip, it is he—it is he who once saved my life!" she rapidly

exclaimed to Captain Howard. "What can he be here for?"

"Who?" asked Captain Howard, in astonishment. "I never heard of your life being in danger, or saved by any one. To what do you allude?"

"I never told you, because I took an oath not to speak of what happened that evening; but," she continued, rapidly, "I would have been drowned at St. Alban's Cove but for him I am so shocked and distressed to see here."

"Who is that prisoner?" asked Captain Howard of the gaoler, in a low voice.

The man replied, with a kind of triumphant sneer,

"He is a countryman of yours, sir; as I believe you are English. He was an officer in your navy formerly, but no great credit to it, I guess. He came out to Mericay; and as ours is a free country, he thought he might do what he liked; so he murdered a man, and that's why he's here."

"'Tis false!" cried a hollow voice from the gloomy cells. "I mur-

dered no one. I was unjustly accused, and unjustly condemned."

The gaoler held up his finger in a threatening manner, while he growled in a savage tone:

"Silence, fellow! If you dare to speak you shall be punished. You

know the rules."

"Oh, excuse him! excuse him!" entreated Camilla, as she turned towards the rude official, with the tears rolling down her cheeks.

"Whatever he may be now, he was once my friend."

She opened her purse, and taking two gold pieces from it, she slid them into the man's hand. The almighty dollar was a more efficacious pleader than any appeal to his humanity could have been. The gaoler stuffed the money hurriedly into his pocket, and then, saying that he must go to look after some of the other prisoners, but would be back presently, he took himself off, leaving the visitors and the felon to speak unreproved.

"How long have you been here?" asked Camilla, in a voice broken by

her emotion.

"Two dreadful years, Miss Egerton. I would have rid myself of the burden of life long before this if I had had the means, but I have nothing to kill myself with, and though I have dashed my head furiously against those hated walls, death will not come. Oh! to be once more on the glorious sea! Oh! to be once more a man! or to be a senseless clod, rotting among worms in the dark ground! Will you do me a great favour? Bribe the gaoler to give me a dose of poison. Do! do!" he urged, while he held up his clasped hands, and his wild eyes, brilliant beyond description at that moment, looked imploringly at her.

"Oh no, no. Oh! do not commit suicide, I pray of you! Think of

your immortal soul; remember there is a world beyond the grave."

"I doubt it," said the prisoner, while a dark scowl passed over his countenance.

"You do not doubt it, for you know that Alice is there."

Ralph Woodley groaned, and turned away.

"Do you know his name?" inquired Captain Howard of his wife.

"Yes. Ralph Woodley, the leader of the smugglers of St. Alban's

Cove. You have heard of him, I know."

"Poor fellow!" exclaimed Captain Howard, sympathisingly. "We must try to get him released from this dreadful place. Speak, Woodley," he continued, addressing the felon. "Who are you said to have murdered, where did the fracas take place, who were the witnesses, and what judge tried you? I will stir heaven and earth to set you free, if I can only get some data to go upon."

The poor prisoner returned to the grated window, his face still bearing

the traces of his recent agitation. He told his tale as briefly as possible. He had given up the smuggling business, and had gone to America, with the intention of settling, or, as the Yankees call it, squatting, in the backwoods. He had fallen in with a man who seemed to have taken a great fancy to him; they became friends, as he thought, and the man, whose name he mentioned, persuaded him to entrust part of his money to him to be invested safely for future use. But the fellow turned out to be a swindler and a rogue. He first robbed Ralph, and then threatened to take his life if he troubled him about the money. After a great deal of quarrelling, the man offered to meet him in a lonely place to settle their accounts. But his object appeared to have been to murder him, for after a very short conversation he attacked him with a bowie knife. Ralph only received a slight wound, but with the activity of a sailor avoided the mortal blow intended for him, then with a heavy cudgel which he carried he knocked his opponent down; he felt certain that the man was only stunned, but at that moment two accomplices of the swindler, who had been in hiding near, rushed upon him. They were two powerful fellows, and they dragged him to the nearest police station, and there charged him with murder. There was another witness to the fray, a pedlar, who was passing along a height near, and must have seen all that took place, but he had not come forward at the trial, and Ralph had not the means to pay for his being sought out. The swindler had either run away himself or been removed by some of his gang. His death was taken for granted, and Ralph Woodley condemned to imprisonment for life as a murderer.

The prisoner also told Captain Howard the names of the witnesses against him, of the Yankee judge, and of the place where the trial had taken glace.

"But it will be of no use, sir," he added. "I am much obliged to you

and Miss Egerton, but you can do nothing for me-nothing!"

"We will try, at least. I am Captain Howard, of the English navy,

and this lady is my wife."

"Howard!—Howard!" exclaimed the felon. "I remember that name. Were you, some years ago, engaged with the coast-guard in looking out at St. Alban's Cove for the crew of a smart little craft called the Water Witch—smugglers they were?"

"Yes I was, and I met this lady for the first time that evening on the hill above the cove; but whatever knowledge she had of you, you see

she never betrayed it."

The prisoner smiled faintly, and looked gratefully towards Camilla; but nothing more could be said, for at that moment the gaoler returned, and hurried away the visitors, who had been already too long in that part

of the prison.

Captain Howard lost no time in making every possible effort for the release of Ralph Woodley: he called on the chaplain and the governor of Aubrey prison, to represent the case to them; he instituted inquiries and offered rewards until at last he succeeded in finding one of the accomplices of the swindler, for whose supposed murder poor Woodley was suffering imprisonment for life, and also the pedlar who had seen the meeting between the hostile parties and all that had passed on the occasion; and, moreover, he ascertained that the man supposed to have been

murdered had been seen alive and well in New York some months after

Woodley's trial and condemnation.

Captain Howard was extremely anxious that another trial should be granted the prisoner to prove his innocence, but that was strenuously refused. However, in consequence of a petition forwarded through the English consul at New York to the proper quarter, Woodley's term of imprisonment was reduced to two years more, and these not to be spent in solitary confinement: the plea for this decision being, that if he had not actually killed the man in question, he had assailed him with the intention of murdering him.

Captain and Mrs. Howard were not permitted to see the prisoner again, or to hold any written communication with him; but they placed a sum of money in the hands of the chaplain of the prison for his use immediately after his liberation, and lodged a larger amount in a bank at New York, which was to be given to him on his applying for it. They also left a letter for Ralph Woodley with the chaplain, and their address in England, in case the unfortunate wanderer should ever return to his

native country, or should wish assistance from them.

Shortly after having thus done all they could for the poor smuggler, the Howards left the United States on their return to Europe. At the expiration of the two years for which Woodley was still to be incarcerated, Captain Howard wrote to New York to inquire about him, and received for answer that he had been liberated from Aubrey prison, had been paid the money left for him, and had sailed in a ship from New York to Antwerp, but as that ship had foundered at sea, it was supposed that he and all on board were lost in it.

II.

THE LUNATIC OF THE BELGIAN ASYLUM.

Some two or three years had elapsed since Captain and Mrs. Howard had heard of the sad fate of poor Ralph Woodley, whose death they believed had occurred on his favourite element, that ocean on which he had so longed to be again, and which was even dearer to him than his native land. Camilla was much shocked at first when she heard how he had perished, but she afterwards agreed with Captain Howard that the unhappy outcast slept well beneath the waves of the vast Atlantic, and was probably saved a life of misery, if not of crime. She ceased, therefore, to regret him, and his image, with its haunting eyes, was slowly

passing from her remembrance.

She was making a little tour on the Continent with her husband and her brother, who had chosen after leaving college to study medicine, and when he became a physician had, to the annoyance of his family, devoted himself to the most painful and mysterious branch of the profession—namely, to cases of insanity. He took strong interest in this strange disease of the brain, or of the mind, and was called among his friends, on account of his enthusiasm, "the Mad Doctor." Travelling through Belgium and Germany, he made it a point to stop and visit all lunatic asylums which bore the character of being well conducted. Of course he paid most of these visits alone, for neither Captain nor Mrs. Howard were

amateurs in regard to the arrangements of asylums or hospitals of any kind. However, he urged them so warmly to accompany him just to one in a Belgian city, the high reputation of which had reached even England, that they consented to do so.

Camilla would fain have shrunk back as the ponderous door which led through a long gloomy corridor to the interior of the building was slowly

opened by the custodier, "a grisly terror," who

Grinned horrible a ghastly smile,

but her brother had drawn her arm within his, and he would not let her go, so there was nothing for it but to enter, and she traversed the corridor, which reminded her of the prison at Aubrey, with unwilling steps, and a countenance as melancholy as the place itself. The party, accompanied by one of the medical visitors of the establishment, were shown several portions of the institution, and Camilla was obliged to admit to herself that she had not encountered any very frightful objects. The iron-barred windows, indeed, and the scanty furniture everywhere, gave a prison-like appearance to the place, but she had imagined that she would see human nature deprived of intellect-degraded to the state of the brute creation—and that the fearful howls of the maniacs would be breaking constantly on her ear. Instead of this there was "a dread repose," everything was still around, until she was shown into the gardens, or grounds attached to the asylum. Here she heard voices talking in every key. Some seemed to be preaching to the empty air; some were spouting snatches of plays, tragedy or comedy; some talking busily to themselves; some whistling "for want of thought;" while others were sitting on the benches placed here and there, quiet, with lacklustre eyes, and countenances perfectly vacant and stupid.

At length, "the Mad Doctor," being satisfied with his inspection of the asylum, and the answers to the innumerable questions with which he had plied the patient officials in not the very best of French, and the medical attendant who had been showing him round, as well as another having taken his leave, he agreed to release his sister and brother-in-law from any further survey of this abode of poor shattered human nature in an aspect so humiliating; and they were proceeding across a wide lobby or hall, on their way out, when Dr. Egerton stopped before the open door of a cell, or dormitory, near which they were at that moment passing, attracted by the peculiar countenance of a man who was sitting

in it.

"What eyes!" he exclaimed. "Why, they are quite unearthly!" Captain Howard and his wife turned quickly round, and then both stood as if rooted to the spot.

"He was drowned-he is dead!" cried Camilla, trembling violently.

"Yet that is himself. Look, look Philip! How can this be?"

"A strong—very strong resemblance indeed," replied her husband; but it cannot be himself. The dead cannot return to life."

"We do not know positively that he perished with the ship," she replied.

"May we speak to him?" she asked hurriedly of their guide.

But before he had time to answer, the occupant of the cell had risen and strode forward a pace or two. "Take care, madam-take care, he becomes suddenly violent, and

very dangerous sometimes. See how his eyes are blazing."

"Ralph Woodley!" cried Camilla, springing fearlessly forward, though the official and her brother both caught her dress at the same moment-"Ralph, speak if it be you. Do you not remember Camilla Egerton?"

"Well-oh, well!" murmured the same hollow voice that had answered her from the gloomy cell at Aubrey prison. "You come like an angel

from an angel, do you not? Alice has sent you again to me?"
"Poor fellow!" sighed Camilla, as she burst into tears.

"Nay, do not weep, dear Miss Egerton; angels should not weep. Alice is happy there, is she not?" He pointed upwards, with a finger of his wasted hand.

"Oh, happy-happy indeed!" sobbed Camilla; "and you will be

happy too when you go there to her."

He shook his head despondingly.

"Ah! that will never be-never, never! The sea would not have me, and the grave will not have me. Do you not know I am 'The Wandering Jew,' Captain Howard?" he said, with a short wild laugh, turning to Camilla's husband.

"That is one of his fancies, sir," whispered the guide.

"No: I think you are Ralph Woodley, once in her Majesty's service, and as fine a fellow as ever trod the deck of a man-of-war."

The poor being struck his forehead with his hand, and after covering

his extraordinary eyes for a moment, he said:

"True-true. I was once Ralph Woodley, but you know he left the service—you know he was a smuggler, the terror of the coast; and then he was thrust into a dreadful prison in America. You kindly liberated him from it, and he thanked you from his inmost soul. He embarked for . . . Where? I don't remember; but the ship went down and everybody in it, except two or three demons, and Ralph, and a little child. They wanted to kill and eat the child, but he saved it. And then there came a voice louder than the roar of the stormy wind, or the dark wild waves, and it thundered in his ear that he was to be accursed for ever more, and to be turned into the Wandering Jew, to whom death would never come while this world lasted, because he had saved the child, and let the men die of want. The innocent child would have gone straight to heaven. Why did he oppose its doom, and keep it for misery on earth? Oh! it is a dreadful sentence; but I must bear it—bear it, ay, for centuries to come!"

He sank exhausted on a chair, and the official who accompanied the party advised them to leave him, for when he recovered the temporary exhaustion he might become very troublesome. Dr. Egerton, well versed in the phases of insanity, gave the same advice, and the Howards were reluctantly about to go, when Woodley started up again, his eyes more intense than ever in their indescribable lustre, and, rushing up to Camilla, he seized her hand, holding it gently but tightly, while he said

rapidly:

"See Alice; tell her I am in this earthly hell; implore her to pray for my release, and He who can do what He wills with the whole wide universe may, perhaps, consent to set me free-free to cleave the air as a bird—free to ascend up—up yonder, yonder."

His voice became husky, the veins of his forehead swelled out, his chest laboured, and foam began to appear at the corners of his mouth.

"He is going into a fit, I fear," said Dr. Egerton.

"He is, indeed," replied the official. "I must send a keeper and the doctor to him. Your party really must go."

"Farewell," said Captain Howard to the unfortunate maniac. "We will attend to all your messages, and will have you set free as soon as pos-

sible, my poor friend."

Camilla and her husband left the asylum with heavy hearts, and Dr. Egerton also felt much interested in the English inmate of the Belgian madhouse. On making inquiries of the director of the asylum, they ascertained that Woodley had been placed there by a gentleman at Antwerp, who paid his board and expenses, and having obtained his address, the English party proceeded to Antwerp to see him.

They found that he was a merchant connected with the United States, and heard from him the story of his acquaintance with Woodley.

The merchant said that he was sometimes called to New York on business, and on one occasion he had taken his wife and their only child, then an infant, with them. After residing there about two years, circumstances obliged him to return in a hurry to Antwerp, and his wife being at that time in a delicate state of health, he left her there to follow when she was better. She did embark in the course of a very few months for Antwerp, in a fine vessel which belonged to their own firm. But the ship caught fire at sea; the passengers and crew were lowered into the boats to escape the burning vessel, and the captain himself took charge of the boat in which were the ladies and children, as well as others. boat capsized, and every being in it perished except one little boy. He had been clasped in his mother's arms, but the sudden jerk in the upsetting of the boat had no doubt loosened her hold of him, for though she sank to rise no more, the little fellow floated on the waves above, which were red from the reflexion of the flames in the burning ship. A man who was in the smallest of the boats, who had been one of the last to leave the ship, and who had greatly assisted in getting the females out of the doomed vessel, had observed the poor child. He plunged immediately into the sea, swam to the little boy, caught him firmly, and holding him aloft in one hand, swam back to the boat, and placed him safely in it.

That little boat soon drifted away from the burning wreck and the other overladen boats, and, by common consent, the man who had saved the child, and who seemed quite at home on the treacherous element, at the mercy of which they had been left, was appointed to take the command of the frail bark, which was their only hope of safety from the engulphing waves. And well he performed the task assigned to him. He cheered the drooping, he encouraged the hopeful, while his own stern power of endurance never gave way.

But, after half sailing, half drifting about for three miserable days under the burning rays of the sun while it careered in the blue skies above, and the cold gleams of the stars by night, which, though studding in one mass of brilliancy the far-distant heavens, shed no cheering light on the vast chaos of waters beneath, the men in the boat began to murmur at the want which had overtaken them. A bag of biscuits, a cheese, and

a hamper of wine, had been lowered into the boat by the provident care of the only person who had thought of their probable wants. Ralph Woodley had had no time, unaided as he was, to procure more from the burning ship. This small stock of provisions was soon exhausted by the men in the boat, though Ralph did what he could to make them economise their slender resources. He scarcely ate anything himself, but gave almost all his own portion to the child he had saved.

But there came a time of horror; the last biscuit was eaten, the last drop of wine was drank; hunger and thirst—the great wants of created life—came, like fiends, to awaken the selfish desires of weak human nature. And, on the fifth or sixth day after they had left the ship, Ralph's companions proposed to kill and eat the child; but he swore to defend him to his last gasp, and told them that, as he was in command of their frail craft, if any one dared to lay a hand on the little boy, he would immediately upset the boat, and plunge them all into the sea, to be themselves food for the sharks, which they had so long escaped.

There was something in the fierceness of his eyes that overawed the men, weakened as they were by starvation. One of them threw himself into the sea in a fit of delirium, another died in the boat, and the survivors—with the exception of Ralph Woodley, of a cabin-boy, and the rescued child-made a cannibal meal on his remains. But these horrors were mercifully permitted to end: a vessel hove in sight, and passing near them observed the boat, with its human freight, tossing about on the undulating waves. The captain humanely came to the assistance of the poor sufferers, and they were soon placed in safety on board his ship, which was bound to Rotterdam. But of the persons thus saved, only Ralph, the cabin-boy, and the child, survived to reach the shore. Every attention was paid to them at Rotterdam, and they were sent on to Antwerp, where of course Ralph Woodley was received with the utmost gratitude by the father of the child whom he had saved. merchant was most anxious to do anything and everything for him, and would gladly have placed Ralph in some situation in which he might have made a comfortable living, and become a useful and respectable member of society. But his good intentions were all frustrated, for symptoms of insanity soon evinced themselves in the ill-fated smuggler-insanity, no doubt, first brought on by his terrible imprisonment at Aubrey, and increased by the sufferings and horrors to which he had been exposed after leaving the ship that was on fire.

He became so decidedly deranged, and at times so very violent, that it was found absolutely necessary to have him placed under restraint, and he was taken to the asylum where the Howards had found him, and where all his expenses were defrayed by the Antwerp merchant.

Captain and Mrs. Howard were anxious to have shared this expense, and assisted in maintaining their poor countryman; but the father of the rescued child would not hear of this arrangement, alleging that no money could repay his obligations to the man who had twice saved his only child from death. But he promised to send them tidings from time to time of the poor lunatic, and the Howards returned to England without seeing him again. The accounts they received were always the same; there was no improvement in Ralph's condition, and it was feared that his insanity would end only with his life.

III.

THE CORPSE IN THE DEAD-HOUSE AT CALAIS.

In the course of the next spring Captain Howard was appointed to a ship stationed in the Mediterranean, and Camilla was to follow him thither to spend the winter at Malta; but for three months during the summer and early autumn she went with her children to Calais for seabathing and change of air, preferring that quiet place to its gaver rival, Boulogne. She had not been long settled at Calais, when she received a letter from Antwerp, informing her that Ralph Woodley had escaped from the asylum, and as no traces of him could be found, further than that a person answering his description had been seen on the road to Ostend, it was feared he had met with some fatal accident, or had died of starvation. Camilla was much grieved at the evil fate which had so persecuted her friend of St. Alban's Cove, and often and often did his interesting countenance and wonderful eyes recur to her memory. She longed to know if he were really dead, and if so, how he had died; but no intelligence could be obtained of him, and all was left to conjecture. But conjecture was at length exchanged into certainty.

One morning she was going to take an early walk, as usual, with her children on the pier, when she observed a crowd gathered before a small building near its head. The curiosity of the children was roused, and the little boy who was holding her hand dragged her towards the place. As she approached it, the crowd, which was composed principally of boatmen, fishermen and their wives, and porters, who were always hanging about the pier, made way for her and her children, and, urged by some strange feeling, she moved on towards a window that was open, for the door of the little building was shut. On coming near it, her son pulled her close up to the window, and looking through it she beheld the body of a man lying on a wide bench, or kind of wooden frame. Heavens! Upon whom was her gaze so suddenly riveted? Before her were the features of Ralph Woodley, swollen in some degree, it is true, and still stern, but composed as if in a calm and dreamless sleep! Ralph? Yes, it was himself, although his wonderful eyes no longer blazed upon her.

Mrs. Howard felt like to faint, but, recovering herself, she turned to a respectable man who was standing by, whom she knew, as his wife kept a shop at which she dealt, and asked him how the body had been brought there, and where it had been found. She was informed that the body had been discovered early that morning at low tide, jammed in among some of the thick wooden posts which supported the pier. There was no evidence to prove how long it had been there, except that it was not under the pier at low water the evening before. The boatmen around reminded Camilla that the previous night had been a very wild one; in short, that it had blown quite a heavy gale about midnight; and as one or two small craft had been seen at some distance, labouring in the storm, it was probable there had been some wreck, or that the man had been washed overboard. Camilla asked if anything giving a clue to what he was, had been found upon him. She was answered, "Not

yet; the proper officials would be down presently, when his pockets,

&c., would be examined."

She waited until these persons arrived, and then telling them that she had known the poor drowned man for many years, and that he was a countryman of hers, she offered to pay all the expenses of the funeral, if they would entrust the remains to her, and would hand over to her any document that might be found about him. Her proposal was conveyed to the mayor, and as it was backed by the English clergyman at Calais, her petition was granted.

Nothing was found on the body but an old pocket-book, which had been sewn to his clothes. It was, of course, saturated with sea-water, but in it were found a lock of very fair hair, and a piece of paper, much stained, on which was written the address of Captain and Mrs. Howard in England. The ring which Camilla had given him on the hill above St. Alban's Cove was not there; that had probably been stolen from him, either in the American prison or the Belgian asylum, or lost in

some of his strange wanderings on land and sea.

The corpse of the unfortunate man was removed to a room hired by the English chaplain for its reception; and the funeral took place at the English burying-ground at the Basse Ville, attended by Mrs. Howard and her children, by the greater part of the English residents at Calais, and by the French fishermen and boatmen who had taken the body from the wet sands to the dead-house at the top of the pier. The beautiful service of the Church of England for the burial of the dead was read most impressively by the worthy chaplain, and as dust was committed to dust, the only friend of the tenant of that coffin which had just been lowered into the grave burst into a passion of tears—an unaffected tribute of regard to the memory of him who had once saved her life, and who, with his haunting eyes, had claimed so many of her thoughts for years of the past.

Long and bitterly did Camilla weep; and long did she linger by the humble grave after the service was over. At length she threw herself on her knees by the new-raised mound, and murmured, as if the cold ear

of death could hear:

"Farewell, child of misfortune! farewell! But oh! may your spirit, so troubled here, have been received through Him who is 'the resurrection and the life' into pardon and peace in brighter worlds beyond the dreary tomb!"

ABOUT PLAUSIBLE TALKERS.

BY EDWARD P. ROWSELL.

I HAVE no boy. No noisy youngster invades my quiet; school-bills form no portion of my sorrows; no anxiety about a Tom or a Harry's future welfare disturbs my rest. But if I had a boy, I would teach him how to talk.

And let my meaning be clearly understood. The army of talkers is vast. There is the rattler; I hold him in small account. I apprehend he is generally deemed somewhat of a nuisance. His gift is confined to mere fluency, which is of slight value. There is the plausible talker.

He is worth dwelling on for a minute or two.

I think the most plausible talker I ever knew was the greatest scoundrel I ever knew. There is nothing to surprise me in this; you must remember it is not everybody who can achieve the distinction of being a great scoundrel. It is an eminence not so easily attainable. I look at Hodge hoeing turnips, and I feel it useless to try and make Hodge a great scoundrel. He hasn't it in him. I must search out faculties higher than poor Hodge's. For my great scoundrel I must find a clever fellow. Consider some of those cases of deception which are daily brought before us. Read Sir Robert Carden's account of his conversations with Miss Annette de Ros. Here is a striking instance of the power of plausible speech. Think of this astute City magnate stormed in his place of business. Imagine the look of surprise with which at the outset he must have met the visitor's audacity; ponder the strong doubt with which her few first sentences must have been received; take a peep into the great man's mind, and observe him revolving whether he shall send for a constable, and then-O wondrous change !- see him stricken with compassion, and yielding all, yea more, than was asked of him. On my honour, Miss de Ros's gift of plausible "talk" is note-worthy. I render my humble tribute of admiration. You or I, reader, if we either of us had ventured on such a delicate undertaking, would, almost before completion of our opening sentence, have had the policeman's grip upon our shoulder. Sir Robert would have had no doubt about us. He accompanied Miss de Ros to the station, paid her fare, and presented her with the change.

There is the selfish talker, the man whose sole end in talking is to gratify his love of approbation. With that one purpose he talks incessantly, and stimulated by such a noble and excellent object, he talks well. We all know men of this character. They speak fluently and correctly, and, if educated men, they confer information. But you have no sympathy with such talkers. They never bring you to like them. The reason is, their motive in talking is too obvious. They don't care to opportunity of continuing to talk. A man must direct his remarks to somebody. I am inclined to think talkers of this stamp are deceived as to the extent of their victories. They put others to silence, it is true. And that they gain a certain degree of admiration is true. But there

are very few men who will not grow surly and discontented after being a time in the background. My friend, it is not because the incessant booming of your heavy artillery scares little Jones from discharging his popgun, in which he delights, that he would not much like the handling his own weapon just now and then. You should let him have some portion of the amusement. Have patience now, hearken to the popgun

for a short space, and pronounce it grand.

Most people have read "Ten Thousand a Year." When I read it, as a boy, the character I was most taken with was Mr. Oily Gammon. What wonderful power did Gammon possess. We often say we wish we could tell what is passing in other people's minds. Oily is represented as divining with the nicest accuracy the thoughts and emotions of people, and then gradually immeshing and drawing them to his purposes through the influence of soft and subtle speech. Oily, you remember, was irresistible. He is put forward as a type of the plausible talker. And, scoundrel as he is, you cannot help feeling very sorry when he closes his career and defrauds the insurance office as a final iniquity. I wish Mr. Warren could have converted him, and exhibited him at the last exerting his great gift for good instead of evil. But the author evidently felt that morality called for the ruin of Gammon. Hence the little bottle of poison and the fall of the curtain.

I have got back, you see, to the plausible talker. He is, indeed, the only talker who repays consideration. The rattler, the selfish talker, and many other species of talkers who might be named, occupy a much lower rank than the plausible talker. There is this great difference, you observe, between the plausible talker and all other talkers: the former talks only to please other people, the latter talk only to please themselves. The worst of it is, and I don't blink the ugly truth for a moment, if in your talk you study only to please the listener, you must dissimulate frightfully—you must be a horrible hypocrite. Is it not a melancholy truth that Jones, who when, after dinner, cracking my walnuts and drinking my best port, proves to me with such convincing logic and in such dulcet tones that I am charmed, the wonderful soundness and sagacity of my views, cares not a straw for the remembrance that only yesterday, when cracking Brown's walnuts and drinking Brown's port, he hinted to Brown his impression that I was but one remove from an idiot? And, really, I am afraid to speak strongly about this double-facedness of Jones. All of us are plausible talkers to an extent. We like to say what will induce our companions to think well of us, although only few have the power of quick perception and persuasive speech in a high degree. Much I fear, as Robinson and I stand by the fireplace chatting, I elicit from Robinson an expression of good will towards me, by saying something awfully at variance with what I said to Smith, who stood in Robinson's place only five minutes before. It is so pleasant to have a man entirely with you, even for the shortest space. It exalts you so in your own estimation to ponder your visitor as going forth from you fascinated with your urbanity and sound sense. Oily Gammons, in faint colours, are not uncommon. You see the policy is good. Much better make friends than enemies. That is not a brilliantly novel observation, I am aware. But it is sage advice, which might be more acted upon than it is. There is a man, very rich and influential, with whom I was brought in contact when a youngster, who always would shake hands with me in the most affectionate manner, and treat me as an equal. The effect upon me then was amazing, and even now, though I have not met him for many years, and though I have come to see that there was no more real approach on his part than there was on the part of other rich and influential men whom I knew, and who deemed me unworthy of a glance, even now, and in spite of this disenchantment, I think pleasantly of the man, and he might count upon me for a turn if he wanted it. You see the gammon cleaves to you, although you have discovered it to be nothing but gammon. You hear people say of other people who have come into bad odour generally, "Well, all I can say is, I had no reason to complain. They behaved very well to me." Now, you know, there is no question that this is a very shabby and, indeed, incorrect way of forming an opinion of people. I cannot possibly ignore the disgrace of Black beating his wife merely because he gives my child sugar-plums. It is something to me that Green does not pay his butcher. As a member of the community I cannot continue friendly relations with a man who contracts debts without a reasonable expectation of ability to discharge them. To me he may be very civil, but to his creditors he is unjust. He certainly ought not to have my countenance. But men, generally, would not so argue. Assuming their delinquencies not to be very glaring-so glaring as to bring them into general disrepute—Black and Green need not slink away and look ashamed. If they be blessed with ingratiating manners and plausible tongues they will have many defenders. In Mrs. Black's case, if it get abroad that she was seen with ugly contusions, a few gentle hints dropped insinuatingly by Black will somehow turn the tide of sympathy in direction of the husband's alleged broken heart rather than the wife's visibly bruised shoulders. If Slaughter, the butcher, sue Green, the neighbourhood will prefer to think with the pleasant-spoken Green that Slaughter is a surly ruffian, rather than with Slaughter that Green is tantamount to a cheat. It is the gammon, you see, which so blinds people. You know perfectly well, my friend, that in showing any little kindnesses which may be in your power you are much more prone to pick out those whom you call "nice people" than you are upright people. Who are the men who get from you small gifts of money, delicately spoken of as loans? Not the men who hesitatingly, and evidently with shame, intimate their wants. You have an answer for them. Your heart is liberal, but also your means are limited. No, but the plausible talkers, who with a glib tongue and a light jest and a delicate compliment, elicit the money from your pocket with a degree of ease and celerity savouring of magic. You remember how Sheridan used to "talk over" his creditors. You remember one of the mighty host dashing into his room, overflowing with fury, mad with passion, and then, in a very short space, coming forth, calm and happy—not paid, no, but having lent the terrifically plausible talker another twenty pounds! Who would venture near a man like that? Was it not better to let him alone? And so I own to you I dread while I admire the plausible tongue. Have you not sometimes, reader, experienced a frightful barrier in your path to a person's good will in the shape of an unfriendly plausible talker? Have you never known what it is to struggle against the smooth speaking, softtoned depreciator, who seemed a perfectly invincible though so quietworking a foe? If you have not, you have been a fortunate man.

I hope there are some people in the world who love me. I would willingly think there are just a few. And I am quite sure if before either of them a plausible calumniator were to proceed to paint me many shades darker than the truth, he would at first be indignantly rebuffed. And I trust that even afterwards he would win no way to boast of. But I have bestowed some thought on human nature, and it would be against all my conclusions concerning it to imagine my good friend not gaining a laurel or so. He would accomplish a trifling concession. Something would be yielded to him. It would be impossible to resist him altogether. I can well conceive the step or two down hill which my kind defenders would take. At first there was the bold denial, the angry rejection. They came from the top of the mount. There followed the sharp inquiry. This was one step down. Then the accusation met with no reply. Alas, my friends had descended another step. And now the enemy pushes his advantage, and what ensues. Mercy! two or three steps downward are taken, and what do I hear? "Well, of course, he HAS his faults!" Now, that would be true, and so you will say I should have no cause of complaint. But the alarming thing is this. If my plausible enemy wrung so much from my one or two choicest and best friends, what a horrible triumph he would achieve against me if he had to deal with my lukewarm supporters or actual foes!

Plausible talkers, evilly inclined, would do little mischief if people would bear in mind the fact that they are plausible talkers. If a stranger approach me with a radiant countenance and half stretched-out hand, and he begins immediately to pour out a number of well-pointed, well-worded, kindly expressions, I say to myself, "This man is a plausible talker." That he is a very pleasant fellow to talk to is manifest, and it is a strong reason why I should be careful with him. Men of good sense and fair perception may reap from plausible talkers considerable entertainment with perfect impunity. We all must know men with whom we can spend a most delightful evening, and yet whose general principles we repudiate entirely. Many most excellent men, men whom we can really love as high-minded, true-hearted men, may be by no means agreeable companions. They cannot vie for a moment with a lax-principled plausible talker. From the former you may receive much more good, but temporary pleasurable emotions will be more excited by the latter.

But undoubtedly the bad-minded plausible talker is a very dangerous person to young and impressible men. I heard a sermon many years ago from the first pulpit orator of the day on "Second thoughts not best in religion." I have forgotten all about it, save the fact of its delivery, but the truth which it enforced is all the more important because it is far from being self-evident. I repeat, it is a dreadful thing for any man of yielding, easily-influenced disposition to become the prey of a bad-minded plausible talker. You must often, good reader, wise and virtuous as you may be, have been thoroughly startled on perceiving how anything can be invested with a perfectly new colour by the ever-ready paint-brush of your affections and lusts. This thing on which, at first glance, you are confident you saw a number of black spots, you inspect again, wishing them gone, and lo! they are vanished. And if a plausible talker be at hand, like a true emissary of the Great Foe, to increase the delusion, the chance of breaking the spell will be very slight indeed. It is astonishing how soon you may Nov.-VOL. CXXVI. NO. DIII.

get into a mystification between right and wrong. There is hardly anything wrong committed in this world which is not, if I may use the expression, a little right. Some proposed action about which when first suggested you said you could not think of it, it was so clearly improper. no sooner has the plausible talker given it a magical twist, than you feel that you spoke in haste, and your objection was absurd. The gradation. you see, is so easy. The plausible talker puts it to you to consider whether the thing really is wrong; whether, at all events, it is so very wrong; whether, setting all prejudice aside, it is not at least allowable; whether, indeed, under your particular circumstances, it will not actually be even praiseworthy. We can really pity a jury trying a difficult cause, conducted on each side by first-rate counsel. How horribly perplexing the contest; this minute the conviction being all for the plaintiff, and the next resolutely for the defendant. The wicked plausible talker does his best for his master. For that master he realises even Lord Brougham's description of an advocate. His speech against conscience is diabolically eloquent.

This is the dark side of the case. The right-minded plausible talker is a lovable person. It is a very delightful combination of power is that of quick, accurate perception, and fluent, effective speech. One may be excused sighing at the want of it. The admirable tact which unerringly dictates silence when silence is expedient, which suggests the remark—the very remark, so peculiarly appropriate—when silence should be broken, I certainly should like this gift in measure as some possess it. This is so wide apart from mere selfish display. Men, as I have said, grow tired of the ceaseless rattle or unending hammer. It is the man who always talks well, indeed, and kindly, but who sedulously encourages from his companions a few words, at all events, on some subject with which each is acquainted—it is this man who has my unfeigned admira-

tion. He answers to my idea of an estimable plausible talker.

Yes, I would make my boy, if I had one, a plausible talker. Even in the purest spirit of selfishness, how good it is to have tact and readiness in speech. You cannot resist altogether the impression produced by a man's manner and address. Rely upon it they influence more than you are aware of. The other day a candidate for an appointment attended some gentlemen with whom I was sitting. I had seen the candidate's testimonials, and they struck me as affording strong testimony of his suitableness for the office he sought. But he had hardly been in the room two minutes before his chance had utterly disappeared, and the reason was aptly expressed afterwards by one of the party thus: "That man has not confidence in himself." You see, the stress was not upon this or that unsatisfactory answer. The meaning really was, "that man is not a plausible talker." He put his case meekly and hesitatingly, and after deducting the customary discount from a candidate's own valuation, the balance to his credit was poor indeed. When your interest is importantly concerned in the producing a good impression on your auditors, it is indeed a most lamentable thing to flounder in speech. To say that you do not do justice to yourself gives no true account of your misfortune. The feeling that all firm ground has somehow slipped from under you, the convulsive groping you constantly make to recover it, and the deepening despair with which you find yourself only settling more surely in

thick mud, render you indeed a pitiable object. I admit that by-and-by you may be all the better man for your temporary discomfiture, but at the time you cannot refrain from mentally exclaiming, in bitterness indescribable, "Oh that I had been a plausible talker!"

You observe that my plausible talker must be a man of mind and education; he must have an accurate knowledge of human nature, and he must have closely studied the manner in which thoughts and emotions display themselves in the countenance and gestures. Then, for general purposes, he must possess a large amount of varied information. There are not many who combine these advantages. Anybody can see whether a person looks angry or pleased; but the next thing is to be able to infer strongly from, perhaps, very little signs, the real emotions that may be playing behind. There is a man I know, whom, if I were to meet tomorrow, and he were to grasp my hand with more than usual warmth, and his whole face were to light up with overflowing friendliness, I should become quite unwell-I should be moody and dull for the rest of the day. I could draw only one conclusion from my friend's exuberance, that he had some villanous design against my peace, and the cloud was already over my head. But it would be very wrong to judge another man thus. Here is the value of a study of character, and of the outward signs by which you may judge what is passing within. Then for my plausible speech—then for my bold sweep in this direction, and my soft touch in that; my movements all apparently easy and undeliberate, and yet dictated by the nicest skill and an unflinching purpose. If I were a plausible talker of this stamp, there are not many people I should need to fear.

But the plausible talker will not always be fighting and struggling. Let us survey him in a pleasanter field. How the home circle must sometimes gather round the professional player or singer, and revel in the sweet sounds which the world so gladly pays to hear, but which love pours out for them. The plausible talker may do much to keep light in his household. His object, as I have said, is to please others; and when there is no under-current, what a dear object that is. There comes to me touchingly, while I sit writing here alone to-night, the recollection of successful efforts to comfort and enliven one or two whose ears now, I trust, are filled with sounds sweeter than any human voice. When you think of faces passed away, there is a pardonable gratification in remembering how those faces grew sunny in your presence, and your talk, which had at least the merit of unselfishness, was rewarded with a smile. If you and I, reader, should live to grow old, we shall find ourselves very indifferent to the beauties of a lecture in disguise. We shall not care much for eloquence then. Just a little about old time, just a little about things immediately around us, make up the plausible talk which alone finds avour in the last days of life.

And to many beside the aged, the plausible talker may be very kind. How heavily sometimes the world seems to press upon us. I do not suppose I am different in the main from other people, and I know how now and then I droop. I am not about to inflict on you an enumeration of all the miseries of life, or of my special miseries. There is, so to speak, an ever-rolling sea of trouble which washes all mankind, and, in addition, each human being has his own peculiarly odious bath. And you grow

weary of it occasionally. You get sick of the perpetual tussle with the world. The worry seems never ending. There is always something to keep you on the stretch. It is a great comfort at such times to come across a plausible talker. Will you tell me how it is that occasionally the whole feeling within you appears suddenly to change? It is quite startling to notice how in an instant your spirit springs forth afresh. Very likely it was a mere trifle that moved it. The right word or two gently dropped in your hearing (not thrust at you) set you on a totally new train of thought. You gratefully look round, and your eves rest on

the plausible talker.

And the plausible talker may often help the stammerer with his tongue just as the hale man helps the cripple with his arm. If you are not a plausible talker, friend reader, how conscious you must be of repeated failures in consequence. How often you must have been dismayed when trying to convince A. against B., at finding B. so put his case that you actually became speechless. Is there anything more maddening than to know you are in the right, and yet, through a dead weight of weakness and nervousness clogging you, to be unable to prove it? If a kind, plausible talker were then to assume the cudgels on your behalf, would you not almost hug his knees? And when you saw your antagonist, where you perfectly well knew you ought to have laid him, on the floor, would you not feel inclined to render homage to the plausible talker as

unto a Chinese emperor?

What a very kind thing it is judiciously to help a man who is failing to obtain a favour only through sheer bungling in his mode of asking I spoke to you just now about the man who in my hearing sought an appointment, and who failed, as I thought, chiefly, if not entirely, because he was not a plausible talker. He dressed his case in the best garb he could, but that was rags and tatters. And he turned it about, and showed the holes. I should have liked to help him. Even my aid would have been better than none. But what result could you expect with the man's fingers sticking in the rents, and he dwelling on their bigness? Unfortunately, in this world of fighting and struggling, they have hard work enough who, in common parlance, make the most of themselves-how do they fare who make nothing of themselves? There is a wretched grovelling spirit shining through these latter remarks, I My sympathy is all with the modest of the earth, and yet I seem to be contributing to the cuffs with which they are everywhere greeted. I cannot get out of the difficulty. I have no faith in humility as a quality helping a man in life. If Smith and I see at the same moment a ladder which we both desire to mount, and I bow to Smith, and give him precedence, he is never slack to avail himself of it. I shall be very lucky if, when I meekly follow, he does not turn round and kick me off. The plausible talkers whom I have met with have certainly not overflowed with good feeling. This is not a remarkably unselfish age. I generally find that, figuratively speaking, the great object of each man is to out-talk, not to get silence for his neighbour. The struggle lasts awhile, and ends in Brown becoming rich, and Black a bankrupt. Then, after a few more years, the pauper, James Black, goes to the parish plot in the cemetery, while John Brown departs this life, "deeply lamented

by a large circle of admiring friends," and is carefully deposited in the

family vault.

Still, good men and estimable plausible talkers exist. I don't like unceasingly to dwell on the baseness and selfishness of men. There is no doubt it is a tempting topic. If you are poor you may find a comfort, but it is a mean sort of comfort, in hinting constantly at the frequent alliance between riches and wickedness, and alluding to the simile of the camel and the needle's eye. It is so pleasant to bring yourself to believe that if others have what you long for but have not, they are involved in consequence in some mischief from which you are free. I confess I should not at all object to be rich, and I have already said I should like to have the power of plausible talk. And if the reader has at all gone along with me and acquiesced in what I have said, he must allow a value to this second object of my desire. He must allow a value firstly in a purely selfish sense, and then in a higher and a better sense, arising out of the thought whither we are all tending. It is permissible to fancy that when our voice shall be finally hushed, some few will miss it and wish it could be heard again. If we would, one and all of us, bear in mind how soon we shall cease to talk, we might perhaps set much more store than we do on that great gift of speech.

You know in country churchyards are many grotesque epitaphs. I can suggest an epitaph which would look very odd to people generally, but which to me would be quite intelligible, and which would run

thus:

"Here lies one whose actions were few and unimportant, but who deserves to be held in kindly remembrance, for he was

"A benevolent Plausible Talker."

A SUMMER SCAMPER THROUGH PORTIONS OF GERMANY AND HOLLAND.

BY WILLIAM PICKERSGILL.

We left the Tyne for Hamburg on the 4th of June, 1861, by the Earl Percy (Captain B. Taylor), a steamer fitted up with excellent cabin accommodation, belonging to the Tyne and Continental Steam Navigation Company, and under the management in Newcastle of Messrs. Ormston, Dobson, and Co. It was about two P.M. as we left the town, quietly steaming down the river, and passing on our way various coal-spouts, several ship-building yards, iron-foundries, chemical and other manufactories, for which the river is famous. In a little more than an hour we were sailing between the dirty and unpicturesque towns of North and South Shields, situated at the mouth, and on the right and left banks, of the river. After the lapse of a few minutes more we stood

fairly out to sea, and then we felt a momentary depressing influence which usually arises in the breast preparatory to bidding one's "native land good night." It was, however, very transient, for as we stood upon the deck of the vessel, casting a wistful glance at the Collingwood monument and the beautiful and venerable ruin called Tynemouth Priory, both of which are conspicuous either in entering or leaving the harbour, the inspiriting lines of Byron rushed into our memory:

Oh, who can tell? not thou, luxurious slave, Whose soul would sicken o'er the heaving wave; Not thou, vain lord of wantonness and ease! Whom slumber soothes not—pleasure cannot please. Oh, who can tell save he whose heart hath tried, And danced in triumph o'er the waters wide, The exulting sense—the pulse's maddening play That thrills the wanderer of that trackless way?

We soon lost sight of land, and we were then for some hours consigned to a monotonous view of sea and sky, broken at irregular intervals by a vessel bound to or coming from some of the Baltic ports. Those accustomed to travel by sea will know the anxiety which every passenger on board feels "to sight" this or that light, or some spot which may serve as an index to the progress of the vessel, or furnish some idea as to the proximity of the place of destination. The passage by steamer, under ordinary circumstances, from the mouth of the Tyne to the mouth of the Elbe, is estimated at about thirty-six hours. Accordingly, when we had been nearly thirty hours at sea, our attention began to be directed to Heligoland, an island, as most of our readers are aware, belonging to the English, and taken from the Danes in 1807.

The island is about two hours' sail from the Elbe, and the first news of its being sighted is always received on board with marks of pleasure and satisfaction, as the sea part of the passage may then be said to be nearly over, and if stomachs could outwardly rejoice, many would bear testimony

to their delight at the intelligence.

As we should first sight the island early in the morning, the passengers, without exception, preferred retiring to rest to remaining on deck for that purpose. At an early hour on the following day we arose, for we usually take leave of Morpheus as soon as we have placed a foot on the deck of a steam-vessel, and never shake hands with him again, or rather fall into his soothing embraces, till we are again upon terra firma, the reasons whereof are as follows: the closeness of the sleeping berths, the hardness of the beds, the lamps burning in the cabins, the constant heaving of the vessel, the motion of the engines, the frequent bawling and shouting of those on deck, &c.

In our tyro days at sea we were under the impression that a morning shower-bath was one of the absolute concomitants of the voyage, and as we lay in our berth we were momentarily expecting that water from "the salt sea wave" would be oozing through the roof thereof, and in which we had no doubt innumerable small holes had been perforated with this salubrious intent, but in course of time we ascertained that all the splashing and sousing of water overhead was only occasioned by the sailors washing the decks, so we lost at once all sense of danger from the apprehended visitation.

Rising, as we have just said, early, we sprang from our berth, hastily washed and dressed, and in a few minutes stood upon the deck of the ship, gazing joyously at "Heligoland," which lay some few miles off on our larboard side. The pilot shortly afterwards came on board, and in a couple of hours more we were making rapid way up the Elbe. We had proceeded some distance up the river, when we took a small boat in tow. and one of whose occupants (a stout person) afforded our passengers some food for laughter and amusement. We do not know why it should be so, but so it is - and perhaps it is one of the many injustices and wrongs perpetrated in this world—but we have invariably observed that very stout people awaken risibility and provoke a mischievous spirit for mirth and banter. We have always believed this class of persons to be exceedingly ill-used and outraged by such unseemly behaviour. As if stout people had no feelings! We suppose it must be because their corpulency bespeaks ease and contentment, and because their genial demeanour seems to say "laugh and get fat." Stout people are usually good natured. To the best of our knowledge, we never saw a stout gentleman irate but once, and it was on a very trying occasion, and on that account the more readily excused. It was at an hotel, and the waiter had placed before him only one duck instead of a couple, and as a matter of course our obese friend was not only ready to devour two ducks but the waiter into the bargain. Deprecating the hurricane that was rapidly rising in the bosom of that stout individual, the waiter opportunely intimated he might have a goose if he liked first, and the duck afterwards. Oh! if you had seen the smile that illuminated that stout gentleman's physiognomy on receiving the intelligence it would have made you regard stout people ever after with favour and consideration. We instantly said, in our heart, may they always have good dinners-may they always have a goose first and a duck afterwards, for they are a boon to society, and their apple-pudding cheeks, small laughing eyes, their good round paunches and waddling legs, are perpetually preaching to all grades of society the salutary homily "laugh and get fat."

Our friends in the boat must not be forgotten, and least of all the corpulent one, for it was he who suggested the preceding remarks. It was some time before their little craft could be properly secured to the rope thrown from the steam-ship, and in order to accomplish this our plethoric waterman had to pass over the seats in the boat, and the slow and awkward way in which this was done reminded one of the cumbersome and ungainly movements of the elephant, when he is invited by his keeper, upon a very heavy stomach, to try a polka. When the fastening of the boat had been accomplished, the oars were to be properly stowed, and some other trifling matters attended to, before the boatmen could resign themselves to perfect ease and quietude of mind, and it was then for the first time we observed that a magnificent bouquet of flowers lay upon a seat in the boat, which at once challenged the envy and attention of the ladies on board. A signal was given from the stout boatman to throw over to him a small cord, which was done, and, to the great joy of the ladies, our stout and now gallant friend tied the end of it round the stems of the flowers, which were immediately hauled on board and divided amongst the ladies, who, being German, we repeated to them

the lines of Schreiber:

Süsse Blumen seyd willkommen In des Jahres goldner Zeit Ach, ihr seyd so spät gekommen Und der Sommer ist nicht weit.

Könnt ihr meine Stimme hören Könnt ihr meine Blicke sehen? Sagt mir welche will mich lehren Euer leises Wort verstehn?

Sagt mir welche soll ich wählen Zur Gespielin in dem Mai Welche will mir gern erzählen Wo die schöne Heymath sey.

The ladies smiled an approval of the verses, and exclaimed, "Ja, Ja, schöne Blumen."

At Cuxhaven, some distance higher up the river, we had another boat adventure, but of a different character from that alluded to. Shortly before we were abreast of the place, we observed a boat making rapid progress towards us, and as she drew near, we saw amongst others two men in a sort of blue uniform bound with gold lace, and whose appearance at first indicated they were custom-house officers. When the boat came alongside, we had an opportunity of taking a better survey of its occupants, and these consisted of the two official-looking gentlemen spoken of, a man about thirty, who sat smoking a cigar, a little girl some seven or eight years of age, two women, and the boat's crew. The appearance of the two women at once arrested our attention—the hair and dresses of both were in the greatest disorder, and they seemed not to have been in bed the previous night. Their faces were stamped with suffering and great mental anxiety; the elder appeared to be about fifty years of age, and the younger twenty-five or six. What they might have been in ordinary circumstances we cannot say; but there was nothing in either of their countenances to invite or attract. The face of the younger woman was, however, the least repulsive of the two. As they sat in the boat we began to ruminate as to who they could be, and we immediately, in imagination, drew a domestic picture in this fashion:-The man smoking the cigar was a captain who was about to join his vessel in Hamburg, which was bound for a long voyage; the young woman was his wife, and the elder his mother-in-law; the little girl was their child. They were accompanying him to Hamburg to witness his departure and take leave of him for a year, or even two-it might be for ever. The solemn and anxious countenances of the women foreshadowed all this, and we fancied we could trace the lines upon their faces down which a little before the tears had been trickling. After some little difficulty (the two women were perfectly useless in their efforts to ascend the ropeladder, but this, perhaps, arose from nervousness), the whole of the persons in the boat, except the crew, were got on board of the steamer, and what was our surprise to hear from the stewardess immediately afterwards, that we were in the hands of the Hamburg police, and that the two gentlemen in gold-lace and blue uniforms were members of that honourable society, and the two women, the child, and the man with the cigar,

were prisoners. "Donner und Blitz!" we exclaimed—we did not forget we were in Germany—

Can such things be, And overcome us like a summer's cloud, Without our special wonder?

We have shown how Fancy solved the mystery which surrounded these people; behold how Fact scatters to the four winds of heaven our unsubstantial creation and substitutes the following:—He of the cigar was a married man, and followed the calling of a timber merchant; he had a wife and several children living in Hamburg. The elder woman was the keeper of a café, and the younger one, who lived with her, the paramour of the timber merchant. In what relation the child stood we never learned. The wood merchant had run away from his creditors, wife, and children, in company with these two women and child, and the whole party were about to sail for Hull, whence they intended to embark for Australia, but, thanks to the electric wire, their flight was intercepted at Cuxhaven.

As we proceeded up the river, we were at once reminded of a circumstance that occurred some three or four years before, and when we were leaving Hamburg for England. It was midnight, and we had not got far beyond Blankenese when we were overtaken by one of the most terrific thunderstorms we ever witnessed. The heavens suddenly became densely overcast; then came a sublime flash of lightning, which was followed by a loud crack of thunder. The rain fell immediately afterwards in torrents. A second flash of lightning succeeded, and again a terrific peal of thunder. See, see! what is you in the distance on the right bank of the river. It is most conspicuous in the darkness. See, how it crackles and blazes! It's a fire, for the lightning has struck one of the little thatched cottages with which the banks of the Elbe are here and there studded, and all the possessions of some poor peasant are destroyed. The extraordinary effect produced by that thunderstorm will not soon be forgotten; for a moment we were in total darkness, so much so, that you could not see a finger before you; the next, the river, the shipping, the cottages, villas, &c., became as conspicuous as though it were broad mid-day. The transition was instantaneous-electrical-but the effect was such that the pilot could no longer steer the ship, so at last the engines were stopped, and the captain and pilot retired to the cabin till the storm had sufficiently abated to admit of our again proceeding.

Adventures of the past, however, must be laid aside, for we must not forget that we are rapidly nearing the city of Hamburg. But what, in Heaven's name! are the things in yonder boat? They look for all the world like a number of brown wash-hand basins turned bottom upwards; a nearer view shows you they are the hats of women, whose bodies are not visible owing to the depth of the boat in which they sit. These women are called Vierländerinnen, derived from Vierländen, the name of the country whence they come, and which is some few miles distant from Hamburg, and famous for its fruit and floral productions. They are an exceedingly industrious class of persons, and they aid their

husbands (Vierländer) to bring their fruits and flowers into the Hamburg market as early as five and six o'clock in the morning. The dresses of both are exceedingly picturesque. The women wear coarse straw hats. very like inverted wash-basins, and which are fastened to the head by a ribbon which ties under the chin; the under part of their dress is very like that of the broom-girls, so common in this country some years ago, being short in the petticoat and very crinoliney (may such a word be coined. fair reader?) about the skirts. The hair of unmarried females is neatly plaited, and hangs down in two long tails behind the back, the ends being fastened with small pieces of ribbon. When these tails are fastened up, it is an indication the women are married. usually come to market in their shirt-sleeves: they wear red waistcoats, blue breeches, which are fastened below the knee, and the sides of which are ornamented with long rows of silver buttons, which are retained as heirlooms in the family, and handed down from father to son from generation to generation. It is only the wealthier class, we ought to mention, whose buttons are really silver, those of the others being merely an imitation.

Well, we will suppose that we are at Hamburg, and abreast of the quay. We dare say some of our readers have experienced the difficulty and expense of landing at this place. The steamer is not allowed to come alongside, but must lie in the middle of the stream, and the consequence is, you are compelled to land in a small boat, and to pay something considerable for the privilege. We believe we are right in saying about eightpence is charged for each person, and fourpence for each package. When you have got yourself and concomitants fairly secured. the boatman pulls you towards the place of landing, passing on your way a sort of floating custom-office, from whence emerges a government officer, to ask if you have any excise goods in your trunks and boxes, and on receiving a negative reply, allows you to proceed. So soon as your packages have been landed they are speedily seized hold of by two or three licensed porters, and conveyed up a flight of wooden steps, for which again you pay so much a package, an umbrella or stick being counted as one. The next point is to get to your hotel, and you engage a droschke, and have again to pay so much per package and so much per person. If you happen to land at night, the gates, which at various points give entrance to the town, are closed at certain hours, according to the season of the year, and in order to give the watchword "Open sesame," each person and package is again mulcted. Some modification, we believe, has of late years been introduced, if, indeed, the tax at the gates has not been completely abolished.

A little after mid-day on the 6th of June, we arrived safely at Streit's Hotel, on the Alster—one of the best, decidedly, in Hamburg. Our visit to the Continent being purely a matter of business, "sight-seeing" formed no part of the programme of our tour. It is, therefore, beside our purpose to describe the fine buildings or notable places in and about the city. Our stay was very brief, for early on the Sunday after our arrival (we arrived on the Thursday) we engaged a cab to convey us to the steamer about to sail for Harburg, a small town on the Hanoverian side of the Elbe. It was a beautiful morning, and hundreds of Hamburg

people were on board intent on a day of pleasure. The Hamburger, in this respect, bears a strong resemblance to the Londoner: with this difference, perhaps, the latter confines his Sunday enjoyments chiefly to the summer months, and to little excursions by train or steamer, whereas the former indulges in them all the year through, and extends them to balls, concerts, theatres, and a variety of other amusements. It would be almost impossible to travel on the Continent by water without music, and of course we had a band of peregrinating promoters of harmony on board, who blew away lustily at brass trumpets, and forgot not to remind us of the profound obligation under which they had placed us by filling the vessel "full of noises, sounds and sweet airs that give delight and hurt not." After the lapse of little more than an hour, we reached Harburg, and at once hastened off to the railway station, for there was no time to lose, the vessel we had come by arriving just in time for the train. One thing had been omitted before leaving England, and it was a grave omission, and we give the reader the benefit of our experience. We had neglected to purchase Bradshaw's Continental Guide; not that we have a particular love for Bradshaw, either at home or abroad, but he is like the doctor or the lawyer; he is an authority that must sometimes be consulted, and we must digest his instructions as best we may. We asked for the Guide in Hamburg, but were unable to obtain it, and were obliged to take a miserable German one, very expensive, badly printed, and containing only a tithe of the information to be found in Bradshaw.

We booked at the station for Hanover, where we arrived about six o'clock in the evening, and here we had to wait till eleven o'clock at night before we could get farther forward. Our first business was, of course, to go in quest of something to eat, for we had tasted nothing since we left Hamburg, and many people know what a meagre affair a German breakfast is. We proceeded to the refreshment-room, and when we had appeased our hunger and quaffed a small bottle of the best St. Julien, we took a stroll through the city, which seemed to be very ancient. The shops were all open, and the day had almost the appearance of an English week-day, the various tradesmen, apparently, being as anxious to do business as our own shopkeepers on market-day. There is nothing particular to see at Hanover, unless it be the palace of the king, and externally it is by no means fascinating. The statue near the railway station, and which has been recently inaugurated to the memory of the late King of Hanover, was then in course of erection.

The rain began to fall as we were engaged inspecting the imperial palace, and we therefore made the best of our way to the railway station for an umbrella, which, together with our luggage, we gave in charge of the porter, but who, on inquiry, we found had gone home, some distance off, and would not return for an hour or more. In the mean time, what was to be done? The man who had charge of the luggage-room naturally refused to give up the umbrella, as he very justly alleged that he did not know whether we were the owner or not. On giving the porter our luggage we had received no ticket, so that we could only recover our property from himself, whose number he had furnished us with. We described minutely to the official the character of the umbrella,

and even offered to leave a deposit with him, but our appeal was only answered by:

"Nein-nein, mein Herr. Ich darf nicht. Sie müssen warten bis der

andere Mann zurückkehrt-er wird bald hier seyn."

Another official, however, standing by and seeing our dilemma, remonstrated by saying:

"Geben Sie dem Herrn seinen Regenschirm-es wird alles richtig

seyn-wenn nicht, werde ich alles selbst bezahlen."

We thanked the fellow for his kind mediation, and were glad to find his words produced effect, for without further hesitation the umbrella was handed to us.

After another stroll in the town we returned, and started by train at eleven P.M. for Minden, which we reached about one in the morning, and took up our quarters at a place called the "Eisenbahn Gasthaus," an hotel of miserable accommodation, and which we were glad enough to leave at

half-past nine A.M. for Leer.

The country, we may observe, looked charming, and the rye-fields most luxuriant. Some of the stations, we observed as we passed along, were decorated with wreaths and festoons of flowers, and on inquiring into the cause of this, we were informed it was to celebrate some grand agricultural show. Has any of our readers ever witnessed an accidental meeting of German female relatives belonging to the middle classes? Such a circumstance at one of the stations fell under our own observation, and the scene that ensued was certainly exceedingly diverting. We were seated in a carriage with two middle-aged ladies and a little girl, and on coming up to one of the stations, we forget which, there happened to be another middle-aged lady standing on the platform, and who was about to enter one of the carriages. One of the ladies where we were seated no sooner saw her than she exclaimed:

"Ach, Herr Jesus, da ist die Tante Sophia!"

"Wie, die Tante Sophia!" answered middle-aged female Number Two.

"Tante Sophia!" exclaimed the little girl in astonishment.

"Ja wahrhaftig die Tante ophia," answered the first middle-aged lady, and at once attention was drawn to the lady on the platform, and three voices shouted out of the carriage, whilst at the same time three hands were held forth:

"Tante Sophia! Tante Sophia!"

Tante Sophia no sooner recognised her relatives, than she rushed into the carriage, and here our pen shrinks from the task imposed upon it. Such kissing, and hugging, and embracing, and congratulating, and re-

lating-description, in a word, is beggared.

At six o'clock in the afternoon we got to Leer; we contrived to make all our business calls that evening, and to start on the following day for Emden. There is nothing to awaken any interest in either town. Our engagements were as soon fulfilled at Emden as at Leer, but we were compelled to remain several hours before there was a steamer leaving for Delfziel; and here we may remark the communication both in East and West. Friesland is very bad; but this, of course, is most strikingly apparent to an Englishman, who has never more than an hour or two to wait for a train to the remotest part of his own country.

As we were now close upon the Dutch frontier we thought it expedient, in settling our "rechnung" with our host, to request him to give us our change in Dutch money, for we feared the Hanoverian coins might be refused in Holland; and so indeed it afterwards proved. Our landlord, a very civil and obliging fellow, had not much Dutch money by him, but he gave us what he possessed, and the remainder in Hanoverian coin.

On the day after our arrival we left Emden at twelve o'clock A.M. for Delfziel. It was a beautiful summer morning. There were several passengers on board, but amongst the rest one who attracted our instant attention; we had seen several specimens of the type before, both in England and elsewhere. The individual in question was a young man about four or five-and-twenty, rather short and stout, tolerably goodlooking, and very respectably dressed. It was his extraordinary social qualities which won our notice. First, he went and chatted with the captain—then he held some communication with the man at the wheel —then he spoke to the engineer—next he drew the attention of a fellowpassenger to a small vessel lying at anchor—then he hastened to pay his devoirs to a young woman who was serving out bottled beer on deck, and when he had made her laugh all over her face for a few minutes, he thought he might with propriety do a little bottled beer business on his own account, and he accordingly gave an order to the young woman aforesaid, which being promptly executed, he lit a cigar and sat down at a small table, entering immediately into conversation with a man at his right hand and another at his left, and a soldier on the opposite side of the table, and exchanging salutations with everybody that passed. He seemed to do everything with spirit, and exhibited the same energy in smoking as in drinking his beer.

As we sat contemplating the popular qualities of this gregarious gentleman, one or two unpleasant thoughts passed through our mind, and these had reference to our ignorance of the Dutch language and money. We had learned before leaving Emden that on arrival at Delfziel we should have to travel by canal-boat to Groningen, so it occurred to us to ask the captain of the steamer what time the boat left for Groningen. He informed us he could not precisely say, but that he would bring a gentleman to us who would be able to furnish us with all necessary information. And so saying he walked away, and in a minute or two returned with the loquacious young fellow just alluded to, who, address-

ing us in German, said:

"Gehen Sie nach Groningen?"

"Ja wohl," we replied.

"Schön, ich gehe auch dahin. Bleiben Sie dort oder gehen Sie weiter?"

"Nein von dort, gehe ich nach Harlingen."

"Nach Harlingen!" he continued, in delight, "das freuet mich. Ich gehe auch nach Harlingen, und wenn es Ihnen angenehm ist, so reisen wir zusammen hin."

"Von Herzen gern," we replied. "Ich müss Ihnen jedoch sagen, dass ich weder die Holländische Sprache noch das Geld verstehe."

"Das macht gar nichts aus-ich bin selbst ein Holländer."

Our great joy at hearing he was a Dutchman may be conceived. He

spoke German with remarkable fluency and accuracy, and when he first

opened his mouth we believed him to be a native of Germany.

A pleasant passage of about two hours brought us to Delfziel, and here the aspect of things was materially changed. The costume of the women in particular was altogether different from what it was in Hanover. Two or three fresh-coloured women, in dark dresses, were standing on the quay, with caps on their heads, but no bonnets, and their faces overladen with those brass ornaments which Dutch women are so fond of. One of them was a very good-looking young woman about twenty-three or twenty-four years of age, who held a child in her arms. She was crying bitterly as she stood surrounded by her friends. The cause of her grief we could not divine, but she was evidently about to return with the steamer to Emden.

A little time sufficed to enable us to get our luggage on board the canal-boat, and we soon found ourselves exposed to a broiling sun, sailing up a narrow canal bordered on each side with thick trees, as if to deprive us of every fresh breath of air that might be wafted towards us. The boat was drawn by a couple of horses, each being ridden by a small boy, whose duty besides riding was to keep perpetually blowing a brass trumpet, producing the most unmelodious sounds, and apparently to give notice to all whom it might concern of the approach of the boat.

It is only when one is abroad that we can fairly estimate the advantages of our own country. Here were we in this miserable boat, exposed to a scorching sun, prevented from obtaining suitable refreshments at the various houses of call, for the Dutch inns have neither lemonade nor any of those refreshing beverages one is accustomed to in England, and, as for the water in Holland, to say the least of it, to an English stomach, it simply means diarrhoea. Thus, then, we were nearly four hours in travelling by this wretched conveyance some twenty miles or so-a distance which might have been accomplished in almost any part of England, by the slowest of trains, in an hour. About six o'clock in the evening we got to Groningen, and then our first business was to secure seats by the diligence, which started at eleven P.M. for Harlingen. tendered in payment Hanoverian money, but it would have amused you to see the disdain with which the clerk in the booking-office refused it, and the smile which quickly overspread his face when we presented an English sovereign. There is an old saying, we believe, that money speaks all languages, and we sincerely subscribe to the linguistical properties of the English sovereign and five-pound Bank of England note; but, as far as our experience goes, we have not found the circulating medium of other countries possess the same potency. Yes, the face of our beloved Queen is a passport to the sympathies and attentions of all nations!

After partaking of some little refreshment and repose, we started off at eleven o'clock at night for Harlingen, and found ourselves, to our horror and consternation, shut up in the *coupe* of the *diligence* with three women, each of whom had a child at her breast. The journey by canal-boat was nothing to this. Our Dutch friend was as affable as ever, and was not long in getting into conversation with our fellow passengers. To sleep was of course impossible, so we beguiled the time as best we could, alighting each time we changed horses, and calling at each inn

for a glass of milk, for that was really the best beverage we could procure. As the day began to dawn, it afforded us much pleasure to behold the face of the country teeming with rich crops of cereals, hay, &c. The hay-harvest, indeed, had already commenced in various places. We reached Harlingen at eight A.M., and were reluctantly compelled to take leave of our Dutch friend, who, by the way, had previously informed us, to our very great surprise, he was a priest, and resided somewhere in Texel.

Our luggage was conveyed to the head inn, and, as we entered, we were met by the host, a phlegmatic Dutchman, with a pipe upwards of a yard long in his mouth, with a wooden tube and very large china head, capacious enough, one would suppose, of receiving at one charge about an ounce of tobacco. During the short time we were his guest the pipe never appeared to be out of his mouth, so the dimensions and powers of the pipe seemed only in proportion to the capacity of the smoker. One of the waiters of the house happily spoke German, but at dinner we felt ourselves sadly at a loss. There was another gentleman, however, we observed, almost as silent as we were.

When our business had been transacted, we felt ourselves much in want of some occupation pour passer le temps, so we betook ourselves to a short pedestrian excursion. There are some very beautiful walks in the neighbourhood of Harlingen, by the side of a canal, and amid trees clad

at that time with rich foliage.

On our return to the salle à manger of the "Sun," we observed a gentleman sitting alone, and, indeed, as he proved to be the same who was so silent and reserved at dinner, we waited for a few minutes to see if he would speak, but as he did not seem disposed to do so, we left the house for another solitary ramble; but on our return the second time we found our taciturn friend conversing with some of the servants in the hall; we walked into the dining-room, and he almost immediately joined us, addressing us in German. We smoked a cigar or two and drank a glass or two of wine with him before going to bed, and discovered, to our great delight, he was a German merchant belonging to Cologne, and about to start, early on the following morning, for Amsterdam. The same route, fortunately, we had selected ourselves—we say fortunately, because he proved an agreeable compagnon de voyage, and by his conversation and social qualities beguiled the passage across the Zuyder Zee most effectually.

Arrived at Amsterdam, we took leave of our German friend, and had just time to get on 'Change and converse, through the medium of a Dutch gentleman, to whom we carried a letter of introduction, with a few merchants. We saw very little of Amsterdam, for after leaving 'Change we drove direct to the railway station, where we booked for Rotterdam. The reader must be satisfied with incidents of travel, and not expect descriptions, for, as stated at the outset, ours was no sentimental journey.

At seven o'clock in the evening we were in Rotterdam, but had only time to call upon a correspondent, as the steamer, the Lord Raglan, Captain Hart, was announced to sail that night for Newcastle. When our business was concluded, we went on board, but it was not till the following day we had an opportunity of observing who our fellow-passengers were. They consisted of a Rotterdam merchant and his daughter,

another lady, an Englishman, who had been engaged in connexion with some new coal-mines in Prussia, and the humble writer hereof. The Englishman was somewhat of a character, and as he had picked up during his residence in Prussia some few German phrases, he was perpetually addressing some of them to the Rotterdam gentleman, much to his annoyance, and as though he were ignorant of English, whereas he spoke it with remarkable ease and fluency. For instance, when he had told him anything which he thought he did not comprehend, he would say:

"Nickt verstand, mein Heer?"

The Dutchman assured him he quite understood him. He would then, altogether as a matter of supererogation, say:

"Ik been nickt Deutscher. Ik been Ingles, mein Heer."

The Dutchman informed him the real state of the case was apparent to him from the first. Whenever he spoke of the Germans he called them Deutschers, and used every opportunity, in conversation, to display his

ignorance of the German language.

The only incident of the passage of any importance occurred at about twelve o'clock on the night following that on which we left the Maese. We were sitting in the cabin with the Englishman, drinking a little brandy-and-water before going to rest, when all of a sudden we heard a tremendous commotion upon deck. The Dutch merchant and the ladies had already taken possession of their pillows. The progress of the vessel was at once stopped, and as quick as thought, accompanied by the Englishman, we sprang upon deck and ascended the poop. It was a moment of agonising suspense; something had happened of the deepest consequence, and all our lives appeared to be in jeopardy. What was the nature of the accident? Had the vessel sprung a leak-had a collision taken place? We certainly had felt a slight shock in the cabin, but it was scarcely perceptible. Had we run ashore, or had a fire sprung up in some part of the ship? The latter hypothesis, however, did not at all appear tenable, as neither smoke nor flame could be observed in any direction. What, then, was the nature of the calamity that had befallen us? We looked around us, but nothing was visible but a wide expanse of water, whilst a dense fog seemed to curtain itself about us, whence at any time might spring up, as it were, some spectral ship, and be right under our bows before we had an opportunity of seeing her. All was confusion and dismay on board—sailors running here and there with ropes and other appliances for the emergency.

The Dutch merchant had now joined us on deck, but happily the ladies remained in the cabin, and, indeed, never heard of our danger till it was

passed

Several of the sailors were on the poop busy cutting away the lashings of the boat, and making ready for a launch. What could all this portend? Were the boats to be launched for the preservation of our lives,

or what did all these preparations signify?

The Dutchman asked the sailors if there was any danger, but they were too much occupied in getting the boats clear to give a reply. On the question being repeated, one of them shook his head ominously, and said he feared there was.

"Who has a knife—a knife!" shouted one of the sailors.

A knife was at once handed to him, with which he immediately began

to cut away one of the ropes that bound the boat to the deck of the

We were still in ignorance as to the real nature of the accident, but on directing our attention more closely to the head of the ship, we saw a vessel close under our bows. She remained there for a minute or two, then quickly sunk to rise no more!

Hark! what noise was that? It was like a sound upon the sea as of some persons in distress. We listened, and again we heard bitter wail-

ings, and cries for help.

"Quick-quick with the boats!" was the order.

"Mercy! mercy! Oh, God!" came again booming to us over that

yawning, angry sea.

The Englishman did what he could to inspire the sufferers with fortitude and endurance, for, rushing to the bulwarks of the vessel, he shouted out as lustily as he could:

"Hold on, my lads! Keep up your hearts—the boats will be there

just now."

"Mercy! mercy!" were still the cries.

The boats were at length launched, and some minutes of fearful suspense ensued. Would they be able to save the drowning men? Had all the crew of the doomed vessel been precipitated into that greedy ocean, which from first to last had swallowed up so many millions of precious human lives?

We all retired to the cabin to await the event, having previously learned that we were off Flamborough Head, and had come in collision with the Swallow, of South Shields, coal-laden from the Tyne, and

bound for Havre de Grace.

The captain of the lost ship, accompanied by some of his sailors, entered the cabin, and began to inquire who were missing. Shortly afterwards one of his crew was brought in, in his shirt, as though he had been in bed at the time of the collision; the wet was streaming from him, and his limbs were bleeding profusely, for he was one of the three that had been thrown into the sea. The captain and the others of the crew had passed from one vessel to another after the collision took place. Bottles of hot water were applied to the feet of the rescued man, and every means used to restore his health, and happily with such success that he soon began to recover.

The boats had succeeded in picking up the cabin-boy of the Swallow, who was carefully attended to, in the same manner as the other sailor,

and who speedily recovered. The third man was never found.

The next day, at noon (Sunday), we reached Newcastle quay in safety.

CLAUDINE.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL.

PART VI.

THE FAREWELL.

Dupré deep silence kept; the gushing bliss,
That ne'er again must flood his bosom here,
E'en reason would not check; an hour like this,
In its brief span, concentred many a year.
We live but in our feelings; lengthened life
Is not the dull, slow march of care and strife;
The youth who feels intensely, may expire
Older in spirit than the grey-haired sire.

But now he placed her on a rustic seat,
And stood beside her with dejected mien;
Her long, black, loosened tresses swept her feet,

As, whelmed by grief, more low she still would lean; The spirit's strife she fain had veiled from sight, Her eye was fixed, but beamed with milder light; Her hands upon her breast were clasped in pain, And troubled thought seemed busy in her brain.

Her lips moved slowly, though they shaped no word,
As ye may see the unmurmuring aspen-leaf,
By some low, voiceless wind, at evening stirred,
Day's soul with Night there holding converse brief.
A strong resolve was sternly written now;
As all unheard the electric magic flies,
Mind-language issued from her beaming eyes.

She rose, decision in her lofty air,
Dashing the tears of weakness all away,
Calming her mood, like one resolved to bear
The heaviest load of ill that fate can lay:
And yet such fondness softened every look,
Her voice with such intense emotion shook,
She seemed while strengthening, ruling, heart and soul,
Revealing but more deeply love's control.

"I came to say farewell—to crave of thee
Forgiveness of the past, and not to show
How bitter and how sad my lot may be;
God grant me calm endurance midst my woe!
I would in silent sorrow bear my fate;
I do not ask thy love, and yet thy hate
Would crush me to the dust—the last, the last
Black drop of gall in misery's chalice cast.

"A gulf between us lies—it is as deep And dreary as the grave—it is as wide As the broad waters of the ocean sweep; Truth, law, and Heaven, our mortal lots divide: We're veiled in darkness, and to strive to see, Regret, lament, were useless agony; Then for my peace and thine, this meeting o'er, Whate'er our fate, we meet on earth no more."

Sadly as sounds in some pale mourner's ear
The knell of death, as slowly to the tomb
They bear all bankrupt-memory treasures dear—
The withered flower of love no more to bloom—
Came to Dupré Claudine's too fatal words;
Oh! he could bare his bosom to the swords
Of rushing foes, and ne'er a dread avow,
Death's pang but mild to spirit's suffering now.

"'Tis well—then cast me from thee—bury deep
The memory of our childhood; think no more
Of solemn vows that linked us; keep, O keep
Thy bosom by cold prudence frozen o'er!
At thy command to other lands I flee,
Naught my heart's wounds, my hushed despair to thee;
O would vain passion I could all resign,
And teach my spirit to forget like thine!"

Claudine these bitter words acutely felt;
With a low cry she faltered to his side,
Clung to his arm, and e'en imploring knelt,
Looked in his angry face, and sobbed and sighed.
So beautiful, yet full of woe, she seemed
Like Mercy praying unto Wrath, while gleamed
Snatches of sunlight o'er her robe's rich fold,
And edged her floating locks with quivering gold.

'Tis strange, excess of feeling oft o'erthrows
Feeling itself, and clouds the spirit's flame;
We sink beneath a rush of joys or woes;
So on Claudine a sudden faintness came;
She strove to rise; the entering shafts of light
Fell on a closing eye, a cheek of white;
She drooped, like some poor flow'ret winds bend low,
Then sank to earth, a hushed still thing of snow.

Sleep hath its charm, when Beauty tranquil lies,
And Innocence doth seem, with outspread wing,
To watch her slumbers, while her breathings rise
Softly as airs that pulse in balmy spring.
E'en death, that hour the spirit flits away,
And leaves its impress yet on calmest clay,
Hath something beautiful; we bend us o'er
The loved in rest, and weep and love the more.

But Beauty in that state nor death, nor sleep,
Unconsciousness of mind o'erwrought and crushed,
When the tears freeze, the heart that fain would leap
Locked in the bosom as for ever hushed—
Then pity draws us; were she bitterest foe,
An asp 'mid roses, bearing death and woe,
We still should pardon, and her worth believe,
As Adam, pardoning, clasped his erring Eve.

2 в 2

Could he behold Claudine unmoved, unpained, Her pale fair brow against the trellis pressed, Her folded hands in helpless anguish strained, The fountain's spray upon her chilling breast? He gently raised her senseless, languid frame,

He gently raised her senseless, languid frame, Gazed on the cheek where no life-blushes came, Looked on those lids, whose cold and pearly glow Hid eyes, like flowers beneath chill winter's snow.

The dark orbs opened, as if influence stole
From the caresser which each sense could thrill;
Gradual the light of slow-awakening soul
Illumed those features beautiful and still;
As ye may see behind the eastern steep,
Ere day be fully up, soft lustre creep,
Unfolding gently, rosy ray by ray,
Now flashing high, now fading half away.

She started into consciousness, and threw
Her arms around him, thinking to allay
His fierce and angry feelings; nought she knew
That all his bitter dream had passed away;
His eyes flashed ardour, till they seemed to melt
In their own light of fondness, and he felt
He could for her renounce each selfish joy,
Bear all—dare all things, ere her peace destroy.

"O I have wronged thy heart—Claudine, forgive! In this dark world I know one law alone, It is thy will—to do it I will live,
Trampling in dust each feeling of my own.
For thee I'll joy to suffer, dare to die,
My greatest grief to cause thee tear or sigh;
So I might think thee happy, every pain
That mind can know, shall wring my soul in vain.

"Life of my life! dear dream of childhood's hour!
Whose eyes I saw with, and whose soul seemed past
Into my own by love's commingling power,
We thought our happy lots together cast:
Though I would linger here by night, by day,
A rapture through these groves unseen to stray,

Though I would linger here by night, by day, A rapture through these groves unseen to stray To breathe the air thou breathest, and to know The winds that fan me, also on thee blow:

"Though it will seem as if some dagger tore
My heart from out my breast, to part from thee,
Hear naught of thee, and meet thy face no more,
The world a blank, my life an agony,
Yet, at thy bidding, self I will control,
And sunder from thee all save haunting soul,
Leave thee to God, my path, my griefs unknown,
And battle with my hopeless fate alone."

He sank his forehead on his pressing palms;
His bosom heaved, but murmured forth no sigh;
Philosophy the tortured spirit calms,
Stricken by bitterest woes beneath the sky,

Save the great sorrow of a loving heart, Whose dreams are vain, whose treasured hopes depart; Thought, science, learning, all their proud array, Still fail that cloud of soul to chase away.

Claudine walked mutely up the alcove's side,
Pausing and turning oft with earnest gaze;
She mourned to lose him, yet stern reason cried
His presence would but sadden all her days:
Approaching softly now, she laid her hand
Trembling upon his arm, while sweetly bland,
But mournful smiles her pallid face o'erspread,
For all her sparkling, happy smiles had fled.

And tears anon would trickle down her cheek,
Like the large drops that, one by one, will steal
O'er the moist rose's face when day-beams break—
Tears wrung from spirit doomed too much to feel.
Never again that voice might greet her ear,
Never again those eyes, so wildly dear,
Beam on her fondest light—the die was cast,
And she must smile, and gaze, and weep her last.

"The world, Claudine, may hold in lofty scorn
The blinded slave of passion, and proclaim
Worthless the joys of love's sweet sorcery born,
But love with me surpassed all wealth or fame:
My art was dear, and oft my soul I poured
Above the canvas, while that soul adored;
But still my love, as sunflower, true and free,
Night past, turns eastward, pointed back to thee.

"I would not touch thy heart by grief of mine;
Thy once kind eye will meet my face no more;
Henceforth I shall be naught to thee or thine,
As if I walked death's sable, silent shore:
The plants that sprang together fate must sever,
My dream with morning light hath fled for ever;
My once brave sailing bark, joy loved to deck,
Drives on the pitiless rocks, a broken wreck.

"Farewell! no bitterness shall taint my heart,
I breathe no word upbraiding; thou hast borne
Thy share of pain and sorrow; now we part—
Will our sad midnight ever know a morn?
Eternal Spirit, reigning in yon sky!
Who heed'st the lowliest when to thee they cry!
O hear my prayer from glory's seats above,
For her I hoped to serve, and dared to love!"

He stretched his hands high o'er her, and upraised
His eyes to Heaven, invoking on her head
Each blessing Mercy grants; and, as he gazed,
All feelings, save affection, seemed as fled:
He prayed that Heaven would pour its healing balm,
And Time, the soother, bring her spirit calm;
Each guardian-angel her dear steps attend,
Peace lap her soul, and God be still her friend.

Their hands lay in each other, and their eyes
Were fixed upon each other; sorrow hushed
Each voice to whispers, and low, broken sighs,
As o'er their hearts warm tides of feeling gushed:
Their language was no longer of the tongue,
But looks and gestures, and they madly wrung
Joy e'en from suffering, like intensest light
Flashed from the thunder-cloud 'mid stormy night.

And there they lingered, knowing they must part,
Yet loth that hour to tear themselves away,
Magnetic influence linking heart to heart,
While striving duty's mandate to obey—
The fond companions of a happy youth,
Still in their thoughts, their souls, all warmth and truth,
Severed by fate, their love but crime and pain,
And asking for hope's balm, in vain—in vain.

Grief choked their murmured words; they felt how hard
For those who truly love to say farewell!
Yet must they breathe it, and their souls be barred
From all they prized; that word was as a knell
Ringing dead happiness unto its tomb,
And they, bereaved, would wander on in gloom.
Alas! for love, when all its roses die,
And the sad cypress claims the tear and sigh!

Once more her hand was trembling in his own,
Once more her head upon his shoulder laid,
Once more a burst of woe—a smothered groan,
Quivering of lips that faintly bless'd and prayed;
Then stifling all she felt, Claudine at last
Sprang from his side, and through the foliage passed—
The star had left the heaven no more to bless;
Dupré looked round—he stood in loneliness.

A PRIMEVAL RACE.*

THE newly-discovered traces of human abodes under the Swiss lakes are quite as important factors for the primeval history of the European nations as are the excavations at Herculaneum and Pompeii for Roman, and those of Nineveh for Assyrian, antiquity. In such relics of prehistoric times the usages of the men who inhabited them thousands of years ago are brought so vividly and perfectly before us, that entirely new perspectives are opened to us about the past, and a civilisation which has long died out. From the recently published work of M. Troyon, a French-Swiss, we propose to select those portions most interesting

^{*} Habitations Lacustres des Temps Anciens et Modernes. Par F. Troyon. Lausanne.

to our readers, as evidencing the historical results of this valuable dis-

covery.

In the winter of 1853 the water was extremely low in the Lake of Zurich, and the population took advantage of the circumstance to carry the dyke farther out into the lake, and thus obtain fresh arable land. The workmen engaged on the dyke discovered in the vicinity of the village of Obermeilen, and under a stratum of mud about eighteen inches thick, posts, charcoal, stones blackened by fire, bones, and all sorts of instruments. On hearing about this, Professor Keller, of Zurich, at once investigated the remains, and soon after made the result known to the scientific world. Since this period several French and German savans have examined the insulated spots in the Swiss lakes, as well as the mud-banks, carried out similar researches in the lakes of Italy, the French Jura, and Savoy, and their collection of historical evidence has daily been increased since then. In Switzerland alone they have already discovered one hundred and fifty sub-aqueous villages, and their number appears to have no limit. In the more important towns of Switzerland, enormous quantities of antiquities are exhibited in public museums, and in the private collections of savans. At the village of Concise nearly five-and-twenty thousand articles have been taken out of the Lake of Neufchâtel, and in all probability the researches will be more productive, as the antiquities are contained in a long stratum of diluvium which is three feet in thickness.

We can easily comprehend why the pre-historic population of Helvetia built their villages for choice on the lake-islands: prior to the Roman epoch, bears, wolves, boars, &c., ranged about the mighty forests of the Alpine valleys; but more terrible still were the various tribes which carried on sanguinary feuds. The first business was, therefore, to find a shelter protected by nature; in mountain regions, the deep grottos, which could only be reached by climbing up precipitous slopes, offered security; in well-watered regions, they settled on peninsulas formed by the confluence of two streams, or in the bends of meandering rivers, while in lacustrine countries, such as Switzerland and Savoy, they quitted the mainland and built their huts in the middle of the water, at a certain distance from the bank. Here they were safe from any sudden hostile attack, and could easily reach any point of land in their canoes, while the huts served at the same time as storehouses for fish. Perhaps that irresistible longing for water, which affects nations in their childhood, was the guiding principle in this choice of an abode, for in all periods of history and in all parts of the world, the necessity of defence, convenience of fishing, and the picturesque sight of the expanse of water, have ever combined to make tribes build their cabins of branches and reeds upon the water. Herodotus tells us that the Poeonians, in Thrace, built their villages upon piles driven into the shallows of Lake Prasias, and the Malays and Chinese still do the same thing in Bangkok and on the coasts of Borneo. When the Spaniards discovered the lagunes of Maracaybo, they saw, to their surprise, a village built upon piles-a Venice built upon a small scale-which still bears the name of Venezuela.

But let us now return to the lacustrine abode of pre-historic Helvetia. Here the piles can be clearly distinguished under water, driven into the ground either in parallel lines or in irregular groups, and the charred beams between the piles generally formed the flooring of the cabins a

few feet above the surface of the lake. Remains of plaited branches and lumps of fire-hardened clay evidently belonged to the walls, while pieces of reed, straw, and bark are relics of the conical-shaped roofs. The stones that once formed the hearth have fallen perpendicularly to the bottom of the lake, and now lie beneath the exact spot which they formerly occupied. Among the household utensils found in the mud are clay vessels, sherds, leaves and moss employed as beds, and hunting trophies in the shape of stags' antlers, and bull skulls. Near the piles may be seen the remains of hollow trees, which were used as canoes, and a row of piles indicates a former bridge which connected the water village with the mainland. The largest of these villages contained from two hundred to three hundred cabins, each from nine to fifteen feet long-sufficient space for a family which merely sought a shelter in their residence. These cabins, projecting from the surface of the water, must have produced a most picturesque effect; on the desolate shore a few domestic animals might be seen grazing in the verdant wood glades; lofty trees spread out their green branches over the entire landscape, while the deepest silence brooded over the forests. On the lake, however, all was life and motion; the smoke from the huts rose spirally in the air; the canoes came and went from one group of huts to another, or from the village to the strand; while in the distance the fishing-boats and vessels of war rode at anchor. Water seemed to be the true element of man. Soon after the first discovery, the Swiss archæologists proved that these lacustrine villages could not all belong to the same epoch. A more careful investigation led them to divide the primeval history into the three ages of stone, bronze, and iron. Scandinavian antiquaries had already established these three epochs for their own country: but these ages are not synchronous in the two states. At that date civilisation moved very slowly from spot to spot; centuries passed before a social progress passed from the South of Europe to the northern regions, and the customs of a land were only altered in consequence of lengthened wars, or distant national migrations. In German Switzerland remains of buildings and villages belonging to the stone age are principally found. West Switzerland also possessed large lacustrine villages, such as the one at Concise, near the southern outlet of the Lake of Neufchâtel; but the Lakes of Zurich and Constance appear to have been most fully populated. At the former emerge from the water the pile works of Obermeilen, which were the origin of all later discoveries, and from the relics found here, as well as on the banks of the Lake of Constance, we are enabled to form a rough outline of the mode of life of the lacustrine population, and make a few general, though tolerably certain, remarks about their history. What most surprises us in these primeval buildings is the immense amount, of labour expended, for which the men had no instruments but flint-axes and burning charcoal. Tall and straight trees certainly grew in abundance in the woods, but, in order to fell, lop, sharpen them, and drive them several feet into the ground, they could only employ stone and fire. Even more difficult than cutting the woodwork into piles was the cleaving of the trunks into beams-with stone axes!-and it must have taken immense time and trouble to fell an oak tree from thirty to forty-five feet in length, and hollow it out for a canoe. Many villages that lie here in ruins rest upon at least forty thousand piles! This must have necessarily been the work of a succession of generations, and presupposes incessant labour from each of them. Moreover, they dug ditches round the pasture ground of their herds on shore, to protect them from wild beasts, erected tumuli and other monuments on elevations, carried on works, hunted and fished, cultivated the soil, and did all this with bone and stone tools. And what patience, too, the preparations of these instruments demanded; for the stone could only be cut with stone, and it is almost impossible to comprehend how they managed to give a point and an edge to the hardest stones, for they only selected such.

The axe played a great part in this primitive industry, and hundreds of them are found under the ruins of the old cabins. This hunting and war implement was also employed for the most varying domestic operations, and in all probability the owner constantly carried it in his hand or his belt. The Swiss axe, generally made of a block of serpentine, is much smaller than the one used in Scandinavia during the stone age, and on the average only measures from one and a half to two inches, The mode of fastening these axes to handles varied, but most usually they were attached, by means of ligaments, to a crooked piece of wood or a stag-horn. This national weapon called into activity the artistic feeling or inventive faculty of its possessor; each warrior changed its shape according to his taste, and adorned it with feathers and other ornaments after the fashion of the American Redskins. They had also arrow-heads of flint or bone fastened to bulrushes; these arrow-heads resemble those found in England, France, and on the banks of the Mississippi, but are not so long as the Scandinavian. They were also, in all probability, familiar with the use of the sling, and employed stones as projectiles; at any rate heaps of sharr-edged pebbles lie in the mud near the piles, and, as they are too small to be manufactured into weapons, they can have had no other purpose but the one which we have stated. They were also acquainted with the use of a sort of fire-ball, made of charcoal and clay, and provided with a hole, which facilitated the throwing. Made red-hot in the fire these were cast on the roofs of the enemy's cabins; the dry straw caught fire, and the roof was speedily a mass of flames. In this way did the Nervians fire Cæsar's camp; so inventive was man in the art of destruction even in the cradle of his history!

Among the instruments of that period we also find cutting or toothed blades, made of flints, which were used as knives and saws, as well as hammers, anvils, grindstones, awls made of bones or stag-horn, pincers and needles. The pottery, sherds of which have been frequently found, was made of coarse clay, with which grains of quartz are mingled, and generally produced by hand; the vessels reveal the infancy of this art, and rarely display signs of ornamentation, though some of the finer pottery is polished and dyed black with plumbago. At Wangen on the Lake of Constance, and at Rabenhausen on Lake Pfäffikon, mats of hemp and flax, and even real linen, have been found, as well as baskets, bearing a great resemblance to those from the old Egyptian tombs. The inhabitants of the lacustrine villages also made ropes and cords of the fibre and bark of various trees. Like all savage nations they were also very fond of finery: they were bone pins in their hair, rings on their fingers, clumsy bracelets, and chains, made of stag-horn and stones, upon their

necks; and also bears' teeth, doubtless as amulets, which were supposed to impart to them the strength of those wild beasts and guard them against witchcraft. They used large stone quoits as a relaxation after their hard day's toil, while the threaded nuts, found in various parts of the mud, may possibly have been employed by mothers as rattles for their children.

Other discoveries supply a proof that agriculture was considerably advanced among these tribes: it is true that hunting and fishing supplied them with the principal staple of their food, as we are taught by the position of their huts in the middle of the water, as well as by the partially-gnawed bones of the bison, stag, elk, goat, and wild-fowl, which have been found partly in the peat-beds, partly in the mud, under the lacustrine villages. The forest growth also supplied their tables with many an extra dish, for among the ruins of the kitchen have been found pine-cones, mast-nuts, hazel-nuts, and berries. Still, they had large herds of cattle and sheep, goats and pigs, and employed dogs to guard these domestic animals; they made a species of cheese, in vessels provided with holes; they cultivated several varieties of fruit-trees, such as the apple, the cherry, and the plum, and stored up grain for winter consumption. In the ruins of a village on the Lake of Constance, Löhle discovered a primitive granary, containing about a hundred pecks of barley and wheat, in seed and in the ear, and he even found a real loaf, made of ground wheat and pollard, which has been preserved through carbonisation. With the exception, therefore, of poultry and eggs, the bill of fare of the primitive Helvetians did not differ greatly

from that of the present day.

"Ceres' golden gifts," that most valuable acquisition of humanity, would be by themselves speaking witnesses that these nameless tribes of the stony age had already a long succession of centuries of progress behind them, had not a close investigation of the lacustrine villages produced the certainty that their primitive inhabitants carried out what is termed the division of labour on a very vast scale. Many localities-for instance, Moosseedorf, Obermeilen, and Concise-offer such an abundance of finished and half-finished implements, that they may be regarded as the real manufacturing towns of the epoch. Each, too, had its specialty, which indicates a division of labour, and a system of mutual barter. A very considerable trade must also have been carried on with remote countries, for among the remains are found objects which are not natural products of Switzerland. The rocks of the neighbouring mountains, stags' antlers, and the bones of savage animals, certainly supplied material for nearly all the tools, but the flint missiles could only come from Gaul or Germany. They also obtained coral from the Mediterranean nations, they purchased amber on the shores of the Baltic, and the costly nephrite was imported from the East. If we concede to the savans, who refer all nations to an Asiatic origin, that the dwellers on the lakes brought a considerable quantity of nephrite with them, how did they obtain coral and amber except by barter? Nomadic nations are not afraid of a journey, even though it may last weeks and months; for instance, long before the arrival of Europeans, the Indians of the Great Lake kept up an uninterrupted communication with those of the Lower Mississippi, and for purposes of barter, or to form an alliance against their neighbouring foes,

dauntlessly undertook long marches through the savannahs, the forests,

and across mighty rivers.

In addition to a knowledge of agriculture, handicraft, and trade, which gives this primeval nation a high rank in civilisation, we have also the noblest expression of mental development in their religion, which speaks most favourably for them. Like the Celts, the dwellers on the lakes appeared to have adored God in nature, on mountains, beneath the mysterious shadow of groves, or upon the water. Most inquirers do not hesitate to ascribe to them the erection of the great majority of what are called Druidical stones, and the largest tumuli of Switzerland evidently belong to this stone age, as not a trace of metal is visible on them. These mounds, some of which attain a height of eighty or ninety feet, testify to a deep reverence for the dead : they rest in the grave with their arms folded on their breast, and their knees drawn up to their chin, and this posture, which resembles that of an infant before birth, was probably intended to typify that the deceased had returned to the lap of the universal mother. Not so long back an affecting custom took place at burials in some of the communes of the Alpine valleys: when the grave was closed, several nursing mothers walked up, and allowed a few drops of milk to fall upon the newly turned up soil. The origin of this custom must be sought in the stone age. But not one of the remains discovered in the tumuli leads to the supposition that the primitive inhabitants of Helvetia offered men to the manes of their deceased, and this gruesome sacrifice, which the Swiss performed in the following

iron age, was entirely unknown to the lacustrine villagers.

In what century of history, however, should this stone age be laid? this chronological question next offers itself to the inquirer. Troyon at first attempted to solve it, by studying the peat formation at the site of the various lake villages: and in the same way as a botanician decides the age of a tree by the number of its rings, he proposed to settle the age of the implements by the centuries which the peat stratum lying over them required for its formation. Unfortunately, however, peat is formed at some places quicker, at others more slowly, by virtue of laws as yet unknown, and hence Troyon was obliged to seek another mode of estimating, which the excavations in the lacustrine villages of Western Switzerland at length offered him. In the deposits formed by the rivers that run into the Lakes of Neufchâtel and Geneva, several groups of piles were discovered, evidently belonging to the stone age. Similar remains have been also found at Villeneuve, which is situated about five hundred yards from the present eastern bank of the Lake of Geneva. Traces of villages belonging to the same age were also found in the alluvium of the bed of the Lake of Neufchâtel, more especially in the swampy valley of the Orbe, which runs to the southward of Yverdon. In order to decide the age of the piles sunk in the alluvium it is only necessary to measure the difference between the present and the old bank, and find a third point between these two parallel, or rather concentric, lines, whose age is known, and then approximatively calculate the progressive growth of the river deposits. Now, such a point exists in the valley of the Orbe, in the shape of the dune which bears the ruins of the ancient Gallo-Roman town of Eburodunum. Between this dune and the space which the modern Yverdon partly covers, there is not a trace of Roman antiquities,

whence it may be concluded that at the commencement of our era the lake-bank was much nearer to this dune. If we assumed, then, that the lake still washed the walls of Castrum Eburodunum, it would have required at least 1500 years to form the belt 800 yards in width, which now exists between the ruins and the lake-bank. It is, however, extremely probable that the retirement of the water did not take place so rapidly, for the Celtic name "Eburodunum" indicates an ante-Roman settlement. At any rate, if the above figures be too low, we see that an interval of 1800 years was needed to fill up the space of 1000 metres. which separates the dune from the old pile buildings to the south, at the foot of Mont Chamblon; and in this way we are carried back to the fifteenth century before our chronology. At this period, though probably at an earlier date, the growing peat and deposits of the Orbe expelled the inhabitants of the lacustrine village near Chamblon. In order to attain the period of its foundation we must go back a few more centuries: for it must have taken many years ere the lake was filled up between the village and the old bank, which can still be perfectly traced. Without adhering to mathematical precision, then, Troyon arrives at the conclusion that the lacustrine village of the primeval Helvetians may be referred to 2000 B.C. The objection might be raised that the level of the lake has sunk during the historic era, and that the marsh of Yverdon was thus drained, but, as the old bank is exactly as high as the present one, the height of the water must have remained the same during the

last four thousand years.

The result to which M. Troyon has attained by this investigation of the alluvial strata of the valley of the Orbe must be counted among the greatest triumphs of geology. By this science, which reveals to us the relative age of fossil plants and animals, we are enabled to decide with tolerable accuracy the chronology of the human races which succeeded each other on the surface of the earth. When historical monuments and written documents begin to fail us, the geologist steps in: he examines the fluviatile deposits grain by grain, brings to daylight gnawn bones, pot-sherds, fragments of every description, which are deposited in the archives of the world's strata, and an examination of these things enables him to drag from oblivion long-departed nations. Owing to these investigations the history of man in Western Europe has become two thousand years older; moreover, it is a fact acquired by science that eight or ten centuries prior to the Trojan war a nation of hunters, agriculturists, and craftsmen lived in Helvetia, and maintained communications with the tribes in Germany and on the coasts of the Baltic. At the same time the field of natural history has been enlarged: long after the mammoths and other antediluvial creatures had disappeared, the aurochs, the buffalo, the giant elk, the wild goat, and the beaver inhabited the forests of Western Europe. Finally, we discover a most important fact connected with the history of the globe, that the climate of Helvetia has but imperceptibly changed during the last four thousand years; the trees and plants that grow there now grew there at that age; the same grain served as food for man, and the only difference, which is proved by an examination of the stone age, is, that the water caltrop and the lily, which have now disappeared from the Swiss lakes, must have grown there at the period to which we refer in great abundance.

Towards the close of the stone age some slight acquaintance with the metals is perceptible, as is shown by a few relics found at Obermeilen and Concise; still, the perfection as well as rarity of the objects prove that they were introduced from a foreign country, either by means of barter, or in consequence of martial events. Most absurd is the supposition, however, that the primeval Helvetians discovered the manufacture of bronze, for they did not know the use of copper and tin, and the appearance of metallic mixtures can only be accounted for by the fact that a new nation with a new civilisation came upon the scene. In Hindostan, Central Asia, and America, the stone age was followed slowly, and step by step, by the copper age, which was gradually swallowed up in the bronze age. In Helvetia, however, as in the whole of Western Europe, the copper age is not at all represented, and bronze follows stone immediately. Two races came into collision, and in nearly all the lacustrine villages the border line of these two epochs is sharply marked by fire and murder. The new comers, who probably belonged to the Celtic age, swung their metal axes, and the superiority of these weapons gained them a very easy victory over the poor natives, who probably fell back in terror before their foes, just as the Indians in Mexico and Peru behaved to the first Spaniards, who dashed about like centaurs on their impetuous steeds, and hurled death at a distance. The lacustrine villagers of Eastern Switzerland seemed to have suffered the most in this invasion; the majority of the villages were evacuated, and from that date their ruins lie buried in the waters; traces of fire are also visible on the piles of Western Switzerland. Some villages, like Steinberg, in Lake Biel, were rebuilt on the old site, but others, after the destruction, were removed farther into the lake, in hopes to be safe from incendiary missiles. Lastly, several villages rose on the deserted isles of the lakes. At the beginning of the bronze age the lacustrine population appear to have left their dwellings en masse, in order to get away from their foe, who had by this time seized the whole of Eastern (or now German) Switzerland. On taking refuge in what is now French Switzerland, the dwellers on the lakes were so fortunate as to repulse all the attacks of the enemy, and at the same time discover all the trade secrets introduced from the East. Through this contact with a more civilised race, a new era of prosperity seems to have sprung up for them; the population increased in a marked way, and greatly surpassed in numbers that of the preceding age, for in the marshes of the Dyle, between the Lakes of Biel and Neufchâtel, the lacustrine buildings are so numerous, that they constitute a regular mine of firewood for the population.

The more or less worn condition of the piles is a tolerably sure sign whether the villages belong to the stone or the iron age. Nearly all the piles of the elder age, namely, are driven down into the lake-bed by the action of the water, while, on the other hand, those belonging to a later period project several feet above the bottom. Hardly any change is perceptible in the construction of the huts, probably because the national customs remained unaltered; still, according to Troyon, several were built on rafts, and others, again, like the hanging huts of the Bosphorus, at different heights, upon crossed piles, driven obliquely into the ground. Once in possession of metal, trade takes an impulse higher in proportion to the former period, while making no change in the type and shape of

its productions. The axe still remains the faithful companion of the warrior, and the artisan employs all his skill in decorating it; but to these martial weapons were added fresh instruments of death, such as the bronze sword and the stone club, but arrows became rarer—a proof that instead of fighting at a distance, like their forefathers, the natives had grown accustomed to attack their foes foot against foot, but they had not lost the use of incendiary missiles. Among the relics of the artistic productions of this age we find knives, scythes, mill and grindstones, needles and pins, weavers' shuttles, fish-hooks, quoits, children's rattles, earrings, crystal ornaments, lumps of amber, and necklaces of glass and agate beads. The articles of pottery, although resembling in shape those of the earlier age, display marked progress in shape and ornamentation: in all the larger villages potteries were established, as is proved by several specimens spoiled in the firing. There must have also been special factories of bronze articles, for at Morges a graceful model for an axe has been found, and real foundries discovered at Echalles in the Vaudois, and at Dovaine on the Lake of Geneva. Besides, a bar of tin, brought up from under the piles at Stäffis, proves that bronze was not imported from foreign countries already mixed. As we have seen, during the stone age the Alpine valleys were an entrepôt between the Baltic and the Mediterranean shores, and in the next age they procured the native tin by barter from the Cassiterides. Agriculture also progressed hand in hand with trade, and the country probably was indebted to the abundant food it produced for the marked increase in the population. Finally, cattlebreeding spread greatly, and horses, of which race the stone race hardly displays a specimen, were now numerously represented.

No extensive change, however, appears to have taken place in the religious views and customs corresponding with the material progress. The priests who entered the land after the Celtic invasion, faithful to their habits, rejected metals which were introduced by barbarous nations, and exclusively employed stone instruments as before. Among the venerated blocks of stones, employed as altars, may be reckoned the Hof-stein, in the Lake of Geneva, below Lausanne, the rocks which form small islands no great distance from Geneva, and the Rock of Marriage, now called Stäffis, on which betrothed people used to take an oath of fidelity so late as the last century. If, however, the religion of the lacustrine villagers does not appear to have altered during the bronze age, their growing relations with the neighbouring Celts certainly weakened to some extent their earlier veneration for their dead; in the second age the tumuli were not raised so high, and the corpses were placed in the graves either in a sitting posture or horizontally. The burning of the dead, a custom which the Celts brought with them from the East, was never introduced among the dwellers on the lakes. To judge from the thickness of the ruins and the great sinking of the piles, the duration of the lake villages in the bronze age was great; but their destruction must have been effected precisely in the same way as the previous one, for the remains undeniably bear traces of plunder and arson. A new nation, armed with iron swords, poured over the wide undulating plain that extends between the Jura and the Alps, and seized, after a longer or shorter campaign, the wooden fortresses, in which the lacustrine population had sought shelter. The desolaters did their worst, for, out of

seventy to eighty villages, eleven alone display traces of the following age, and but three of these signs of a lengthened residence, Steinberg and Grasern, in the Lake of Biel, and La Tène, in the Lake of Neufchâtel. Probably a few families among the conquered entered into marriage alliances with the victors, but it is just as probable that the great mass of the primitive inhabitants was destroyed, or compelled as slaves to accept the habits of the Helvetic conqueror. The nation disappeared, and history has not even recorded the period: on the site of the lacustrine villages, which had been for centuries the abode of a powerful race, were erected poor huts, in which fishing families earned a precarious livelihood. The remains of coarse pottery, dating from the Roman era, prove that these villages were inhabited at the commencement of the Christian era.

As the destruction of the lacustrine villages corresponds with the commencing use of iron, the time of the invasion can be almost laid down. The Phoceans of Massilia and the Belgic Kymri, who emigrated to Northern Gaul, brought iron with them, the former in the sixth, the latter in the fifth century B.C. In this way, therefore, the dwellers on the lakes may have obtained some iron articles by barter, but as they still universally kept up the use of bronze weapons, they necessarily succumbed in an unequal contest with a far better equipped foe, who could be no other than the Helvetians, from Gallia, or Southern Germany. All the testimony collected by antiquarians proves their Gallic origin; as, for instance, the Celtic names of localities; their weapons, which exactly resembled those which the Gauls employed in their march upon Rome, under Brennus; the crescents, which they employed as armlets; and, lastly, the custom of burning the dead. From the material side of civilisation the Helvetians were certainly far superior to the primeval population of the country: no artistic productions found among the relics of the first two ages holds comparison with the thousands found on a battlefield near Bern, which belongs to the Helvetic period. They not only forged iron swords, which are considered masterpieces at the present day, but made glass and enamel, produced richly carved ornaments, and-if we may believe Roman authors-they knew how to read. But this nation, so far advanced in industry, had an awful religion, and they left traces of human sacrifices in many parts of Switzerland. In a valley near Lausanne stands a tumulus, in which four clay vessels, filled with human ashes, have been found; a cavity under the urns contained the charcoal; and the remains of burnt animals, among which a dog, an ox, and a horse have been recognised. Farther on was an irregularly-shaped bed of large rough stones, on which four human skeletons, lamentably shattered, were evidently dragged by force; and the remains of feminine ornaments indicate the sex of the unhappy victims, who must have been young, to judge from the undeveloped state of the wisdom teeth in the jaw. Two hundred yards from the tumulus still stands the altar, on which the wives of the deceased chief were doubtless sacrificed; and in another tumulus belonging to the same epoch, and about six thousand paces distant, are the skeletons of twelve young men, whose skulls were battered in with clubs. After a stay of several centuries in the valleys of the Alps and the Jura, these restless, change-loving Helvetians left the mountains to settle in the plains of Gallia, where they appear for the first time in

history, for Cæsar, who defeated them terribly at Bibracte, mentions them to us. By the aid of the later excavations in different parts of Switzerland we can trace back the stream of ages to the well-head, give a general idea of the history of the Helvetians up to the fourth or fifth century B.C., and at the same time throw a brighter light upon the history of the aborigines, whom they destroyed or rendered slaves.

But who were these aborigines? To what race did they belong? the Finnish, Siculan, Iberian, or Pelasgian, or must we transfer the cradle of this race to the plateau of the Jura? One thing appears certain: they were of short stature; rather active than powerful; the span of their bracelets indicates small joints, and the short hilt of their swords was not made for the sturdy fists of the Helvetians. Still, such indicia are too weak for us to draw any certain result from them: the form of the skull would be an important argument for the solution of the question; but, unfortunately, all those hitherto found in the tumuli and pile-buildings are in too injured a condition to admit of any comparative anatomy. It is a strange contrast! Of many nations whose customs have remained a secret to us we know the history, wars, migrations, and even the genealogy of their kings; and here we have a nation whose entire domestic life lies before us like an open book, and yet its name is in the deepest obscurity. The productions of this race are preserved in museums; we are even able to form an approximatively correct idea of their numbers; and yet we cannot connect them by blood with any preceding or succeeding race. Let us hope, however, that within a short period the methodical investigation of European antiquities, and the collection of all the fossil remains which the earth still begrudges us, may enable savans to give the dwellers on the lakes their right position in the history of nations, and follow their migrations and record their stations. It has already been proved by recent researches that they also inhabited the lakes of Savoy and Upper Italy, and we have no doubt but that ere long we shall know how far their territory extended during the various pre-historic epochs, and obtain full information about their domestic, mental, and moral life.

In the mean while, and until this desirable end is attained, we must not forget to thank the learned investigators of the Swiss lakes for their careful and fatiguing collection of the modest relics which have remained so long under water. These unpretending relics speak no less proud a language than the monuments of the Roman conquerors; for the savage and barbaric hordes who have escaped the transient recollection of their descendants, did their allotted task, and exercised a deep and permanent influence over their successors. Ten years ago, before the pile-buildings were discovered beneath the Swiss lakes, nothing was known of a nation which for nearly twenty centuries prepared the earth for our present civilisation, fought with wild beasts, rooted out forests, cultivated the soil-in a word, performed the great work of first settlement, which the Greeks attributed to demi-gods. The primeval heroes of the Alpine valleys do not bear the glorious names of Hercules and Theseus, but have an equal claim to the world's gratitude, for a fair share of the boasted civilisation of the present day must be attributed to the nameless tribes of the stone and bronze ages.

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE REIGN OF TERROR.*

"Two principles," it is justly remarked by M. Mortimer-Ternaux, "have, since the commencement of society, disputed the empire of the world—Liberty and Despotism. Despotism may have its throne in the street, as well as in the palace of kings; it can lean on a mob as well as on a prætorian guard, and be put in force by a committee of public safety, just as well as by a Tiberius or a Nero. Democracy is, strictly speaking, only one of the incarnations of despotism."

This great fact cannot be too much pondered upon. In our own times, when all things have, more or less, a democratic tendency, when literature and even religion are called into its service, and the spirit, not of freedom only, but of aspiration to government on the part of the often uneducated masses, is becoming almost universal, it is well to reflect upon the examples given to us of democratic despotism in the United States, the liberty of the subject and of the press invaded, and the last resources of despots of old put in force among a so-called liberal and enlightened people; as also to the still more flagrant and fearful example of democratic despotism, as compared even with the worst forms of regal, imperial, or dictatorial despotism, presented to us by the so-called "Reign of Terror" in France. The real liberty enjoyed by the subject under a constitutional sovereignty affords the most remarkable and pleasing contrast that can possibly be imagined, and honest and loyal constitutionalism can appeal to such with upraised head, when it lifts its warning voice against those demands for an unlimited suffrage or franchise, which must end, not only in supplanting a stable progress and prosperity by revolution, and a free constitution by despotism, but as our country is circumstanced, just as much as in France, by a collective tyranny a hundred-fold more rude, more tyrannical, and more cruel and insupportable, than any individual tyranny can be.

The difficulty that presents itself in the instance of the most flagrant of all these turpitudes, "conceptions of genius and terrible dramas," according to some, is to determine when they began. What is the point of departure of the tyranny of the street and of the despotism of the mob?

"We hesitated a long time," says M. Ternaux, "for how many precursory signs preceded the horrible tempest that put all France

^{*} Histoire de la Terreur, 1792—1794. D'après les Documents Authentiques et des Pièces Inédites. Par M. Mortimer-Ternaux. Tomes I° et II eme. Paris: Michel Lévy Frères. 1862.

into mourning! After long reflection, we decided upon the date of the 20th of June, 1792, that is to say, upon the day when anarchy, after having, so to say, had its advent sanctioned in the sanctuary of the laws, by defiling there with its procession of drunken men and delirious women, dared to sully the inviolable asylum of Louis XVI., and to soil the venerable head of the unfortunate monarch with the red cap, in anticipation of the day when it should strike it down with the revolutionary axe."

True that the constitutionalists of the Assembly and of the departments protested vehemently against this outrage, but their voices were lost in the clamour of the streets, and a fatal discouragement took

possession of them.

From that day the National Guard was morally dismissed. After a few courageous but isolated struggles, the bond of union was severed. Each followed the impulse of his own egotism, and the different members retired, panic-stricken, to their homes, hoping that they would individually be forgotten, and that the storm would pass over without involving them personally. The Reign of Terror was inaugurated; anarchy, which was to devour all things, domineered without opposition, and was not even troubled in its work of destruction by the cries of its victims. Like the Polyphemus of fable, it could select them on what day and what hour it pleased, could immolate them at its leisure, putting off to the next day the sacrifice of a portion of its prisoners, without any one daring to question its verdicts of death.

The first attempt made by the democrats to proclaim the sovereignty of the streets, inaugurate the reign of tumult, and tumble down the last foundations of the old monarchical edifice, was ably carried out. The discipline of the army was already much shaken, but it might, in the moment of extreme danger, take the initiative under energetic and respected leaders. It was to it, therefore, that the first efforts of the Jacobins in realising the secret programme of their policy of disorganisation directed itself. Symptoms of insubordination had begun to manifest themselves in many regiments. The National Guards gave the example at Paris, and it was soon followed by other regi-

ments in Marseilles, Grenoble, and Metz.

A fête was organised in Paris to commemorate these acts of insubordination, and to feast its so-called "martyrs." It was fixed, amidst much opposition, for the 15th of April, and was to have that much-abused word, Liberty, and which in revolutionary parlance meant simply licence, for its chief object. The Municipality undertook the necessary measures for preserving order. Ternaux and Louis Blanc have alike branded with infamy the articles which appeared in the revolutionary journals, more especially the Père Duchesne, upon this occasion. Both quote portions, and their violence, indeed, appears to be only exceeded by their insolent vulgarity. "Aux piques! f—, brave sans-culottes, aiguisez-les pour exterminer les aristocrates qui osent broncher; que ce beau jour soit le dernier de leur règne; nous n'aurons de repos que quand dernière tête d'aristocrate sera tombée!" is a sufficient example.

The day selected was a Sunday. Tableaux vivants had been dispensed with till anarchy had made further progress, but the places of

the forty men destined to carry the chains of the soldier-convicts were taken by forty virgins. The programme being responsible for the fact. The procession was opened with busts of Voltaire, Rousseau, Franklin, and Sidney. These were followed by two sarcophagi, united by a band, on which was inscribed, "Bouillé and his accomplices are alone guilty." And the names of the victims of the affair at Nancy were inscribed on the coffins. "Magnanimous idea!" says M. Louis "Noble reconciliation!" exclaims M. Michelet. Eighty sans-culottes followed, carrying the banners of departments, to give the fête a national aspect. The citizens and citizenesses of the different Sections followed between lines of National Guards, with each an ear of wheat in his hand. Then came the Book of the Constitution, and the Table of Declaration of Rights, borne between two files of citizen-soldiers, and followed by the Municipality, headed by that incarnation of ridiculous vanity, Pétion. The authorities were followed by the chief object presented to the admiration of the publica convicts' galley. In the hurry to overthrow all that had been held previously in honour, and to put everything that had been despised in its place, the post of honour had been given to the emblem of infamy. The forty virgins and the soldiers of Châteauvieux walked behind and around the galley, "like a crown of flowers," as the poetic Tallien expressed it, and they were again followed by some troopers of the old French Guard, who bore the flag and the keys of the Bastille.

The procession was closed by a car in the shape of a galley, drawn by twenty-four white horses, and bearing a colossal statue of Liberty, with incense smoking in front. The right hand of the statue held the red cap, and the left ears of corn, or the sword of the law?—not at all a far more significant thing—a club! Renown hovered above, bearing on a scroll the statement that "La France est libre"—free in virtue of the club! Arrived at the Champ de Mars, the Table of the Declaration was placed upon the altar of the country, the car of Liberty was promenaded round the altar, and then the order of procession broke up, and, to use the words of M. Ternaux, "Les citoyens et citoyennes exécutèrent les danses et les farandoles les plus patriotiques."*

It is a curious fact, illustrative of civil broils, that Marie Joseph Chénier was the poet of the new worship—that of Licence—whilst his brother, André Chénier, who paid on the scaffold for his fidelity, inexorably branded the outrages committed against morality, reason,

and justice, with eternal infamy.

The friends of order and of the constitution became seriously alarmed at the abyss that the Jacobins were digging beneath their feet, and first openly manifested on the occasion of the fête of the Swiss of Châteauvieux. They made an attempt to test the popular sentiment—which they hoped was only led away for a moment by curiosity—by celebrating a funeral fête in honour of Simoneau, Mayor of Etampes, who had perished a victim of his devotion to the law. Disturbances had arisen in that town on account of the dearness of corn. An armed crowd insisted that it should be taxed at a price below what it fetched

^{* &}quot;Les frères embrassaient les frères et, selon l'humeur française, la fraternité pour les sœurs était encore bien plus tendre," wrote Michelet.

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in the market. Simoneau naturally declared that this was not in his power, unless he made up the difference out of his own pocket. this was the age of reason, and the mob insisting, and the mayor being abandoned by the few mounted men who were with him, he fell beneath the blows and balls of the rioters, who afterwards marched out of the town, drums beating, and the people shouting "Vive la Nation!" This Simoneau was a friend of the Revolution, so the Jacobins joined with the Constitutionalists on this occasion, in sympathetic condolence. The Assembly decided that public honours should be given to the defunct mayor, and that a fête should be celebrated in the name of the French nation. The extreme party, however, waxed furious at the idea of a festival in honour of the law. Robespierre declared in his journal, Le Défenseur de la Constitution, that the Mayor of Etampes had been guilty before being a victim. The fête, however, took place in spite of Robespierre and of his fanatical followers, on the first Sunday of June, and the National Assembly honoured it with its presence: so, also, did the Municipality and the National Guard. But the populace saw the procession go by, and did not mingle in it. The whole thing was denounced by the Jacobins as reactionary—a fatal word, then first coming into use. The sword in the hand of Law was also denounced, although Liberty had held a club, and ultimately the assassins of Simoneau became the heroes of an audacious and impious apotheosis.

It was now three months that the Girondists had been in power, and, thanks to their tacit connivance, the Legislative Assembly continued to sap the last foundations of the throne. On the 29th of May, after an animated discussion, the dissolution of the Constitutional Guard of the king was voted, and its commandant, the Duke of Brissac, was sent to join Delessart at Orleans. The decree excited a lively enthusiasm among the Jacobins, and they flocked to the Tuileries to announce their triumph by the significant intimation of "Ça ira," "That famous melody," said the Mayor of Paris, upon this very occasion, "which rejoices the patriots and makes their enemies tremble." Louis XVI. had the weakness to sign the decree which deprived him

of one of his last supports.

The dismissal of the King's Guard was followed by more important measures. A camp of twenty thousand sans-culottes was voted for Paris, while the troops of the line were to be despatched to the frontier. The council of ministers recriminated, the National Guard protested, and a petition, signed by eight thousand persons, was presented to the Assembly against the project. Passions ran so high, that the parties in opposition were on several occasions nearly coming to blows. The revolutionists began to openly advocate the assassination of the king. Marat called for vengeance against the ministers, generals, and deputies, who, he said, had come to an understanding with the court to strangle the patriotic battalions. The Jacobins denounced the insolence of the "Autrichienne," and the faubourgs were all preparing for definite action. The king, however, persisted in refusing to sanction the decree, and it was everywhere felt that things could not stop where they were.

Roland took the initiative, and wrote a letter to the king, which has

remained famous in history. It was the ultimatum addressed by the Girondists to Royalty. The king, in his anger, summoned Dumouriez to his presence. The queen, however, opened the conversation:

"Do you think, sir," she said, "that the king should submit any longer to the threats and insolence of Roland, and to the treachery of

Servan and Clavières?"

"No, madame," the general replied; "I am indignant. I admire the king's patience, and I would urge him to change his ministry en-

tirely."

"I would wish you to remain," interposed the king, "you, as also Lacoste and the 'bonhomme' Duranthon; but do me the service to rid me of those three insolent partisans, for my patience is exhausted."

Dumouriez accepted, but on condition that the king should sign the decrees. Roland and Clavières dismissed, appealed to the Assembly. But the king, hesitating to sign the decrees, Dumouriez, after a scene of recrimination at the Assembly, presented his dismission three days afterwards, and it was accepted. Thereupon the Assembly voted the appointment of a committee of twelve members to watch over the interests of the country. The next day a letter was received from La Fayette, denouncing the Jacobins as the authors of all the disorders. It was the manifesto of the constitutional party, as the message of Roland, who had declared that the revolution should be completed at the sacrifice of life, had been that of the Jacobins. The Assembly handed over the letter to the Council of Twelve. As to the Jacobins. they felt at once that a duel for life had commenced, and they demanded that the new "Monk" should be summoned before the high court of Orleans. This was on the 18th of June. On the 19th the minister of justice, Duranton, announced to the Assembly that the king placed his veto on the transportation of the so-called turbulent priests, and on the projected formation of a camp of twenty thousand men in Paris.

M. Ternaux argues that the events of the 20th were not the instantaneous response of the popular masses to the king's vetos. All, he says, had been previously prepared. This may be so far true as preparations for action were concerned, but there is no doubt that the refusal of the king to allow the populace to arm themselves was what brought the plans into action. Certain it is, however, that the leaders in the faubourgs, Santerre the brewer; the ferocious Fournier, called the American, because he had lived at St. Domingo; Saint-Huruge, a noble debauchee; Rossignol, a working silversmith; the butcher Legendre; and the Polish adventurer Lazousky, had intended raising the masses and planting a tree of liberty in the garden of the Tuileries on the 16th. Everything, therefore, was ready, and the sections, after a violent address from a deputation from Marseilles urging them to action, sat in conference all the night of the 19th. A meeting was also held by Pétion, the same evening, at the mayoralty, and after hearing from the different leaders that the citizens were determined to present a petition in arms the ensuing day, it was actually proposed to legalise the proceeding by the Municipality taking a part in it, in order, as they said, to preserve order. The Directory of the department had, however, the good sense to refuse legalising that which was illegal, and Pétion had no other alternative than to issue at daybreak a manifesto

against the meeting.

Municipal officers were also sent in the course of the morning to endeavour to influence the people and their leaders. There was much hesitation even among them. The Section of Montreuil remained for some time undecided. Saint-Prix and Leclerc, commandants of the Bataillon Val de Grace, nearly came to fighting with the populace of Saint-Marceau, but, abandoned by their men, they had to succumb. The people insisted upon their rights to celebrate the anniversary of the oath of the "Jeu de Paume," and to plant a tree of liberty on the Terrasse des Feuillants. At twelve o'clock Santerre issued forth from his brewery, and took the lead. He was followed by the mob of sansculottes, the guns, colours, and men of the National Guard, and the car that bore the poplar-tree. He was the hero of the day.

The Municipality had met the same morning, and issued an order to call the citizens to arms, but no motion was taken. The Directory met, and kept up communication with the Tuileries, the ministry, and the Assembly. The latter had also met, and were still debating when the sound of the mob approaching was heard, and the meeting became conscious that the popular flood was already beating at the doors of the National Assembly. The building stood near the Place Vendôme, parallel to the Terrasse des Feuillants. That terrace existed as it does in the present day, only instead of the railing that now separates it from the Rue de Rivoli, there was a dead wall, so the mob proceeded by the Rue Saint-Honoré, turned down the Place Vendôme, and presented themselves at the Gate (so called) des Feuillants. Two municipal officers attempted once more to arrest their progress at this point, declaring that they could not exercise their right of petition in such But it was in vain. The mob invaded all the courts, passages, and approaches, till there was no means of retreat for those who were in front, and long before the Assembly, in which, as usual, the Right was opposed to the Left, had decidedwhether or not they should be admitted, the petitioners had obtained access to the hall. They had also broken down a doorway that led into the gardens, and a portion of the mob had dispersed themselves among the trees—a fact which M. Ternaux dwells upon with emphasis, as attesting that a first act of violence was committed before the petitioners had been heard by the Assembly, and because it has been denied, or passed over by historians, who view the events of the 20th of June as an "idyl in action."

The drums of the Bataillon des Quinze-Vingts beat to order, the crowd dispersed in the gardens rejoined the ranks, and the second act of the drama, which might at any moment have been converted into a frightful catastrophe, opened. Huguenin was the orator of the mob, and he addressed the Assembly at length. The petition was a formal declaration of war against the monarchy. This accomplished, and other petitions having been read, the multitude were allowed to defile under the direction of Santerre and Saint-Huruge. The procession lasted upwards of an hour. There were men, women, and even children, some with arms, others without. Among them were also many National Guards. Many carried strange emblems; one, a worn-out pair of nether garments at the end of his pike—the emblem of the misery of

the people—another bore the heart of a recently killed animal, with the inscription, "Heart of aristocrat!" Many shouted, "Long live the patriots!" "Down with the veto!" Most sang the "Ça ira" to the confused sound of the band and drums. Others, again, favoured the Assembly with patriotic dances, and some wished to speak. But Santerre hurried them on, with loud orders, "En avant, marche!" The procession over, the latter thanked the representatives for the reception given to their constituents, presented them with a flag in testimony of their gratitude, and then hastened away with Saint-Huruge, followed by the mob, to the Place du Carrousel. The Assembly thought that all was over, and dispersed. It was then half-

past three in the evening.

The mob crossed the garden, issued forth by the gate of the Pont Royal, and turned up the quays. Some battalions of National Guard were stationed in front of the Tuileries; the crowd defiled before them. As they passed the royal windows they shouted, "Vive la Nation!"
"Vivent les Sans-culottes!" "A bas Monsieur et Madame Veto!" As to the National Guards, some blamed, others openly approved of the movement. As the crowd passed on to the quays, the royal family gained confidence, and fancied that the worst was over. But instead of following the line of the quays, the crowd turned into the Place du Carrousel, the gates of which had already been taken possession of by the battalions of the Faubourg Saint-Antoine. Saint-Prix had also sent his two guns, and the men that served them, into the place. Ramainvilliers, commandant-general of the château, had at his disposal ten battalions in the garden, two more on the terrace that overlooks the river, four on the Place Louis XV., five on the Place du Carrousel, and a battalion besides the guard on duty, and one hundred gendarmes within the Tuileries. The access to the approaches of the château, and still more so to the palace itself, could very easily have been prevented with such a force, but the commandant remained inactive.

There was one more gleam of hope. For a moment the crowd seemed as if inclined to make for the Rue Saint-Nicaise, and regain its quarters by the Rue Saint-Honoré. Colonel Rulhière, who was posted with two squadrons of gendarmes in front of the Tuileries, thought that all danger was so completely over that he got down from his horse and went to chat with some brother-officers within the court of the château. Unfortunately, the mob did not disperse, but kept accumulating in the place, at that time much more circumscribed in space than in the present day, and encumbered with old and dilapidated buildings, so that it was soon full to inconvenience. This at once irritated and excited the masses. A group of some forty sans-culottes presented themselves at the gate of the royal court and demanded admittance. The gendarmes crossed their arms without vouchsafing Still no decision was taken, no orders given. One Carle asked Ramainvilliers what he was to do with the two hundred men under his orders. "Let them remove their bayonets," was the reply. "Why don't you tell me at once to give up my sword and take off my

culotte?" retorted the indignant soldier.

Still the mob kept its place at the royal gate, shouting for admission. Mouchet, a municipal officer, who, according to Ternaux, appeared wherever the mob was about to force its way, but was little heard of

after that day, insinuated that the right of petition was sacred. Whereupon one Acloque, chief of the second legion, offered to present twenty unarmed delegates to his majesty. About thirty presented themselves, and were allowed to pass within the court. But a more important movement had begun, or followed upon this, among the mob. The populace and National Guard made a simultaneous rush towards the court, and the artillery followed up behind. They were even preparing to open fire, when a voice was heard exclaiming, "Do not fire; the gates will be opened." A moment more and the mob held possession of the royal court. There was still another railing at the further side of the court, under the arch that leads to the grand staircase, and an attempt was made to close and secure this, but it was too late. Besides, the soldiery would not act, and as there was no one who avowed the responsibility of opening the gate of the court, or of ordering it to be opened, so there was no one who was responsible for closing the great gate of the château itself. The rush of the populace being thus unopposed, it became so impetuous that one of their great guns was actually borne along by the mob as far as the third room, called La Salle des Suisses, the door beyond which it blocked up. This only served to augment the fury of the mob, who saw in it a gun loaded with grape and prepared for their reception. Boucher, Reine, and Mouchet had it removed by the free use of the axe, and carried to the bottom of the staircase, where it remained till the palace was evacuated.

Treating the Tuileries as a town carried by assault, and overthrowing everything that was opposed to their passage, the invading masses penetrated to the salle called the Œil-de-Bœuf, whose doors were closed, and to which they clamorously demanded admittance. The king, Madame Elisabeth in tears, three of the ministers, and a few officers, soldiers, and attendants were in the room. Acloque reached the same room with a reinforcement by a back door, and, rushing into the king's arms, begged him to show himself to the people, and declared that he would perish if he was subjected to insult. At the same moment one of the panels of the door gave way, and pikes, sticks, and bayonets were thrust through at those who stood before their sove-"Sire!" said one of his defenders, "fear nothing." "I am not afraid," replied the monarch. "Place your hand on my heart; it is pure." He then gave orders to let the people in. The Chasseur Fontaine drew the bolt below, a Swiss drew the one above, and in a moment the mob filled the room. The king was led into the recess of a window to avoid the crush. "What do you want?" he said, with great calmness. "I am your king. I have never infringed the constitution." The only reply was, "Down with Monsieur Veto! Au diable le Veto!" accompanied by insulting threats. One man even put himself in an attitude as if to run the king through the body. That horrible emblem—the heart reeking from the shambles—was there, as were also the other frightful trophies previously exhibited before the Legislative Assembly. Among the confused cries that echoed through the room, one seems to have been heard over others: "The recal of the patriot minister. He must sign it. We will not go till he does!"

The Salle de l'Œil-de-Bœuf remained for nearly an hour the theatre

of an indescribable tumult, "the most inoffensive disposition prevailing," according to M. Louis Blanc, "over the strangest disorder." At length the butcher Legendre apostrophised the king as "Monsieur," declared that he was deceitful and perfidious, and began to read a petition replete with threats and falsehoods. The king replied that he would do whatever the constitution and the decree adde him do. This only excited new clamours of "A bas le Roi!" "Au diable le Veto!" But having put on a red cap handed to him by the indefatigable Mouchet, the clamours changed to loud applause, and were succeeded by shouts of "Vive la Nation!" "Vive la Liberté!" and even of "Vive le Roi!" The king also took a sword, decorated with flowers, from the hands of a woman, but nothing could extract from him a promise that he would withdraw his vetos upon the transportation of the priests and the formation of the camp of twenty thousand. On

this point he remained firm.

But this very firmness caused the situation to remain the same. There was no solution for it but to get the king away, and he was counselled to withdraw. "No," he said, "I am well here; I will remain where I am." A National Guard passed him a glass of wine. "People of Paris," he said, "I drink your health and that of the French nation!" In the mean time, several deputies had, by extraordinary exertions, obtained access to the room. One of them, Isnard, raised upon the shoulders of some of the guards, addressed the mob, and endeavoured to prevail upon the populace to withdraw. An evening sitting of the Assembly had been opened, in which the members of the Right denounced the pressure to which the monarch was subjected, and demanded aid, while the Left asserted more clamorously that he could not be safer than among his people. A young officer of artillery, "Captain" Bonaparte, was walking to and fro at the same time, his arms crossed, with a few friends in the crowd, which was at every moment increasing in numbers from the report having spread over Paris that the Tuileries were in the possession of the people, suppressing his indignation, and intimating that with a few great guns he would soon sweep the canaille away. It is a remarkable fact that in none of the modern revolutions in Paris—those that attended upon the overthrow of Louis XVI., of Charles X., or of Louis Philippehas the effect of resistance upon the French populace been tried. The fusillade that inaugurated the new Empire was rather a matter of precaution than an act of defence. Does the problematic result of such a display of vigour remain yet to be tried?

Pétion, the Mayor of Paris, did not arrive till after the king had been for two hours at the mercy of the mob. He had then, he afterwards said, to leave his dinner only half consumed. He found the monarch

with the red cap on his head.

"Sire," he said, "I have only this moment heard of the position in which you are placed."

men you are placed.

"That is rather surprising," indignantly observed the outraged

monarch, "considering that it has now lasted two hours."

After some further explanations, Pétion endeavoured to prevail upon the mob to retire; but without any effect. They still claimed the withdrawal of the vetos; and one fair young man told the king, to his face, that unless he yielded he should perish. Pétion then

mounted upon a chair and addressed the mob, while Champion and a few other municipal officers, taking off their scarfs, shook them in the air, leading the way, in order to induce the people to follow. They did so, but slowly, murmuring that their demands had not been conceded. This was at the very moment that a deputation of twenty-four arrived from the Assembly. The representatives took their places, after some words of condolence, by the side of the king, and the guard being enabled to form a kind of passage, the monarch was got out to the "Salle du let de Parade," and was enabled to make his escape thence by a side door. "Son supplice," says M. Ternaux, "était fini."

The trials to which the queen had been subjected did not cease quite so soon. It had required the use of actual force, when she heard that the king was exposed to the outrages of the populace, to prevent Marie Antoinette joining her husband. It was only when she was made to understand that her presence, by exciting the king, would certainly endanger his life, that she consented to go with her family and several ladies of the court into the Salle de Conseil. She was protected there by the Bataillon des Filles Saint-Thomas, and was apostrophised by Santerre, who exhibited her and the prince-royal to the mob. The latter had, like the king, been decorated with the red cap, till Santerre himself, taking pity on the prince, said, "Take the cap off that child, he is too warm." Michelet relates that a woman having grossly insulted the queen, Marie Antoinette replied in a few words, so full of dignity, that the woman, taken aback, began to weep. But M. Ternaux says Michelet does not add that Santerre denounced the woman as drunk. After the king had been set at liberty, the brave Champion and some other municipal officers went to the queen's succour, and at half-past eight she was enabled to join the king. When they met they threw themselves into one another's arms, and wept bitterly. The deputies were much affected, and Merlin de Thionville wept also. But recovering himself, he said, "I weep; yes, madame -I weep over the misfortunes of a sensitive and beautiful lady-of a mother; but it is not for the queen. I hate queens and kings: that is my religion."

Pétion is said to have displayed more energy than he had manifested in any other part of the day in clearing the palace, and this accomplished, he repaired to the Assembly to report occurrences and explain his conduct. The Assembly was, as usual, in a state of great excitement. This was kept up by statements, bruited abroad, that the king had spoken of "my people," instead of the "French people." The Bishop of Colmar having also claimed a deputation to watch over the royal prince, the Mountain at once denounced the project as an insult to the nation. Pétion made an explanation, but his emotion was so great that he could only speak in detached sentences. At length, after much recrimination, the meeting broke up, to which Michelet or Louis

Blanc, according to M. Ternaux, make no allusion.

From that day forth the popular masses knew the way to the Tuileries, and they were destined to enter upon it soon to overthrow the throne of Louis XVI., and after that to dictate their imperious will to the Convention. "Everything," Ternaux remarks, "holds together, and events follow upon one another in time of revolution with

an inexorable logic. The Girondins, who had saluted the first appearance of this new power, that of the street, and of an irresponsible mob, with their applause, will soon learn at their expense that it is written in the Gospel of Christ: 'He who draws the sword shall perish by the sword.' History has consecrated the words of Holy Writ with that immutable law of human policy, 'He who calls the street to his aid shall perish by the street.'"

The Ministry of the Interior and the Department of Paris concerted together the same evening as to the measures to be adopted to ensure the tranquillity of the capital, as also to determine who had been wanting in their duty at so portentous a time. The Constitutionals also exhibited a praiseworthy courage in denouncing the rebels in the Assembly; but their eloquence in a just cause was treated with insolence and derision. A letter was read from the king, and simply handed over to the Council of Twelve. But notwithstanding the brutal treatment of the Constitutional party by the "Mountain," Assembly was obliged, upon the summons of the Council-General of the Department, to pass a decree forbidding armed bodies of citizens presenting themselves before the authorities. They did not separate, however, without making an attempt to force upon the king the demands made the day before by the populace in arms; but the Mountain failed in carrying its motion.

All the good citizens of Paris were, at the same time, profoundly affected by the events of the 20th of June. The National Guard was especially indignant at the position in which it had been placed. Petion and Sergent were not only insulted, but even ill treated. The Mountain was prepared on the evening of the 21st to make capital out of the incident, when the arrival of the Faubourg Saint-Antoine was announced. The report turned out untrue; but it had extended even to the palace, where the young prince, seeing his mother terrified, asked with touching simplicity, "Mamma, is not yesterday over

Pétion had been insulted the same day on presenting himself at the Tuileries. The "chef de bataillon," Roland de Montjourdain, was made responsible for this eighteen months later, and paid for his loyalty on the scaffold. The mayor, however, obtained an audience from the king, in which he attempted to prove the constitutionality of the events of the preceding day. The king argued the matter with the mayor in person, and contested that the Municipality had not done what was in its power to prevent so great a scandal. The mayor insisting, the king at length bade him hold his tongue, and turned his back upon him. Pétion was obliged to withdraw. The queen is reported to have said to M. Ræderer:

"M. Ræderer, do you not think that the king was rather hasty? It

may, perhaps, do him an injury."

"I think, madame, that no one will permit himself to doubt that the king has a right to bid a man to hold his tongue who speaks without listening."

The mayor had not, indeed, finished with his tribulations. On his return home, he found letters from the Council of the Department, summoning him to account for his conduct, and from the Minister of the Interior, requesting him to take steps to ensure tranquillity in the capital. Rederer also announced that the troops would be assembled next day, and that the Parisians must be taught that the king ought to be free in his own palace, so that no excuse should be left to him to seek an asylum elsewhere. The mayor thus found himself under the necessity of sending forth an address on the 22nd, which met with but a very mediocre success. The faubourgs were by this time no more disposed to trouble themselves with proclamations from the Municipality than they were with laws or decrees from the Assembly. The Section called des Quinze-Vingts took the lead in admitting all, without distinction of sex or rank, to its deliberations, and openly avowing the failure of the last movement, resolved upon another. The same kind of meetings were held in the charnel-house of the parish of Sainte-Marguerite, and attended by men, women, and chil-

dren. The 25th of June was named as the day of action.

Louis XVI. presented a dignified and calm front to the fury of the populace. On the 22nd he issued a proclamation, in which he avowed himself prepared for an overthrow of the monarchy; but he declared, at the same time, that while ready to sacrifice himself, he would not prostitute his hereditary responsibilities to popular violence. The revolutionary party received this noble and well-meant missive as a declaration of war, and a placard to that effect was stuck up between it and the mayor's address. The attention of the Assembly was called to this placard, in which the sword of justice was summoned to strike off the head of the monarch, so that his punishment might serve as an example to all tyrants, and which even Pétion himself designated as "frightful;" but they contented themselves with passing it over to the Council of Twelve, and it was never heard of again. It cannot be said that in the case of the revolution of 1792 coming events did not cast their shadow before them.

An act was obtained, however, from the Legislative Body adding nothing to the powers that previously existed, but which was favourably received by the Department of Paris as a basis upon which to exact a strict execution of the laws. Rederer, who was superior to the mayor as procureur-general-syndic, wrote to Pétion, recommending the dismissal of Ramainvilliers as inefficient. Pétion was delighted with the alternative, as he fancied that it threw all the responsibility of recent events upon the commandant of the National Guard. He was, however, soon disabused by a letter from the department, asking, in reply to an impudent letter from himself, that he would send in his report, and that what the law prescribes would be done. The attitude assumed by the department was so energetic, and it was so manifestly determined upon a full investigation of the circumstances that had contributed to the sad scenes of the too infamous 20th of June, that Pétion felt at last obliged to explain himself, which he did in a memoir entitled "Conduite tenue par le Maire de Paris à l'occasion des Evénements du 20 Juin 1792." This absurd apology ended by saying, "Not a citizen received a wound in all this great fermentation. That is the greatest praise that can be given to the Municipality. Let us return thanks to the Supreme Being!" This contest between the department and the Municipality did not, however, cease till one of them fell to the ground.

The Assembly went on in the mean time with the two obnoxious

measures, which were never lost sight of. They were reproduced under a new form, and with a request on the part of the Assembly to the ministers to report what had been done in the matter of the two objects which they declared most occupied the minds of all: first, the necessity of putting a stop to religious troubles; and secondly, the pressing necessity for an army of reserve being placed between the frontier and Paris. This dragged the ministry into the volcano of the revolutionary party. To anticipate the formation of bands of sansculottes, Lajard, minister of war, proposed the formation of a camp at Soissons of forty-two new battalions of voluntary National Guard. The Minister of Justice sent in a report declaring that religious troubles had virtually ceased. The Minister of the Interior declared that the existing laws against disturbers of the peace were not efficacious, and said that it lay with the legislature to render them so.

The 25th passed over without any demonstration, save a letter to the Assembly from Santerre, "commandant du bataillon des enfanstrouvés," who declared that the faubourg would only march against the enemies of the Assembly, and a manifestation on the part of Gonchon, who asked permission to appear before the Assembly in order to show that it was those who declaimed most against the events of the 20th who had been exerting themselves to get up a new

movement. Tactics ever in operation in Paris.

In the mean time, La Fayette was at his camp at Bavay when the news arrived of the events of the 20th of June. It was in vain that the veteran, Marshal Luckner, told him that the Jacobins would cut off his head; he was determined to go at once to Paris. He arrived on the 28th of June, and at once presented himself before the Assembly. The violences committed at the Tuileries, he said, had excited the alarm and indignation of all good citizens, and particularly of the army. He had received numerous addresses to that effect, which he laid upon the table. He then demanded the punishment of the instigators as guilty of high treason, and the protection of the king and constitution. The opposition of the Mountain declared itself by a motion of inquiry, if General La Fayette had leave of absence and right of petition; but it was beaten on this occasion by 339 to 234. Unfortunately, the Constitutional party did not follow up its victory. The petitions of La Fayette were passed over to the Council of Twelve, which was the same thing as if they had been put under the table.

From the Assembly La Fayette went to the Tuileries, where he was received with enthusiasm by the National Guard, but, unfortunately, with distrust by the king. When he had withdrawn, Madame Elisabeth observed: "We ought to forget the past and throw ourselves with confidence into the arms of the only man who can save the king and his family." Whereupon the queen replied: "Better perish than

be saved by La Fayette and the Constitutionals."

All sections of the Mountain now united to overthrow the common enemy. Brissoh and Robespierre advocated the necessity of punishing La Fayette's insolence, as they termed it, and striking him down as guilty of treason. A small coup-d'état was, in the mean time, concocted by the Constitutionals. The king was to review the legion commanded by Acloque, the most resolute of the party, on the 29th. La Fayette was to address it, and, winning them over, was to proceed to

action—but whether against the Assembly or the club of Jacobins was not determined. Add to this, the queen persisted in her hostility to the Constitutionals, and caused the plot to fail. Even a modified attempt to induce the National Guard to march boldly upon the chief

seat of disorder failed just as signally.

La Fayette, discouraged, left Paris for the army on the 30th of June, forty-eight hours after his arrival. His reign was over, and was succeeded by that of Pétion; but this latter was destined to have a still more ephemeral duration, and to conclude in a more fearful catastrophe: exile and the dungeons of the stranger awaited the one; outlawry, the anguish of an incessant proscription and solitary suicide,

attended upon the other.

A new reign had, however, been inaugurated; the mob was dictating its will to royalty and to the national representation. The spirit of revolt was already beginning to be systematised. As in all similar instances, people invoked the constitution when it served their interests, and discarded it when it was opposed to them. Legality was utterly stifled by the clubs and demagogue journals. Law was a dead letter, interpreted just as any one liked, or altogether discarded and trampled under foot. In the Assembly, the Mountain, or revolutionary party, ruled with a tyrannical sway.

It is needless to relate the last attempts made by a few courageous men to stay the revolutionary flood, and the scandalous scenes of which the Legislative Assembly became daily the theatre. We will only glance at such as had a decisive influence upon the march of

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The departure of La Fayette brought about open war between the Girondists and the Mountain. The Right remained silent, whilst the Left frenzied itself in denunciations of the generals. If the Right ventured to urge that the clubs were dangerous, that the Jacobins were fomenting new insurrections, they were put down with a high hand. "The Jacobins are calumniated," the Left would shout. "Let the Assembly busy itself with its own concerns, and not with those of

the popular societies!"

It was at this crisis that Dupont de Nemours and the advocate Guillaume (afterwards cast into prison during the Reign of Terror, but, being forgotten in his dungeon, he survived the fearful epoch) appeared before the bar with the petition of the twenty thousand against the Parisian Municipality and the commandant of the National Guard for their conduct on the 20th of June. It was afterwards, in the Reign of Terror, enough to have signed this petition to be numbered with the proscribed. The Left replied to it by disbanding the staff of the Parisian National Guard, inasmuch as many of its officers were opposed to the principles of its commandant and in favour of such as were constitutional. Thuriot Lacroix, Mailhe, and the Corsican Aréna, were the chief speakers, and the Mountain carried the day. On the 2nd of July, Terrier Monciel, minister of the interior, was summoned before the Assembly, and scandalously abused. Isnard, one of the fiery Left, exclaimed: "They ask where are the traitors; well, there is one." And he pointed to the minister, who was likewise subjected to personal ill treatment by the party who especially advocated "extreme liberty."

The king, it will be remembered, had opposed his veto to Servan's proposition for establishing a camp at Paris, but had consented to forty-two new battalions being raised and encamped at Soissons. Several municipalities went on not the less raising their contingents and expediting them towards the capital. The Left decreed the measures to be taken for the reception of the Federals actually marching towards the capital. The king most inconsiderately lent his sanction to the decree. "The battalions are on the way," it was said to the king and to the Assembly, "and it is necessary to regulate this viola-

tion of the law, since it cannot be prevented."

It was the practice to prefer all documents and reports, especially of a ministerial nature, to the Council of Twelve. On the 30th of June, Pastoret and Jean Debry presented, in the name of the said council, a general view of the situation of things, founded upon these documents, with a series of measures to be adopted in case of danger arising to the country. These measures were all adopted by the Mountain after a prolonged and bitter struggle. The army of the North had retreated from Belgium upon Lille and Valenciennes after firing the suburbs of Courtrai, and the Mountain was not in the best of temper, when the Girondist Vergniaud addressed to the Assembly that famous discourse which struck down a king, who was an honest man although weak and undecided, who held blood in horror, and who at the last moment, rather than shed such, delivered himself up to his enemies. According to the fierce and uncompromising denunciator of royalty, it was to the king that they were indebted for all the evils that had accumulated on their heads or that they had to apprehend. He concluded by declaring the country in danger, and the ministers responsible for the king's betraying the people. This address was received with tremendous applause; it was ordered to be printed and circulated in the departments—only that what the orator had put in a categorical or hypothetical form, it was resolved, upon the motion of Cambon, should be placed in the simple affirmative—that is to say, that steps suggested to be taken if such and such an event occurred were to be taken as if the event had really occurred!

Mathieu Dumas replied without effect to Vergniaud, and amidst the most violent opposition and constant interruptions. Torné, Bishop of Cher, advocated the safety of the people as the only law, and the Assembly reserved to itself the right of declaring the country in danger without regard to the royal sanction, at which declaration all powers would be constituted en permanence, the National Guard called out, and every man, French or stranger, not wearing the tricolored cockade could be put to death. There was a wonderful depth of cowardice betrayed in such an enactment. It indicated that every

man was afraid of his neighbour.

It has been said of the French, by one who was no flatterer of people or parties, that they partake of the character of the monkey and the tiger; and the scene enacted at the Assembly on the 7th of July, and immortalised under the name of the "Baiser Lamourette," or Lamourette's kissing incident, would certainly vindicate the cynical aspersion. Lamourette, Bishop of Lyons, rose upon that occasion, and, with a mild unctuous voice, declared that at the moment that

measures were being proposed to save the country the best thing to do would be to cut off all chances of danger by the root, by a general union of parties—of free men equally opposed to feudalism and to anarchy. When foreign countries saw France united they would

hesitate, and France would be saved.

A prey to an indescribable enthusiasm, in the extreme pleasure of a loophole to their fears having suddenly presented itself, the whole Assembly rose up; the Left descended towards the Right, the Right stepped forward to meet the Left. Jancourt embraced Merlin; Dumas, Basire; Albitte, Ramond; Gensonné, Calvat; Gentz, Chabot; those most hostile to one another shook hands and fraternised. Even Pastoret and Condorcet, who that very morning had exchanged the most acrimonious epithets in their respective journals, fell into one another's arms! The king himself was sent for to participate in the universal joy, and to complete the touching scene. Shouts of "Vive le Roi" mingled with those of "Vive la Nation," and enthusiasm was

at its culminating point.

Alas! the illusion was but of brief duration. The factions were no longer open to conciliation. The leaders of the Jacobins-Danton, Robespierre, Collot d'Herbois, and others—designated the "Baiser Lamourette" as the kiss of Judas, and the whole scene became a matter of ridicule. An attempt on the part of the Council-General of the Department to depose the mayor, Pétion, and the procureur, Manuel, sufficed to arouse all the most virulent passions of old. This deposition had been demanded on account of the part taken by these two officials in the invasion of the Tuileries on the 20th of June. The king referred the question to the Assembly, which was no longer in the same temper as it had been in the morning, when, according to Rederer, "the revolution had been consummated by the Baiser Lamourette." News had arrived that the Royalists had occupied Jalès and the château of Bannes. The cry of the country in danger was once more raised. The ministers gave in their resignation. The sansculottes appeared at the bar, many of them with their shovels on their shoulders and their hods on their backs. Masuver, the Girondist (who was condemned to death the 29 Ventose, An II.), denounced the Council of the Justices of Peace as a "tribunal de sang." On the 12th a royal message confirmed the suspension of the mayor and of the procureur. Delfau, Dalmas, Daverhoult (a Belgian colonel, who, disgusted at the violence of the Mountain, withdrew from the Assembly, and shot himself in consequence of the events of the 10th of August), and a few other Girondists, supported the king, but the Assembly decreed the suspension to be removed.

The next day, the 14th, the festival of the "Federation" was celebrated. Pétion appeared in triumph, dragging, as it were, Louis XVI. behind his car. It was the last in which royalty appeared before it fell under the demagogue axe. The Marseillais who were among the Federals had sent in an address, which was the programme for the 10th of August. "An hereditary royalty," it said, "consecrated in favour of a perjured race, is a privilege subversive of liberty;" and it added, "let the executive power be named and deposed by the people, like all the other functionaries." Martin of Marseilles denounced the address

as the work of a faction, but in vain. The king appeared on the altar of the country, in the words of Madame de Staël, like a victim voluntarily presenting himself to the sacrifice. All the honours of the day were given to Pétion—the real king of the moment. "Pétion or death!" was shouted on all sides, inscribed on the banners, or written in chalk on the hats. The very same day, a year afterwards, the same populace were shouting, "Death to Pétion!" So much for mob popularity.

The Jacobins, aware that La Fayette stood in the way of their designs, sought to bring him under the ban of public accusation. The arrival of Marshal Luckner presented them with the wished-for opportunity. It was eliminated from the marshal that La Fayette had wished to march the army to Paris, to the assistance of the king in danger. A temporary invasion of the gardens of the Tuileries by the insurgents, whose delight it was to sing to the queen,

> Madame Veto avait promis. De faire egorger tout Paris,

put a stop to the proceedings on the 21st of July, but they were resumed the next day, and continued on the 28th, by which time a letter had come from La Fayette, denying the charge in the most explicit manner. Marshal Luckner was also obliged to retract his statement.

The Assembly had declared the country in danger on the 11th of July, but the decree was not publicly promulgated till the 22nd and 23rd, on which days it was announced by the ominous discharge of guns on the Pont-Neuf at six o'clock in the morning. Drums were beat, processions paraded the streets, and temporary amphitheatres, decorated with the tricolor flag and crowns of oak-leaves, were raised to enrol volunteers. Robespierre and Danton declared that before troubling themselves with repelling the enemy that was without, "the traitor whose existence threatened the tranquillity of France must be punished." The Federals from the departments seconded this revolutionary programme, and openly demanded the deposition of the king. A central council of Federals was constituted, which soon became a focus of insurrection, where even the decrees of the Assembly were disregarded.

On the 26th of July a popular banquet was organised in the ruins of the Bastille, in the hopes of fomenting an insurrection. Santerre, Lazouski, Fournier the American, Vaugeois, Westermann, Carra, Guillaume, and other chiefs of the insurrection, were assembled at the public-house called the Golden Sun, opposite to the Bastille. A project of attack upon the Tuileries was discussed, but Mandat, commandant of the National Guard, having collected some six or seven thousand men for the defence of the place, Pétion deemed it wise to announce that every precaution had been taken, and the insurgents had better disperse, which they did, after dancing a few civic dances and singing as many revolutionary songs. The plot failed, but it left a new sore behind it. The Assembly decreed the next day the establishment of a council of surveillance to assist the Municipality, which, established after the 10th of August, filled the prisons with pretended suspicious persons, and had them massacred on the 2nd of September. "Demagogy," says M. Mortimer Ternaux, 2 D 2

"invariably proceeds after one fashion; it begins by lying and calum-

niating, and it ends by imprisonments and assassinations."

Pétion and Manuel had been for a long time past busy organising the tumultuous and disordered Sections of Paris. A central office of correspondence was established on the 17th of July by a municipal decree for the Forty-eight Sections. It held its meetings at the Hôtel de Ville. Forty-eight deputies had to attend every day to communicate what had passed in their Sections, and to hear what had been adopted by the others. Thirty-two Sections responded at once to the municipal appeal. Others only joined later. Thus a new power, without rules, responsibility, or guarantee, was established in the city, and that without the concurrence of the Assembly or of the Executive. Worse than all, they arrogated to themselves the right of speaking in the name of the people of Paris. Thanks to the establishment of this central office, the revolutionary movement was generalised. If an insurrectionary movement manifested itself in one Section, it was as quickly adopted and often amplified by the remainder. The Section of the Lombards, for example, advocated the formation of a camp at Paris, and not only was the question of forfeiture of the crown discussed, but Robespierre took the lead in his club or section of the Rue Saint-Honoré, in debating what kind of government should

succeed that of the king.

We shall see as we proceed that a most remarkable retributive justice awaited the greater number of the originators and actors in the revolution of 1792. The fate of most of the commissaries of Sections, who, next after the club of Jacobins, played the most important part in instigating insurrection and murder, was peculiarly remarkable in this point of view-one which we have not seen eliminated before. There were, it must be kept in mind, only three commissaries to each Section. Few but were arrested at one time or other by the terrible Committee of Public Safety, at the head of which was the secret yet powerful conspirator Robespierre, and to which the Convention had delegated its sovereign powers. Deltroit, commissary for the Section of the Louvre, was guillotined in company with Robespierre himself under the number 2665. Dervieux, an advocate and commissary for the Section of the "Postes," perished the same day as No. 2697. Hébert, journalist, was guillotined as No. 505, when thirty-five years of age. L'Huillier, a solicitor, committed suicide at Sainte-Pélagie. He was one of the three representatives of the terrible Section of Mauconseil. Jérôme, Section Arcis, suffered as an accomplice of Robespierre. Faro, an artist, Section Poissonnière, was guillotined as No. 2673, at thirty-one years of age; and Pelletier, wine-merchant of the same Section, met the same fate, as No. 2671. Individuals were, indeed, only known as numbers on the scaffold. Bernard, a married priest of Sainte-Marguerite, Section Montreuil, was decapitated as No. 2645; Turlot, of the same Section, as No. 2738. This is the second instance of two commissaries out of three having perished on that scaffold which they so materially assisted in raising. Simon, shoemaker, of the Section Théâtre Français, gaoler and preceptor to Louis XVII., was guillotined under No. 2650. Gobeau, solicitor, Section Croix Rouge, perished as No. 2648; Bigaut, artist, Section Sainte-Geneviève, as

No. 2667. Mercier, bookseller, Section of the Gobelins, was guillotined as No. 2676. Thus, of eighty-two persons who figured at the Hôtel de Ville on the nights of the 9th and 10th of August as commissaries of Sections, eleven perished on the scaffold, and three others

came to an untimely end.

The arrival of the battalion of Marseillais at Charenton on the 29th of July had a marked influence upon the progress of events. M. Ternaux describes these so-called Marseillais as "des bandits émérites," expedited by the revolutionary societies of the South to overthrow the constitution, and plunge France into anarchy and disorder. Even ultra-revolutionary historians, as M. Louis Blanc, calls them "intrepid adventurers," and M. Michelet speaks of some as "fait au sang," "très endurcis," "rudes hommes des peuple," "sans peur ni pitié;" and of others as young people "dans leur premier accès de fureur et de fanaticisme," "vouées au vertige, telles qu'on n'en voit guère de pareilles que sous ce violent climat." The national hymn called "La Marseillaise" had nothing to do with these banditti; it was improvised at Strasburg by Rouget de Lisle, and was first chanted at the house of the mayor Dietrich, who was afterwards executed upon the declaration of two apostate priests, Philibert Simond and Euloge Schneider, both of whom soon followed their victim to the scaffold.

Two young Marseillais, Rebecqui and Barbaroux, who had been some time in Paris, went forth to meet the battalion accompanied by Fournier, the American. Rebecqui drowned himself in the port of Marseilles to escape the "sbires" of the Committee of Public Safety: Barbaroux was guillotined at Bordeaux, after being taken out of a ditch where he lay wounded in an attempt to shoot himself. A plan was concocted, the details of which are given by M. Ternaux from the "Mémoires de Barbaroux," to invade the Tuileries the next day; but it failed on the 30th as it had failed on the 26th, from the auxiliaries not coming to their posts. The Marseillais, about five hundred and sixteen in number, were only received by two hundred Federals, and some couple of dozen Parisians with pikes and cutlasses. They were, however, further welcomed by a group of Jacobins on the ruins of the Bastille, and afterwards refreshed at a cabaret in the Champs Elysées. Unfortunately, some grenadiers of the battalion of National Guard, Filles Saint-Thomas, were dining at a traiteur's close by, and a quarrel ensued, in which several were grievously wounded and one killed. Thus did the Marseillais inaugurate their first day in Paris! The matter was brought before the Assembly, but as usual denied and scouted by the Mountain.

On the 2nd of August the Marseillais presented themselves before the Assembly to notify their arrival in an official manner, and to demand vengeance against their adversaries. At the same tumultuous assembly a crowd of men and women invaded the bar, declaring that one hundred and seventy Federals had been poisoned at Soissons, and seven hundred sent to the hospitals. The act, they averred, had been committed by the "aristocrats," and they added, "If we had only exerminated them to the very last at the commencement of the revolution, it would have been now completed, and the country would not be in danger!" Next day it was ascertained that not one Federal had been poisoned, and that the rumour had originated from some broken

glass having become accidentally mixed with the bread.

Everything, indeed, was now trouble, anarchy, and confusion in the Assembly, in Paris, and all over France. Serious disorders manifested themselves in every direction. It was under such circumstances that appeared the manifesto of the Duke of Brunswick-Luneburg, declaring it to be the intention of the Emperor of Austria and of the King of Prussia to vindicate the rights of royalty in France, to re-establish order, and, if opposed, to punish summarily the guilty. M. Ternaux denounces the manifesto as "a signal monument of folly." It certainly was not wise, for the Austrians and Prussians not having been able to carry out their programme, their intervention materially affected the safety of the king and queen. But had Providence ordained otherwise, and they had succeeded, the lives of the king and queen would have been saved, royalty and constitutionalism re-established on a sound basis, anarchy and rebellion put down, and myriads of lives afterwards sacrificed on the field of battle and the scaffold have been spared. It was not, therefore, in its intentions, at all events, so bad as French historians—even to M. Ternaux—unite to represent it to have been.

The king addressed the Assembly, declaring that he remained faithful to the constitution, that he would not receive the law from foreigners, and that he would maintain with his last breath the national independence. He even implored the love of his people, but the Mountain had no sympathy. Pétion appeared at the head of a deputation from the central committee of the Sections, demanding "the dismissal of the chief of the executive power." The address was referred to an extraordinary commission, and the Assembly now first began to be seriously damaged in the opinion of the insurgents. This feeling of exasperation was further increased by their dismissing the celebrated decree Mauconseil (one of the Sections of Paris), which declared Louis XVI. to be no longer King of the French. It is another remarkable instance of retributive justice that the only two persons who signed this decree—Lechenard, president, and Bergot, secretary—perished afterwards on the scaffold, one as No. 2737, the

other as No. 2695.

On the 4th of August the Section of Gravilliers declared to the Assembly that if it would not save the country, they would have to take upon themselves that onerous duty! But on the 5th some slight signs of reaction manifested themselves. The Section of the Bibliothèque declared to the Assembly that they took no part in the unconstitutional decree of the Section Mauconseil and the Section of the Arsenal, led by the celebrated chemist Lavoisier, denounced the document as a ridiculous and absurd manifesto, representing the folly of a handful of anarchists as the language of a whole population. The courage of the Girondists was so enhanced by this action of two of the Sections, that they actually declined to permit the delegates of the Sections who approved of the Mauconseil decree and their friends to defile before them, and resolved upon admitting only twenty deputies. They then separated, says M. Ternaux, proud of this signal act of independence, and believing that they had saved the country!

Among the various propositions which emanated from those fertile

hotbeds of sedition, the Sections, was one from that of the Gobelins, that the Swiss Guard should be dismissed from the Tuileries, and a camp formed there instead. The Municipality expressed itself in favour of a certain number of citizens belonging to different battalions of the National Guard taking their turn of service at the palace. The Sections demanded a new staff, that no orders should be obeyed save such as came from the civil authority, that the field-pieces belonging to the sixty battalions should be distributed among the Sections, and that select companies should be suppressed as being contrary to equality. Some of the grenadiers had even set an example to the same effect by disembarrassing themselves of their epaulets and shakos, and hoisting the red cap. One of the most violent of these fanatics, Marino, was a victim of the sanguinary drama known as that of the "chemises rouges," because its victims were led to the scaffold in a dress which had previously been reserved for parricides and regicides.

The permanence of the Sections, finally conceded in a moment of weakness by the Assembly, contributed materially to exalt the fever of agitation which had taken possession of the populace of Paris. This permanence became the signal for the most frightful anarchy. Decrees supposed to represent the opinion of the people were thus passed at any hour of day or night, when perhaps only two or three conspirators were present, who improvised a president and a secretary, or registrar, among themselves. When the Jacobins wanted a vote from a Section, in order, according to the expression of the day, "la mettre au pas," they despatched emissaries, men without a home, even women and children, in order to constitute a majority. "The plébiscites," M. Ternaux says, "brought to the bar of the national representatives in the name of the population of Paris were only vain phantasmagoria, prepared by skilful and audacious scene-shifters."

The Assembly having had the courage to reject the motion for the accusation of La Fayette by a majority of 406 against 224, they were insulted and grossly maltreated on leaving the Chambers. The next day Girardin complained of having been struck by insurgents in red

caps.

"Where were you struck?" ironically shouted the Mountain.

"Behind," replied Girardin; "do assassins ever strike elsewhere?"

The proceedings of the Assembly were going on amidst the usual interruptions, exclamations, insults, applause, and howlings, when Rederer appeared at the bar to announce that the insurrection was ready, and that the Section of Quinze-Vingts had decided that it should commence at midnight at the sound of the alarm-bell and the beating of drums, if the Assembly had not voted the downfal of the monarchy before that time; but at the same time he announced that precautions had been taken, and reserves had been established in the Place du Carrousel and the Place Louis XV. Mandat declared that the National Guard could be depended upon. Pétion assured the meeting that he was prepared to bear the responsibility which the law imposed upon him, and, thus falsely reassured, the deputies withdrew at seven in the evening, leaving the field open to the insurgents.

Historians have generally admitted that the events of the 10th of August, 1792, have been more disfigured by misrepresentations than any others of ancient or modern times. It has, in the words of

Michelet, been buried under falsehoods as deep as many alluvial deposits. We have at least the novelty of following now the details accumulated by one who has no regard for the misrepresentations of the past, and who fears not to dissipate the monstrous exaggerations

of the day.

The general in command of the National Guard on that day was Mandat, formerly a captain of the French Guard; a brave soldier, and faithful to his oath, he was prepared to defend the inviolability of the house and person of the king to death. Unfortunately, he could not augment the ordinary service without the authority of the Mayor of Paris, and it was with the greatest difficulty that the arch-conspirator Pétion was induced to permit any increase in the forces charged with ensuring the safety of the approaches to the palace. The troops were under the command of Marshal de Boisseau, but he had only under his orders nine hundred mounted gendarmerie and about thirty on foot. There were no regiments of the line, no cavalry, or artillery in Paris. The Swiss, about nine hundred and fifty strong, had their own officers. Neither gendarmerie nor National Guard could be depended upon. Pétion was to have a guard of insurgents posted at the mayoralty to prevent his going out! This had been an understood thing for some days previously. But having gone first to the Hôtel de Ville, he was detained by the other members of the Municipality, who insisted upon his going to the Tuileries, where his duty called him. Arrived there, Mandat inquired abruptly how it was that cartridges were refused to the National Guard, whilst they were freely distributed to the Marseillais? "Because," replied the traitor, "you was not in rule when vou asked for them."

It was a splendid night, and its calmness contrasted strangely with the febrile agitation of the populace. The Rue du Faubourg Saint-Antoine was illuminated from one end to the other. The Section of Quinze-Vingt which deliberated in that street had hoped to gather the other Sections around it, but finding by eleven o'clock that this did not answer, it entered into communication with the central committee at the Hôtel de Ville. At midnight, the alarm-bells of the churches within the influence of the Sections Gravilliers, Lombards, and Mauconseil, began to ring, and the drums to beat. The "générale" for the insurgents, the "rappel" for legal resistance. Some battalions of troops took their way to the Tuileries, some to the Hôtel de Ville, others remained in their quarters. There was no order or discipline,

no head to direct.

The Sections had assembled at the Hôtel de Ville at two in the morning. Huguenin, president of Quinze-Vingts, was called to the chair; Tallien was appointed secretary; Robespierre, Fabre d'Eglantine, and Billaud-Varennes did not make their appearance until the ensuing day. Danton, who, after the victory, appeared at the head of a battalion of Marseillais with a great sword, as if he had been the hero of the day, went to bed. Camille Desmouslins followed his example. Marat hid himself in a cellar, which had before answered the purposes of a place of refuge.

Mandat had posted National Guards at the bridges, to prevent the insurgents of the two sides reinforcing one another. The Pont-Neuf was entrusted to the battalion of Henry IV., commanded by Robert.

One or two strange-looking insurgents appeared at midnight to fire the cannons. They were at once arrested. Soon afterwards, however, three municipal officers, with their scarfs, Osselin, Hu, and Baudouin, came with orders signed by Cousin, president of the Council-General, to give up the guns and the prisoners. Osselin, a lawyer, was executed on the 28th June, 1794; Hu, a grocer, was imprisoned; Baudouin had the good sense to withdraw from interference in political matters, and thus probably saved himself from a just retribution.

The Assembly had met at eleven o'clock at night under the presidency of Pastoret, to receive deputations from the Sections and from the Municipality. Pétion, disliking his situation at the Tuileries, had urged his friends to claim him, and the word had gone abroad that "the life of the mayor was in danger." Even the Municipality interfered in his favour, and demanded that the Assembly should, to deliver him from his enemies, summons him to their bar. Pétion himself was all the time quietly promenading in the gardens of the Tuileries. He had re-entered the palace when the message came summoning him to the Assembly, to his great delight. He declared in his "Memoirs," that had he remained in the Tuileries he would have been assassinated. Such an idea must have originated only in conscious guilt. Yet it was inscribed on one of the flags that floated from the dome of the palace after the victory, "Here the Mayor of Paris was about to be assassinated on the night of the 9th to the 10th."

The royal family were, in the mean time, a prey to the most frightful, anxiety at the Tuileries. All etiquette had been dispensed with, and they had assembled in the council-chamber waiting for news, the queen and Madame Elisabeth seated upon stools. At four in the morning Madame Elisabeth opened a shutter, and exclaimed, "Sister, come and see the break of day!" Marie Antoinette took a seat at the window to contemplate the sun rising the last time on royalty;

by a sad occurrence, the sky, too, was of a blood-red colour.

Mandat, leaving the Tuileries in charge of La Chesnaye, second in command, started for the Hôtel de Ville a little after five in the morning. Arrived there, he presented himself before the Council-General, presided over by Cousin, and there he was at once accused, by assuming a defensive attitude, of being the cause of the existing agitation! He was then forcibly conducted into the presence of Huguenin and his fellow-conspirators. Here he was summoned to order his forces to retire, which he refusing to do, Santerre was appointed provisional commander-in-chief in his place. It was then proposed to imprison the general, and the Municipality having objected, the commissaries of the Sections declared for the first time openly that the sovereignty lay with "the people," and that it recognised no other power. Huguenin, being president of the Sections, thus arrogated to himself, in fact, the sovereign power. The Council-General, the Commune, the Municipality, the justices of peace, the police, Assembly, National Guard, army, and the king, were reduced by the fiat of a handful of conspirators, seated in the Hôtel de Ville as the representatives of the Sections of Paris, to nonentity! The Municipality, on discovering at length the absurd position in which they had placed themselves, protested, but it was too late. usurpers did not even condescend to notice their recriminations.

Happy would it have been for the country if the Assembly had done the same towards the conspirators. Mandat was ordered to be removed to the prison of the "Abbaye," for his greater security. The miserable wretches who acted as assassins to the commissaries took the last portion of the order to the letter. They dragged the unfortunate general down the great staircase that led on to the Place de la Grève, and, just as they were reaching the last steps, they fired a pistol right into his head. The shouts of the assassins reached the room in which the commissaries sat; they did not even deign to notice them.

The commandant-in-chief of the National Guard slain, the next thing the chiefs of the insurrection did was to send the promised guard to the traitor Pétion, in order that he might find an excuse for not doing his duty. He cumulated, M. Ternaux remarks, the parts of Judas and of Pontius Pilate. He went to the Tuileries in the evening to give the kiss of peace to Louis XVI.; the next morning he declared his incapability to preserve order, and washed his hands of

the consequences.

Reinforcements of Swiss Guards had arrived on the morning of the 8th, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel de Maillardoz. They thus numbered now altogether nine hundred and fifty, but they had only thirty cartridges each. Louis XVI. was induced to make his appearance on the morning of the insurrection on the balcony which overlooks the Carrousel, and he was welcomed with shouts of "Vive le Roi!" Descending thence, he visited the posts of the National Guards, whence he proceeded into the garden at the very moment that a battalion of the Faubourg St. Marceau was defiling past, and who grossly insulted him. The king returned from his excursion more prostrated than ever. The queen said to Madame Campan on his return, "All is lost; this review has done more harm than good."

The insurgents had by this time begun to accumulate, not only in the gardens of the Tuileries, but also on the Place du Carrousel. The municipal and departmental authorities decided in council that they should not be attacked, but that the palace should be defended to the last extremity. But when the necessary instructions were given to the National Guard they were received with murmurs. The insurgents were also harangued, but in vain. Rederer recommended the king to seek refuge in the bosom of the Assembly. The municipal officers seconded the recommendation, and the royal family yielded after some opposition, more especially on the part of Marie Antoinette. At half-past eight they started by the gardens of the Tuileries, flanked by the Swiss on one side and the National Guard on the other. The ministers, Mesdames de Tourzel and de Lamballe, and a few others, accompanied them.

The Assembly, in the mean time, had been informed of the murder of Mandat, and of the commissaries of Sections having usurped the sovereign power. Added to this, news soon came that the insurgents had carried the Corps de Garde des Feuillants and assassinated the prisoners, among whom was Suleau, a journalist well known for his royalist opinions, and who was slain by a virago, Théorigne de Mericourt by name, and who afterwards perished miserably in a mad-

house. The heads of the victims were stuck on pikes that the royal family might see them from the Terrace des Feuillants. The first opposition to the progress of the royal fugitives manifested itself at the foot of the terrace, and it increased as the procession proceeded. It was with the greatest difficulty, and amidst the gravest perils, that they ultimately succeeded in reaching the seats usually occupied by the ministers.

"I am come here," said Louis XVI., "to avoid a great crime. I think that I cannot be in a place of greater safety than among your-selves."

It was decided that for security the royal family should be placed in the room, or box (loge), called that of the Logographe, from a journal of that name. It was only twelve feet in length and six in height, and was situated behind the president's chair. They remained there from ten o'clock in the morning of the 10th of August until three on the morning of the 11th, when they were removed to the cells of the Convent des Feuillants.

When it was known that the king had left the Tuileries, and taken refuge with the Assembly, the National Guard began to disband in the court facing the Carrousel. Some went home to their families. others joined the insurgents. Santerre, the new commander-in-chief, declared that he would direct the combat from the Hôtel de Ville. It was a wise precautionary measure on his part, at all events. passage of the bridges had been left free by the disorganisation of the plan of defence prepared by Mandat. The first column of insurgents that arrived on the Carrousel was commanded by Westermann and Lefranc. The first was an Alsatian, and, after becoming a general of brigade, he perished on the scaffold as No. 567, on the 5th of April, 1794. Lefranc was a very extraordinary character. He was compromised in the conspiracy of Babœuf in 1796, and that of Ceracchi in 1800. Exiled to the Seychelles, he was made a prisoner of by the English, and, returning with the Bourbons, he was implicated in the conspiracy called that of the "Epingle Noire," and was imprisoned at Mont Saint-Michel, whence he was set free at the age of sixty; but

The defection of the National Guard induced the few that remained to defend the palace to withdraw from the first line of defence and take up a position within the building itself. The insurgents poured into the court and fraternised with the artillerymen who had remained by the side of their guns, and who now turned them against the palace. The gendarmerie issued forth at the same time with their hats on their bayonets, and made common cause with the insurgents. There only remained 750 Swiss and about 100 National Guards in the palace, and every effort was made to win over the former, more especially by Westermann, who harangued them in German. The Swiss, on their side, having no longer the king's person to defend, did not wish to engage in an impossible conflict against myriads of enemies. They only asked to be relieved from their duty, but they would not allow themselves to be disarmed.

In the midst of the tumult a pistol was fired. As is usual in such cases, no one knew whence it proceeded. Certain it is that it was

replied to by the Swiss standing upon the grand staircase by a fusillade, which obliged the insurgents to make a hasty retreat. It would certainly seem from this that the insurgents had fired first; but this no French historian will admit. At the sound of this firing in the hall, the other Swiss rushed to the windows and discharged their muskets. The insurgents dispersed in every direction, and some never stopped till they had reached the most distant parts of the city, where they declared that the patriots were being assassinated at the Tuileries. The Swiss next proceeded to clear the court, which they did with the greatest ease; but, exposed to the guns which the artillerymen of the National Guard had removed to the Carrousel, they re-entered the

palace.

The Assembly had in the mean time named two deputations, one to go to the Tuileries, the other to the Hôtel de Ville; but the mob repelled this last attempt at conciliation, and they had to make the best of their way back to the Chambers. The king also issued an order for the Swiss to evacuate the palace and retire to their barracks. The fusillade had lasted three-quarters of an hour when D'Hervilly arrived with the king's mandate. By that time the insurgents had also set fire to some wooden erections which flanked the Tuileries on the side of the Carrousel. On D'Hervilly's arrival the drums beat the assembly, but the Swiss did not like leaving their wounded. The Baron de Viomesnil, however, was bidding them to go to the king's rescue, when both his legs were carried off by a cannon-ball. The Swiss then decided upon withdrawing, which they did in perfect order by the When the last protectors of the palace had thus withdrawn, the insurgents, approaching step by step and meeting with no resistance, stealthily effected their entrance! "Such," says M. Ternaux, "is the real truth in regard to the capture of the Tuileries on the 10th of August, 1792. Spite of the tradition adopted and blindly followed for now nigh three-quarters of a century, history, relying upon the most authentic documents and upon irrefragable proofs, will for the future affirm that, upon that day, the palace of royalty was not carried by force, but was abandoned by order of Louis XVI." The number of the victims on the part of the insurgents has been estimated at M. Ternaux shows by incontestable statistics that the number of killed did not exceed a hundred, and of those seriously wounded not more than sixty.

The defenders of the palace had to encounter far more serious perils in traversing the gardens than in defending the palace. These were nearly full of National Guards, who fired upon them at the end of their muzzles from behind the trees. The Swiss then divided into two columns: one made its way to the Assembly, before which M. de Salis appeared sword in hand. But the king issued orders that they should lay down their arms, and from two hundred to two hundred and fifty were consigned to the Church des Feuillants. The other column, decimated on its way, only got as far as the Place Louis XV., surrounded there by the National Guards, and, sabred by the gendarmerie à cheval, they fell almost to a man. Most of those who were massacred in the gardens were buried under the well-known chesnut-tree, whose precocity has obtained for it the name of "the tree of the 20th of March."

The "Arbre Bonapartiste," according to popular tradition, is indebted for its vigorous vegetation to its human manure. Half an hour after the evacuation of the Tuileries, there only remained of that fine regiment of Swiss Guards the two hundred to two hundred and fifty shut up in the Church des Feuillants. A recent writer, M. Desbarrolles, contemplating Thorwaldsen's commemorative Lion at Lucerne, says: "It is a sad list to read. A list of noble victims crushed, like so many more, under the wheels of that sanguinary car that is called progress!" Some persons have an extraordinary idea of what "pro-

gress" consists in.

A few of the Swiss who had not heard the drums beat remained in the palace. They were all massacred, but they sold their lives dearly. The wounded were uniformly put to death in the same cruel manner. Even the surgeons were slain while in the act of tending the wounded. The porters and attendants, even the servants in the kitchen, were put to death as the accomplices of their master. Those who had been most cowardly in the assault were the most vindictive after the fall. Some of the ladies of the court, Dr. Lemonnier, and a few others, were alone spared. As to the small number of National Guards, and others who had aided in the defence of the place, they had escaped by the gallery of the Louvre and the adjacent streets. The populace, satiated for a moment with blood, then turned their attention to the furniture, which they threw out of the windows, and to the wine,

which they tapped and consumed in floods.

The Assembly had obtained a kind of intuitive conviction in the mean time that its sovereignty was gone, and it prepared to humble itself before the insurrection. It was time, for a deputation from the commissaries of Sections, headed by Huguenin, made its appearance The "people," they said, had sent them there to inform them that they could have no judge save the French "people," "your sovereign and ours," united in primary assemblies. The "people" were always made responsible for the acts of a few conspirators. They demanded the recognition and adoption of the events of what they designated "a memorable day;" and they exacted a new oath from the humiliated representatives. "In the name of the nation, I swear to maintain liberty and equality, or to perish at my post;" and they obliged them, upon the motion of one Bazire, to admit and recognise their existence by passing a resolution to the effect that "the Assembly provisionally confirms the actual organisation of the Municipality of Paris." Other insurgents presented themselves at the bar, declaring that the Tuileries were on fire, and that they would not put it out until the people's vengeance should be satisfied. Assembly replied to all these exigencies and threats by calling upon the French "people" to form a National Convention. The "chief of this executive power being suspended from his functions until the decision of the said National Convention should have been arrived at." The royal family to be removed to the Luxembourg, where "they would be placed under the protection of the citizens and of the law." This decree, suspending Louis XVI., was countersigned by Dejoly, his minister of justice.

The impotency of the Assembly to move with the same speed as the

insurrectionary torrent, notwithstanding all these base and cowardly concessions, soon began to manifest itself. Crowds were momentarily rushing to the bar with accusations and denunciations of individuals, sometimes supported by letters found in the Tuileries. An ominous Committee of Surveillance was accordingly founded to inquire into these accusations. The king's ministers, who, an hour or two previously, were to continue their functions provisionally, were dismissed and placed under arrest. The "French people," terrified lest a mission should be sent to the army to come and introduce a little real order into their proceedings, sent M. D'Abancourt, minister of war, to the prison of Orleans, under the pretence of his having instigated the conflict at the Tuileries by keeping the Swiss Guard in Paris.

The election of a new ministry was then proceeded with. Roland was elected Minister of the Interior, Clavière of Finances, Servan of War, Danton of Justice, Monge of Marine, and Lebrun of Foreign Affairs. There were only 284 voters present out of 749 representatives, so that it was evident the greater number had already deemed it at once convenient and prudent to withdraw from "la chose publique" to the bosom of their families. Vergniaud was the only man who dared to raise his voice against the tyranny of the "people" of Paris, invoked by every individual who appeared at the bar of the house, and this most when they wanted to supersede the action of the newly-founded National Convention by decreeing the downfal of the monarchy, as yet only provisionally suspended.

Anarchy reigned, indeed, triumphant from the Hôtel de Ville to the Tuileries, and from the Tuileries to the Assembly. Pillage was still going on at the palace, and now and then a musket-shot was heard; it was some private act of revenge consummated under the pretence of public good, or one insurrectionary bandit despatching another in order to secure his ill-gotten booty. It was in vain that the Assembly despatched commissaries to put a stop to crime and assassination; no attention was paid to them, any more than to the proclamations of the

Assembly itself.

It was at last decided to establish a camp in Paris, and to place guns on the heights around the city. The very first steps taken in the name of liberty were more repressive than anything constitutional royalty had ever dared to dream of. The humiliated Assembly hastened also to reward the Marseillais for the trouble they had given themselves in overthrowing the constitution, and to present them wherewithal to remain in Paris to complete their labour of social and political destruction.

It is not a little curious that of the six last ministers of Louis XVI., D'Abancourt alone met with a violent death. Of the six first ministers of the Republic, two—Lebrun and Danton—perished on the scaffold; two—Roland and Clavière—committed suicide; and only two survived and served the Empire; Servan died, in 1808, a general of division; Monge became a senator and Count of Peluse. The justices of peace who had dared to do their duty in presence of the insurrection were at once dismissed. The most courageous among them fell victims to their sense of rectitude. Larivière was massacred at Versailles on the 9th of September; Buob and Bosquillon at the

Abbaye on the 2nd. Fayel perished on the scaffold on the 19th of December, 1793.

The Assembly devoted itself the same day to placing upon record "all the acts of virtue that had signalised the memorable day of the 10th of August," in order to transmit a record of the same to the departments. If they had collected the materials for a record of the crimes committed upon that occasion, M. Ternaux remarks, the secretaries of the Assembly would not have sufficed for the task. A winemerchant had saved the life of a Swiss, and brought him to the bar; some conscientious plunderers had brought effects from the Tuileries to the Assembly; but, on the other hand, says the same writer, "how many scenes of murder, how many depredations should we have to relate were we to enter into the details revealed by official documents!" It is, however, precisely these details that are wanted in order to possess a perfect history of the Revolution, and of the Reign of Terror that followed upon it.

The commissaries of the Sections, for example, had ordered the removal of the Swiss imprisoned in the Church des Feuillants. A first detachment of from sixty to eighty disarmed soldiers were marched off in the direction of the Place de la Grève, but the unfortunate men were massacred without pity on the way. Another batch were taken before the Section du Roule. The commandant, Houdan, removed them thence to the Caserne Verte, but the insurgents having insisted upon their being transferred to the Hôtel de Ville, they were also all

massacred on the way.

Such were among the murders committed "en masse." Of those committed upon individuals, M. Ternaux relates two of the most important. One of the persons who had manifested the greatest amount of resolution in defending the persons of the royal family on the 10th of August was Carle, commandant of a battalion of gendarmerie. He had taken up his position at the door of the box of the Logographe, in order to protect them to the last. Having, however, unluckily been seduced for a moment from his post, he was seized, dragged out of the Assembly, and massacred. The unfortunate queen was informed of

the death of this faithful servant half an hour afterwards.

M. de Clermont-Tonnerre, one of the most distinguished members of the Assembly, was pointed out to the populace as a victim when quietly walking the street. No one had any charge to make against him; it was sufficient that he was designated as an aristocrat—a friend of the king's. He was seized and dragged in the mud. It was in vain that he asked to be led before the Section of the Croix Rouge; the mob would not hear him, and they did not cease to revile him and illtreat him, till death relieved him from his sufferings. These events were not enumerated among "the acts of virtue" placed upon record by the secretaries of the Assembly as signalising the memorable 10th of August!

The Assembly, wearied at the same time at receiving the number of objects saved from the pillage of the Tuileries that were being momentarily brought to them, passed a minute to the effect that they should be all conveyed to the Municipality, who would dispose of them according to the laws. The fire, which we have before noticed as

raging in a wing of the palace, was also all this time continuing its ravages. The stables, the hotel of the governor of the château, and eighteen hundred yards of buildings of different description had been consumed. The "pompiers" had been called out, but the populace. who took a pleasure in seeing "the palace of the tyrant" burnt down. interfered with them, and even fired upon them. A deputation was sent from the Assembly, but with no better results. At length one Palloy, a patriot architect, was allowed to take the necessary steps towards arresting the progress of the flames, in which he ultimately succeeded. This Palloy afterwards raised a battalion of workmen. which he designated as that of "the Republic," and being denounced, he endeavoured to rouse them to opposition by a harangue, since printed in seventy-two pages quarto, in which he said the insurgents were "les sans-culottes, la crapule et la canaille de Paris." Napoleon. who was present at the invasion of the Tuileries, also said to Las Cases at St. Helena (Memorial, August 3, 1816), that the palace was assailed "par la plus vile canaille"—by the lowest of the low.

The last act of the Assembly upon that eventful day was to name a commission of twelve to go to the armies to explain to them the nature of the revolution that had taken place, and to rally them round the

cause of the National Assembly.

This accomplished, and a certain amount of calm having been brought about by the utter exhaustion of some and the stupor of others, and the distribution of vast quantities of ammunition among the National Guard charged to preserve order, the royal family were enabled to obtain a few moments' repose, the first that they had enjoyed for forty-eight hours. They were removed from the box of the Logographe into four cells of the old Convent des Feuillants, and a little furniture and a modest repast were brought to them there. cells had not been tenanted for more than two years, the tile floors were broken up, the plastered walls were flaking off with damp, and the windows looked out upon a court-yard gorged with insurgents drunk with wine and blood, who were uttering the most fearful imprecations and horrible threats at every moment. Such was the first asylum to which the unfortunate family were consigned after the shipwreck of royalty. The queen had spoken prophetically: "It is all over with us."

THE SHADOW OF ASHLYDYAT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE."

PART THE FIFTEENTH.

I.

MURMURS. AND CURIOUS DOUBTS.

WE hear talk now and again of banks breaking, and we give to the sufferers a passing sympathy; but none can realise the calamity in its full and awful meaning, save those who are eye-witnesses of the distress it entails, or who own, unhappily, a personal share in it. When the Reverend Mr. Hastings walked into the bank of Godolphin, Crosse, and Godolphin, he knew that the closing of the shutters, then in act and process, was the symbol of a fearful misfortune, which would shake to its centre the happy security of Prior's Ash. The thought struck him, even in the midst of his own suspense and perplexity.

One of the first faces he saw was Mr. Hurde's. He made his way to

him. "I wish to draw my money out," he said.

The old clerk shook his head. "It's too late, sir."

Mr. Hastings leaned his elbow on the counter, and approached his face nearer to the clerk's. "I don't care (comparatively speaking) for my own money; that which you have held so long; but I must have refunded to me what has been just paid in to my account, but which is none of mine. The nine thousand pounds."

Mr. Hurde paused ere he replied, as if the words puzzled him. "Nine thousand pounds!" he repeated. "There has been no nine thousand

pounds paid in to your account."

"There has," was the reply of Mr. Hastings, given in a sharp, distinct

tone. "I paid it in myself, and hold the receipt."

"Well, I don't know," said the clerk, dubiously; "I had your account under my eye this morning, sir, and saw nothing of it. But there's no fear, Mr. Hastings, as I hope and trust," he added, confidentially: "we have telegraphed up for remittances, and expect a messenger down with them before the day's out."

"You are closing the bank," remarked Mr. Hastings, in answering

argument.

"We are obliged to do that. We had not an ever-perpetual renewing fountain of funds here; and you see how people have been thronging in. On Monday morning I hope the bank will be open again; and in a condition to restore full confidence."

Mr. Hastings felt a slight ray of reassurance. But he would have felt a greater had the nine thousand pounds been handed to him, there and then. He said so: in fact, he pressed the matter. How ineffectually, the next words of the clerk told him.

"We have paid away all we had, Mr. Hastings," he whispered.

"There's not a penny-piece left in the coffers."

"You have paid the accounts of applicants in full, I presume?"

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"Yes: up to the time that our funds, in hand, lasted to do it."

"Was that just?—to the body of creditors?" asked the rector, in a severe tone.

"Where was the help for it?—unless we had stopped when the run began?"

"It would have been the more equable way-if you were to stop at

all," remarked Mr. Hastings.

"But we did not know we should stop. How was it possible to foresee that this panic was about to arise? Sir, all I can say is, I hope that Monday morning will see you, and every other creditor, paid in full."

Mr. Hastings was pushed away from the counter. Panic-stricken creditors were crowding there, clamouring to be paid. Mr. Hastings elbowed his way clear of the throng, and stood back. Stood in the deepest perplexity and care. What, if that orphan money, entrusted to his hands, should be *gone?* His brow grew hot at the thought.

Not so hot as other brows, there: brows of men gifted with less equable temperament than that owned by the rector of All Souls'. One gentleman came in, and worked his way to the front, the perspiration pouring

off him, as from one in his sharp agony.

"I want my money!" he cried. "I shall be a bankrupt next week if

I can't get my money."

"I want my money!" cried a quieter voice at his elbow: and Mr.

Hastings recognised the speaker as Barnaby, the corn-dealer.

They received the same answer; the answer which was being reiterated in so many parts of the large room, in return to the same demand. The bank had been compelled to suspend its payments for the moment. But remittances were sent for, and would be down, if not that day, by Mon-

day morning.

"When I paid in my two thousand pounds a few days ago, I asked whether it was all safe, before I'd leave it," said Mr. Barnaby, his tone one of wailing distress, though quiet still. But, quiet as it was, it was heard distinctly, for the people hushed their murmurs to listen to it. The prevalent feeling, for the most part, was exasperation: and any downright good cause of complaint against the bank and its management, would have been half as welcome to the unfortunate malcontents as their money. Mr. Barnaby continued:

"I had heard a rumour that the bank wasn't right. I heard it at Rutt's. And I came down here with the two thousand pounds in my hand, and I saw Mr. George Godolphin in his private room. He told me it was right: that there was nothing the matter with it: and I left the money. I am not given to use hard words; but, if I don't get it paid

back to me, I shall say I have been swindled out of it."

"Mr. George couldn't have told that there'd be this run upon the bank, sir," replied a clerk, making the best answer that he could, the most plausible excuse: as all the clerks had to exert their wits to do, that day. "The bank was all right then."

"If it was all right then, why isn't it all right now?" roared a chorus

of angry voices. "Banks don't get wrong in a day."

"Why did Mr. George Godolphin pass his word to me that it was safe?" repeated Mr. Barnaby, as though he had not heard the arguments of refute. "I should not have left my money here, but for that."

The rector of All Souls' stood his ground behind, and listened. But that George Godolphin was his daughter's husband, he would have echoed the complaint: that, but for his positive assertion of the bank's solvency, he should not have left his money there—the trust-money of the little Chisholms.

When the bank had virtually closed, the order gone forth to put up the shutters, Mr. Godolphin had retired to an inner room. clamorous people had pushed in since, in defiance of the assurance that business for the day was over. Some of them demanded to see Mr. Godolphin. Mr. Hurde declined to introduce them to him. In doing so, he was acting on his own responsibility: perhaps to save that gentleman vexation, perhaps out of consideration for his state of health. He knew that his master, perplexed and astounded with the state of affairs, could only answer them as he did—that on Monday morning, all being well, the bank would be open for business again. Did any under-current of doubt, that this would be the case, run in Mr. Hurde's own heart? If it did, he kept it down, refusing to admit it even to himself. One thing is certain: until that unpleasant episode of the previous day, when the rough, unknown man had applied so loudly and inopportunely for money, Mr. Hurde would have been ready to answer with his own life for the solvency of the house of Godolphin. He had believed, not only in the ability of the house to meet its demands and liabilities, but to meet them, if needful, twice over. That man's words, reflecting upon Mr. George Godolphin, grated on Mr. Hurde's ears at the time, and they had grated on his memory since. But, so far as he could, he had beaten them down.

The crowd were got rid of. They became at length aware that stopping there would not answer their purpose in any way, would not do them good. They were fain to content themselves with that uncertain assurance, touching Monday morning, and went out, the door being immediately barred upon them. If the catastrophe of the day was unpleasant for the principals, it was not much less unpleasant for the clerks: and they lost no time in closing the entrance when the opportunity came.

"I must see Mr. Godolphin," said he.

"You can see him, sir, of course," was Mr. Hurde's answer. Mr. Hastings was different from the mob just got rid of. He had, so to say, a right of admittance to the presence of the principals in a threefold sense: as a creditor, as their spiritual pastor, and as a near connexion; a right which Mr. Hurde would not presume to dispute.

The only one who had remained was the rector of All Souls'.

"Mr. Godolphin will see you, I am sure, sir," he continued, leading the way from the room towards Thomas Godolphin's. "He would have seen every soul that asked for him, of those now gone out. I knew that, and that's why I wouldn't let their messages be taken to him. Where

would have been the use, to-day?"

Thomas Godolphin was sitting alone, very busily occupied, as it appeared, with books. Mr. Hastings cast a rapid glance round the room,

but George was not in it.

It was not two minutes previously that George had left it, and Mr. Hastings only escaped seeing him by those two minutes. George had stood there, condoling with Thomas upon the intoward event of the day, apparently as perplexed as Thomas was, to account for its cause: and

apparently as hopeful; nay, as positive; that ample funds would be down ere the day should close, to apply their healing remedy.

"Mr. Godolphin, I have been asking Hurde for my money," were the

first words uttered by the rector. "Will you not give it me?"

Thomas Godolphin turned his earnest dark eyes, terribly sad then, on Mr. Hastings, a strangely yearning look in their light. "I wish I could," he answered. "But, even were it a thing possible for us to do, to give you a preference over others, it is not in our power. All the funds in

hand are paid out."

The rector did not go over the old ground of argument, as he had to Mr. Hurde—that it was unfair to give the earlier comers preference. It would answer no end now: and he was, besides, aware that he might have been among those earlier applicants, but for some cross-grained fate, which had taken him out of the way to the pollard cottages, and restrained him from speaking to Isaac, when he saw him fly past. Whether Mr. Hastings would have got his nine thousand pounds is another matter. More especially if—as had been asserted by Mr. Hurde—the fact of the payment did not appear in the books.

"Where is George?" asked Mr. Hastings.

"He has gone to the telegraph-office," replied Thomas Godolphin. "There has been more than time for answers to arrive—to be brought here—since our telegrams went up. George grew impatient, and is gone to the station."

"I wish to ask him how he could so have deceived me," resumed the rector. "He assured me but yesterday, as it were, that the bank was

perfectly safe."

"As he no doubt thought. Nothing would have been the matter, but for this run. There's quite a panic in Prior's Ash, I am told; but what can have caused it, I know not. A deed of value belonging to Lord Averil has been lost or mislaid, and the report of that may have got about: but why it should have caused this fear is to me utterly incomprehensible. I would have assured you myself yesterday, had you asked me, that we were perfectly safe and solvent. That we are so still, will be proved on Monday morning."

The Reverend Mr. Hastings bent forward his head. "It would be worse than ruin to me, Mr. Godolphin. I should be held responsible for the Chisholms' money; should be called upon to refund it: and I have

no means of doing so. I dare not contemplate the position."

"What are you talking of?" asked Thomas Godolphin. "I do not understand. We hold no money belonging to the Chisholms."

"Indeed you do," was the reply. "You had it all. I paid in the

proceeds of the sale, nine thousand and forty-five pounds."

Mr. Godolphin paused at the assertion, looking at the rector, somewhat in the manner that his head clerk had done. "When did you pay

it in?" he inquired.

"A few days ago. I brought it in the evening, after banking hours. Brierly came over from Binham and paid it to me, and I brought it here at once. It was a large sum to keep in the house. As things have turned out, I wish I had kept it," concluded the rector, speaking plainly.

"Paid it to George?"

"Yes. Maria was present. I have his receipt for it, Mr. Godolphin," added the rector. "You almost appear to doubt the fact. As Hurde did, when I spoke to him just now. He said it did not appear in the books."

"Neither does it," replied Thomas Godolphin. "But I do not doubt you, now you tell me of the transaction. George must have omitted to

enter it."

That "omission" began to work in the minds of both, more than either cared to tell. Thomas Godolphin was marvelling at his brother's reprehensible carelessness: the rector of All Souls' was beginning to wonder whether "carelessness" was the deepest sin about to be laid open in the conduct of George Godolphin. Very unpleasant doubts, he could scarcely tell why, were rising up within him. His keen eye searched the countenance of Thomas Godolphin: but he read nothing there to confirm his doubts. On the contrary, that countenance, save for the great sorrow and vexation upon it, was, as it ever was, clear and open as the day. Not yet, not quite yet, had the honest faith of years, reposed by Thomas Godolphin in his brother, been shaken. Very, very soon was it to come: not the faith to be simply shaken, but rudely destroyed: blasted for ever; like a tree torn up by the lightning.

It was of no use for Mr. Hastings to remain. All the satisfaction to be obtained was—the confidently expressed hope that Monday would set things straight. "It would be utter ruin to me, you know," he said,

as he rose.

"It would be ruin to numbers," replied Thomas Godolphin. "I pray you, do not glance at anything so terrible. There is no cause for it; there is not indeed: our resources are ample. I can only say that I should wish I had died long ago, rather than have lived to witness such

ruin, brought upon others, through us."

Lord Averil was asking to see Thomas Godolphin, and entered his presence as Mr. Hastings left it. He came in, all impulse. It appeared that he had gone for a ride that morning after breakfast, and knew nothing of the tragedy then being enacted in the town. Do you think the word too strong a one—tragedy? Wait and see its effects. In passing the bank on his return, Lord Averil saw the shutters up. In the moment's shock, his fears flew to Thomas Godolphin. He forgot that the death, even of the principal, would not cause the closing of a bank for business. Lord Averil, a peer, having nothing to do with business and its ways, may have been excused the mistake.

He pulled short up, and sat staring at the bank, his heart beating, his face growing hot. But the previous day he had seen Thomas Godolphin in health (comparatively speaking) and life; and now—could he be dead? Casting his eyes on the stragglers gathered on the pavement before the banking doors—an unusual number of stragglers, though Lord Averil was too much occupied with other thoughts to take note of the fact—he leaned down and addressed one of them. It happened to be Rutt, the lawyer, who in passing had stopped to talk with the groups gathered there. Why did groups gather there? The bank was hermetically sealed for the rest of the day, nothing to be obtained from its aspect but blank solid walls and a blank solid door. What good did it do people to halt there and stare at it? What good does it do them to

halt before a house where murder has been committed, and stare at that?

The Viscount Averil bent from his horse to Rutt the lawyer. "What has happened? Is Mr. Godolphin dead?"

"It is not that, my lord. The bank has stopped."

"The—bank—has—stopped?" repeated Lord Averil, making a pause before each word, in his astonishment, and a greater pause before the last.

"Half an hour ago, my lord. There has been a run upon it this morning; and, now that they have paid out all their funds, they are obliged to stop."

Lord Averil could not recover his consternation. "What occasioned

the run?" he asked.

"Well—your lordship must understand that rumours got abroad. I heard them, days ago. Some say, now, that they had no foundation, and that the bank will resume business on Monday as usual, when remittances arrive. The telegraph has been at work pretty well for the house the

last hour, or so," concluded Mr. Rutt.

Lord Averil leaped from his horse, gave it to a lad to hold, and went round to the private door. Thence he was admitted, as you have seen, to the presence of Thomas Godolphin. Not of his own loss had he gone to speak—the sixteen thousand pounds involved in the disappearance of the deeds—and which, if the bank ceased its payments, might never be refunded to him. No. Although he saw the premises closed, and heard that the bank had stopped, not a doubt crossed Lord Averil of its real stability. That the run upon it had caused its temporary suspension, and that all would be made right on the Monday, as Mr. Rutt had suggested, he fully believed.

"I never heard of it until this moment," he impulsively cried, clasping the hand of Thomas Godolphin. "In returning now from a ride, I saw the shutters closed, and learned what had happened. There has been a

run upon the bank, I understand."

"Yes," replied Thomas, in a subdued tone, that told of mental pain. "It is a very untoward thing."

"But what induced it?"

"I cannot imagine. Unless it was the rumour, which no doubt got spread, of the loss of your deed. I suppose it was that: magnified in the telling, possibly, into the loss of half the coffers of the bank. Panics have arisen from far less slighter causes; as those, versed in the money market, could tell you."

"But how foolish people must be!"

"When a panic arises, people are not themselves," remarked Thomas Godolphin. "One catches up the fear from another, like they catch an epidemic. I wish our friends and customers had had more confidence in us. But I cannot blame them."

"They are saying, outside, that business will be resumed."

"Yes. As soon as we can get remittances down. Sunday intervenes,

and of course nothing can be done until Monday."

"Well now, my friend, can I help you?" rejoined Lord Averil. "I am a richer man than the world gives me credit for; owing to the inexpensive life I have led, since that one false step of mine, when barely out

of my teens. I will give you my signature to any amount. If you can contrive to let it be known, it may bring the people to their senses."

Thomas Godolphin's generous spirit opened to the proof of confidence: it shone forth from his quiet dark eyes as he gazed at Lord Averil.

"Thank you sincerely for the kindness. I shall gratefully remember it to the last day of my life. An hour or two ago I do not know but I might have availed myself of it: as it is, it is too late. The bank is closed for the day, and nothing more, good or bad, can be done until Monday morning. Long before that, I expect assistance will have arrived."

"Very well. But if you want further assistance, you know where to come for it," concluded Lord Averil. "I shall be in Prior's Ash. Do you know," he continued, in a musing sort of tone, "since I renounced that proposed sea expedition, I have begun to feel more like a homeless man than I ever yet did. If there were a desirable place for sale in this neighbourhood, I am not sure but I should purchase it, and settle down."

Thomas Godolphin gave but a slight answer. His own business was enough for him to think of, for one day. Lord Averil suddenly remembered this, and said something to the effect, but he did not yet rise to go. Surely he could not, at that moment, be contemplating the speaking to Mr. Godolphin about Cecil! Another minute and Mr. Hurde had come into the room, bearing a telegraphic despatch in his hand.

"Has Mr. George brought this?" Thomas inquired, as he took it.

"No, sir. It came by the regular messenger."

"George must have missed him, then," was Thomas Godolphin's mental comment.

He opened the paper. He cast his eyes over the contents. It was a short message; but a few words in it, simple and easy to comprehend; but Thomas Godolphin apparently could not comprehend it. Such at least was the impression conveyed to Lord Averil and Mr. Hurde. Both were watching him, though without motive. The clerk waited for any orders there might be: Lord Averil sat on, as he had been sitting. Thomas Godolphin read it three times, and then glanced up at Mr. Hurde.

"This cannot be for us," he remarked. "Some mistake must have been made. Some confusion, possibly, in the telegraph-office in town; and the message, intended for us, has gone elsewhere."

"That could hardly be, sir," was Mr. Hurde's reply.

In good truth, Thomas Godolphin himself thought it could "hardly be." But—if the message had come right—what did it mean? Mr. Hurde, racking his brains to conjecture the nature of the message that was so evidently disturbing his master, contrived to catch sight of two or three words at the tail: and they seemed to convey some ominous notion that there were no funds to be forthcoming.

Thomas Godolphin was disturbed; and in no measured degree. His hands grew cold and his brow moist, as he gazed at the despatch in its every corner. According to its address, it was meant for their house, and in answer to one of the despatches he had sent up that morning. But—its contents! Surely they could not be addressed to the good old

house of Godolphin, Crosse, and Godolphin!

A moment or two of wavering hesitation and then he drew to him a sheet of paper, wrote a few words, and folded it. "Take this yourself with all speed to the telegraph station," he said to Mr. Hurde. "Send the message up at once, and wait there for the answer. It will not be long in coming. And if you meet Mr. George, tell him I wish to see him."

"And now I dare say you will be glad to get rid of me," remarked Lord Averil, as Mr. Hurde hastened out. "This is not a day to intrude upon you for long: and I dare say the fellow to whom I entrusted my

horse is thinking something of the same."

He shook hands cordially, and went away, leaving Thomas Godolphin to battle with his care alone. Ah me! no human aid, henceforth, could help him, by so much as a passing word, with the terrible battle already set in. God alone, who had been with Thomas Godolphin through life, could whisper to him a word of comfort, or shed down a few drops of sustaining balm, so that he might battle through, and bear. That God had been with him, in the midst of the deep sorrows He had seen fit to cast upon him, Thomas knew: he knew that He would be with him always, even unto the end.

"You had better accept my offer of assistance," Lord Averil turned

back to say.

"No," broke from Thomas Godolphin in a sharp tone of pain, very different from the calm, if grateful, answer he had previously given to the same proposition. "What sort of justice would it be, if I robbed you to pay the claims of others?"

"You can refund to me when the panic's over," returned the viscount,

somewhat surprised at the nature of the reply.

"Yes. But—but—it might be a risk," was the rejoinder, given with unwonted hesitation. "In a crisis, such as this, it is, I believe, impossible to foresee what the end may be. Thank you greatly, Averil, all the same."

Mr. Hurde was not very long before he returned, bringing with him an answer to the last message. Moister and moister became Thomas Godolphin's brow as he read it; colder and colder grew his hand. It appeared to be but a confirmation of the one, received before.

"I cannot understand this," he murmured.

Mr. Hurde stood by. That some ominous fear had arisen, he saw. He was an old and faithful servant of the house, entirely devoted to its

interests. His master said a few words of explanation to him.

They aroused Mr. Hurde's fears. Had some deep-laid treachery been at work?—some comprehensive scheme of duplicity been enacting for some time past, making a bankrupt house appear to be still a flourishing one? If so, it could only have been done by falsifying the books: and

that could only have been done by George Godolphin.

Mr. Hurde did not dare to give vent to his thoughts. Indeed, he did not seriously contemplate that they could be types of the reality. But, in the uncertainty created, he deemed himself perfectly justified in mentioning to Mr. Godolphin the untoward occurrence of the previous day; the demand of the rude man for money, and the unpleasant expressions he had used of the state of affairs of Mr. George Godolphin. He was clearing his throat to begin in his usual slow fashion, when Mr. Godolphin spoke.

"I shall go to town by the first train, Hurde. The express. It will be through in half an hour."

Then Mr. Hurde told his tale. It did not tend to reassure Thomas

Godolphin.

He rang the bell. He caused George to be inquired for. But George was not in the house. He had not been back since that errand of his,

ostensibly to the telegraph-office.

Thomas could not wait. He wrote a note to George, and sealed it. He then charged a servant with a message for Miss Godolphin at Ashlydyat, gave a few directions to Mr. Hurde, proceeded on foot to the station without further preparations, and started on his journey.

Started on his journey. Strange doubts and fears making a havoc of

his beating heart.

II.

BOBBING JOAN.

Maria Godolphin was in her own pretty sitting-room up-stairs. Fine ladies would have called it their "boudoir." Maria did not: she was not given to be fine. She had been sitting there ever since breakfast; had not yet stirred out of it, though noon had passed, for she was very busy. Not fond of sewing in a general way, she was plying her needle quickly now: some fine intricate work of braiding, to be converted into a frock for Miss Meta. Maria worked as if her heart were in it: it was for her child.

The door was closed, the window was open to the summer air. The scent of the flowers ascended from the garden below, the gentle hum of the insects was heard as they sported in the sun, the scene altogether was one of entire tranquillity. There was an air of repose about the room, about Maria in her cool muslin dress, about the scene altogether: who, looking at it, would have suspected the turmoil that was being enacted—or that had been enacted so recently—in another part of the house?

It is a positive fact that Maria knew nothing yet of the grievous calamity which had fallen—the stoppage of the bank. The servants knew it, fast enough; were more correctly acquainted with its details (to hear them speak) than the bank itself. They stood about in groups and talked in whispers, letting the work go. But not one of them had presumed to acquaint their unconscious mistress. They knew how entirely ignorant of it all she was: they felt certain that not a suspicion of anything going wrong had ever crossed her. In point of fact, it had not crossed their own inquisitive selves, and the fact had burst upon them that morning like a thunder-clap.

Like a thunder-clap, it was soon to burst upon Maria. A few minutes' respite yet, ere it should come. She certainly had heard the hall-bell, the visitors'-bell, ring three or four times, which was somewhat unusual, considering that no message for her had followed upon it. The ringing of that bell in the daytime generally heralded guests for herself. Once, when Pierce came in, bringing a small parcel for her from the bookseller's, Maria had inquired who it was that had just rung at the hall-door. Pierce answered that it was Lord Averil; that his lordship had asked

to see Mr. Godolphin. Maria could not remember afterwards, when looking back on the circumstances of the day, whether or not it had occurred to her to wonder why Lord Averil should come to the private door, when his visit was to the bank and Thomas Godolphin. Pierce ventured not another word. He never said, "Ma'am, there's something the matter, I'm afraid; there's a run upon the bank." He just put the parcel down and sidled off, very much after the manner of one who is afraid of being asked questions.

And yet, the man, in his sober judgment, believed that there was little danger of any inconvenient questions being put by his mistress. There was none. Of all people living, none were so completely unconscious that anything wrong was looming, than Mrs. George Godolphin. If there was one house in the kingdom more safe, more staid, more solid than other houses, she believed it to be theirs. Yes, it was a notable fact, that Maria, sitting there so serenely tranquil, knew nothing of what was stirring Prior's Ash, from one end of it to the other, to the highest pitch of excitement. Perhaps it would not be too much to say

that she was the last person in it whom the news reached.

The work—her work, that she held in her hand—was approaching completion, and she looked at it with fond eyes. She had been two or three weeks over it, sitting steadily to it several of the days. It was very pretty, certainly; a new sort of work just come up, done with a new sort of braid; and would, beyond question, look charming on Miss Meta, when distended out as a balloon—like it was the fashion of that young lady's short petticoats to be distended. Now and then Maria would be visited with doubtful visions as to whether the thing would "wash." That is, to wash and look as well afterwards as it did now. She could only hope for the best, and that Miss Meta would be upon her good behaviour when wearing it, and not blacken it beyond redemption the first time it was on.

"I hope I shall have enough braid," deliberated Maria, comparing the small piece, yet remaining to do, with the braid in hand. "I wish I had told Margery to bring me in another piece! she will be passing the shop. I must send, if I find it running short. If I have no hindrances

to-day, I shall finish it."

One hindrance occurred almost as Maria was speaking. The entrance of her husband. With him in the room she was continually looking off to talk, if she did not entirely lay it down; altogether she did not get on so fast as when alone. He had just come in from that excursion to the telegraph-office. Had he been there? Or had his proclaimed visit been but a plea ostensibly set forth, an excuse to get out of his brother's presence, away from that troubled scene, the bank?

There was no knowing. George never said, then or afterwards. He never said whether his return now was the result of his having accidentally seen his brother at a distance, walking along at a quick pace. He came in by the hall-door (there was no other way open, to-day), letting himself in with his latch-key. Mr. Hurde was there yet, posting, or doing something or other to a pile of books.

"Is Mr. Godolphin gone for the day?" asked George.

"Mr. Godolphin's gone to London, sir."

"To London!" echoed George, in his surprise. "What is taking him there?"

"Some queer messages have come down by telegraph," returned Mr. Hurde, pushing his spectacles up, and looking George full in the face. "Mr. Godolphin could not understand them, and he is gone to town."

George did not make any observation for a minute. Was he afraid to make further inquiries? "What were the messages?" he presently

asked.

"Mr. Godolphin did not show them to me, sir," was the answer, spoken, or George fancied it, in a curt tone. "He said enough to tell me that there appeared to be some great cause for disquiet—and he has gone to see about it. He left a note in the parlour, sir, for you."

Mr. Hurde buried his face over his books again, a genteel hint, perhaps, that he wished the colloquy to end—if his master would be pleased to

take it. George entered the parlour and caught up the note.

"'Be at home to callers; answer all inquiries,'" repeated he, reciting the last words of the note. "I wish Thomas may get it! Now that the

explosion has come, Prior's Ash is no place for me.'

Many and many a day had there intruded into George Godolphin's mind a vision of this very time, when the "explosion" should have "come." He had never dwelt upon it. He had driven it away from him to the utmost of his power. Perhaps it is not in the nature of those, whose course of conduct is such as to bring down these explosions as a natural sequence, to anticipate with uncomfortable minuteness the period of their arrival, or their particular manner of meeting it. Certainly George Godolphin had not: but there had been ever an under-current of conviction lying dormant in his heart, that he should not face it in person. When the brunt of the scandal was over, then he might return to home and Prior's Ash: but he would not wait there to be present at its fall.

He crushed Thomas Godolphin's note into his pocket, and stood upright on the hearth-rug to think. He knew that, if treated according to his deserts, that would be the last friendly note written him by his brother for many a day to come. Thomas was then being whirled on his way to the full knowledge of his, George's, delinquency: or, if not to the full knowledge, which perhaps could only be unfolded by degrees, like we turn the pages of a book, to quite enough of it. It was time for him to be off now. If inquisitive callers must be seen, Hurde could see them.

Conscience makes cowards of us all: a saying, not more trite than true. Very absurd cowards it makes of us now and then. As George Godolphin stood there, revolving the pros and cons of his getting away, the ways and means of his departure, a thought flashed into his mind of whether he should be allowed to depart, if an inkling of his exodus got wind. It actually did; unfounded as was any cause for it. The fear came from his lively conscience; but from nothing else. He might be seen at the railway station, and stopped: he might—"Tush!" interrupted George, angrily, coming out of the foolish fear and returning into his sober senses. "People here know nothing yet, beyond the bare fact that the bank has suspended payment. They can't stop a man for that."

But, how about ways and means? Ay, that was more necessary to be

considered. The money in George's pockets amounted—I am telling you truth—to three-and-sixpence, and twopence in halfpence. With all his faults he was open-hearted, open-handed. He had been weak, imprudent, extravagant; he had been enacting a course of deceit to his brother and to the world, forced to it (he would have told you) by his great need and his great dread; he had made use of other men's property; he had, in short, entirely violated those good rules that public lamentation is made for every Sunday—he had left undone those things that he ought to have done, and he had done those things that he ought not to have done: but it was not for himself (in one sense) that he had done this. It was not for himself, selfishly. He had not made a private purse for the evil day, or put by money to serve his wants when other moneys should fail. As long as he had the money he had spent it: whether in paying claims; or in making charming presents to friends, as to Charlotte Pain, for instance-elegant little trifles that of course cost nothing, or next to it; or in new dolls for Meta; or in giving a sovereign to some poor broken-down tradesman, who wanted to get upon his legs again. In one way or other the money had been spent; not a single shilling had George hoarded up; so, in that sense, he had been neither selfish nor dishonest.

And, now that the crash had come, he was without means. He had not so much as the fare in his pocket that would suffice to convey him away out of the scene of turmoil, that the next week would inevitably bring forth. The bank funds were likewise exhausted; so he had not them to turn to. But, get away he must: and, it seemed to him, the

sooner the better.

He came forth through the separating door between the bank and the dwelling, and entered the dining-room. The tray was laid for luncheon, and for Meta's dinner: but nobody was in the room. He went up-stairs to Maria's sitting-room. She was there, quietly at work: and she looked up at him with a glad smile of welcome. Her attitude of repose, her employment, the expression of calm happiness pervading her countenance, told George that she was as yet in ignorance.

"What money have you in your purse, Maria?" asked he, speaking

carelessly.

Maria laughed. "Why, none," she answered, quite in a merry accent. "Or, as good as none. I have been telling you ever so long, George, that I must have some money; and I must. A good deal I mean; to pay my housekeeping bills."

"Just see what you have got," returned George. "I want to

borrow it."

Maria put her hand in her pocket, and then found that her purse was in her desk. She gave the keys to George, and asked him to unlock it.

The purse was in a small compartment, lying on a ten-pound note. In the purse there proved to be a sovereign and seven shillings. George put the money and the purse back again, and took up the note.

"You sly girl!" cried he, in a mock-serious tone. "To tell me you had no money! What special cadeau is this put by for? A golden

chain for Meta?"

"That is not mine, George. It is old Dame Bond's. I told you about it, if you remember."

"I'll take this," said George, transferring the note to his pocket.

"Oh no, George; don't take that!" exclaimed Maria. "She may be coming for it any hour. I promised to return it to her whenever she asked for it."

"My dear, you shall have it back again. She won't come to-day."

"Why can you not get a note from the bank, instead of taking that?"

George made no answer. He turned into his bedroom. Maria thought nothing of the omission: she supposed his mind to be preoccupied. In point of fact, she thought little of his taking the note. With coffers full (as she supposed) to turn to, the borrowing of a ten-pound note seemed an affair of no moment.

She sat on about ten minutes, hard at work. George remained in his bedroom, occupied (as it appeared to Maria) in opening and shutting various drawers. Somewhat curious as to what he could be doing, she at length rose from her seat and looked in. He was packing a portmanteau.

"Are you going out, George?" she exclaimed, in surprise.

"For a few days. Business is calling me to town. Look here, Maria. I shall take nothing with me, beyond my small black leather handcase; but you send this by one of the men to the station to-night. It must come after me."

"What a very sudden determination, George!" she cried. "You did

not say anything this morning."

"I did not know then that I should have to go. Don't look sad, child. I shan't be long away."

"It seems to me that you are always going away now, George," she

observed, her tone as sad as her looks.

"Business must be attended to," responded George, shaking out a coat that he was about to fold. "I don't in the least covet going, I assure you, Maria."

What more she would have said, was interrupted by a noise. Somebody had entered the sitting-room with much commotion. Maria re-

turned to it, and saw Meta and Margery.

Meta had been the whole morning long in the hayfield. Not the particular hayfield mentioned previously; that one was clear of hay now; but to some other hayfield, whose cocks were in full bloom—if such an expression may be used with regard to hay. There were few things Miss Meta liked so much as a roll in the hay; and, so long as cocks were to be found in the neighbourhood, Margery would be coaxed over to take her to them. Margery did not particularly dislike it, herself. Margery's rolling days were over; but, seated at the foot of one of the cocks, her knitting in her hand, and the child in view, Margery found the time pass agreeably enough. As she had, on this day: and the best proof of it was, that she had stayed beyond her time. Miss Meta's dinner was waiting.

Miss Meta was probably aware of the fact by sundry inward warnings. She had gone flying into her mamma's sitting-room, tugging at the strings of her hat, which had got into a knot. Margery had flown in,

nearly as fast; certainly in greater excitement.

"Is it true, ma'am?" she gasped out, the moment she saw Maria.

"Is what true?" inquired Maria.

"That the bank has broke. When I saw the shutters up, and the

door barred, for all the world as if everybody in the house was dead, you might have knocked me down with a feather. There's quite a crowd round; and one of 'em told me the bank had broke."

George came out of his bedroom. "Take this child to the nursery, and get her ready for her dinner," said he, in the quick, decisive, haughty

manner that he now and then used, though rarely to Margery.

Margery withdrew with the child, and George looked at his wife. She was standing in perplexity: half aghast, half in disbelief; and she turned her questioning eyes on George.

But for those words of Margery's, whose sound had penetrated to his bedroom, would he have said anything to Maria before his departure?

It must remain a question. Now he had no other resource.

"The fact is, Maria, we have had a run upon the bank this morning; have been compelled to suspend payment. For the present," added George, vouchsafing to Maria the hopeful view of the case which his brother, in his ignorance, took.

She did not answer. She felt too much dismayed. Perhaps, in her mind's astonished confusion, she could not yet distinctly comprehend.

George placed her in a chair.

"How scared you look, child! There's no cause for that. Such things

happen every day."

"George—George!" she reiterated, struggling as it were for utterance, "do you mean that the bank has failed? I don't think I understand."

"For the present. Some cause or other, that we can none of us get

to the bottom of, induced a run upon us to-day."

"A run? You mean that people all came together, wanting to with-draw their money?"

"Yes. We paid as long as our funds held out. And then we

closed."

She burst into a most distressing flood of tears. The shock, from unclouded prosperity—she had not known that that prosperity was hollow—to ruin, to disgrace, was more than she could bear calmly. George felt vexed. It seemed as if the tears reproached him.

"For goodness' sake, Maria, don't take on like that," he testily cried.

"It will blow over; it will be all right."

But he put his arm round her in spite of his testy words. Maria leaned her face upon his bosom and sobbed out her tears upon it. He did not like the tears at all; he spoke quite crossly; and Maria did her best to hush them.

"What will be done?" she asked, choking down some rebellious sobs,

that were for rising in spite of her.

"Don't trouble yourself about that. I have been obliged to tell you, because it is a thing that cannot be concealed; but it will not affect your peace and comfort, I hope. There's no cause for tears."

"Will the bank go on again?"

"Thomas is gone up to London, expecting to bring funds down. In

that case it will open on Monday morning."

How could be tell it her? Knowing, as he did know, and he alone, that through his deep-laid machinations, there were no longer funds available for the bank or for Thomas Godolphin.

"Need you go to London," she asked, in a wailing tone, "if Thomas

is gone? I shall be left all alone."

"I must go. There's no help for it."

"And which day shall you be back? By Monday?"

"Not perhaps by Monday. Keep up your spirits, Maria. It will be all right."

Meta came bursting in. She was going down to dinner. Was mamma

coming to her lunch?

No, mamma did not want any. Margery would attend to her. George picked up the child and carried her into his room. In his drawers he had found some trifling toy; brought home for Meta weeks ago, and forgotten to be given to her. It had lain there since. It was one of those renowned articles, rarer now than they had used to be, called Bobbing Joan. George had given sixpence for it. A lady, with a black head and neck and no visible legs. He put it on the top of the drawers, touched it, and set it bobbing at Meta.

She was all delight; she stretched out her hands for it eagerly. But George, neglecting the toy, sat down on a chair, clasped the child in his arms, and showered upon her more passionately heartfelt embraces than perhaps he had ever given to living mortal, child or woman. He did not keep her: the last long lingering kiss was pressed upon her rosy lips, and he put her down, handed her the toy, and bade her run and

show it to mamma.

Away she went; to mamma first, and then off in search of Margery. Maria went into the bedroom to her husband. He was locking the portmanteau.

"That is all, I believe," he said, transferring the keys to his pocket, and taking up the small hand-case. "Remember that it is sent off by

to-night's train, Maria. I have addressed it."

"You are not going now, George?" she said, her heart seeming to fail her strangely.

"Yes I am."

"But—there is no train yet a while. The express must have passed this half-hour."

"I shall ride over to Crancomb and take the train there," he answered. "I have some business in the place," added he, by way of stopping any questions, as to the why and wherefore. "Listen, Maria. You need not mention that I have gone, until you see Thomas on Monday morning. Tell him."

"Shall you not see him yourself in London?" she returned. "Are

you not going to meet him?"

"I may miss him: it is just possible," was the reply of George, spoken with all the candour in life, just as though his mission to London was the express one of meeting his brother. "If Thomas should return home without having seen me, I mean."

"What am I to tell him?" she asked.

"Only that I am gone. There's no necessity to say anything else. I shall—if I miss seeing him in town—I shall write to him here."

"And when shall you be back?"
"Soon. Good-by, my darling."

He held his wife folded in his arms, like he had recently held Meta. The tears were raining down her cheeks.

"Don't grieve, Maria. It will blow over, I say. God bless you.

Take care of Meta."

Maria's heart felt as if it were breaking. But in the midst of her own distress, she remembered the claims of others. "That ten-pound note, George? If you are not back in a day or two, how shall I have it? The woman may be coming for it."

"Oh, I shall be back. Or you can ask Thomas."

In his careless indifference he thought he should be back. He was not going to run away: only to absent himself from the brunt of the explosion. That his delinquencies would be patent to Thomas and to others by Monday morning, he knew: it would be just as well to let some of their astonishment and anger have vent and evaporate without his presence; be far more agreeable to himself, personally. In his careless indifference, too, he had spoken the words, "You can ask Thomas." A moment's consideration would have told him that Thomas would have no ten-pound notes to give to Maria. George Godolphin was one who never lost heart. He was indulging, now, the most extravagantly sanguine hopes of raising money in London, by some means or other. Perhaps Verrall could help him?

He strained his wife to his heart, kissed her again, and was gone.

Maria sat down in the midst of her blinding tears.

Walking round to the stables, he waited there while his horse was got ready, mounted him, the small black case in front, and rode away alone. The groom thought his master was but going out for a ride, like he did on other days: but the man did wonder that Mr. George should go that day. Crancomb was a small place about five miles off: it had a railway station, and the ordinary trains stopped there. What motive induced him to go there to take the train, he best knew. Probably, he did not care to excite the observation and comments, which his going off from Prior's Ash on that day would be sure to excite. Seriously to fear being stopped, he did not.

He rode along at a leisurely pace, reaching Crancomb just before the up-train was expected. Evidently the day's great disaster had not yet travelled to Crancomb. George was received with all the tokens of respect, ever accorded to the Godolphins. He charged the landlord of the inn to send his horse back to Prior's Ash on Monday morning, changed Mrs. Bond's ten-pound note, and chatted familiarly to the

employés at the station, after taking his ticket.

Up came the train. Two or three solitary passengers, bound for the place, descended, two or three mounted into it. The whistle sounded; the engine shrieked and puffed; and George Godolphin, nodding familiarly around with his gay smile, was carried onwards on his road to London.

Maria had sat on, her blinding tears raining down. What a change it was! What a contrast from the happiness of the morning! That a few minutes should have power to bring forth so awful a change! The work she had been so eager over before, lay on the table. Where had its enjoyment gone? She turned from it now with a feeling not far removed from sickness. Nothing could be thought of now but the great trouble which had fallen: there was no further satisfaction to be derived from outward things. The work lay there, untouched; destined, though she knew it not, never to have another stitch set in it by its mistress; and she sat on and on, her hands clasped inertly before her, her brain throbbing with its uncertainty and care.

III.

MRS. BOND'S VISIT.

In the old study at All Souls' Rectory—if you have not forgotten that modest room—in the midst of nearly as much untidiness as used to characterise it when the little Hastingses were in their untidy ages, sat some of them in the summer's evening. Rose's drawings and fancy-work lay about; Mrs. Hastings's more substantial sewing lay about; and a good deal of litter besides, out of Reginald's pockets; not to speak of books

belonging to the boys, fishing-tackle, and sundries.

Nothing was being touched, nothing used; it all lay neglected, like Maria Godolphin's work had done, earlier in the afternoon. Mrs. Hastings sat in a listless attitude, her elbow on the old cloth cover of the table, her face turned to her children. Rose sat at the window; Isaac and Reginald were standing by the mantelpiece; and Grace, her bonnet thrown off on the floor, her shawl unpinned and partially falling from her shoulders, half sat, half knelt at her mother's side, her face upturned to her, asking for particulars of the calamity. Grace had come running in but a few minutes ago, eager, anxious, and impulsive.

"Only think the state I have been in!" she cried. "But one servant in the house, and unable to leave baby to get down here! I——"

"What brings you with only one servant?" interrupted Rose.

"Because Ann's mother is ill, and I have let her go home until Monday morning. I wish you'd not put me out with frivolous questions, Rose!" added Grace, in her old, quick, sharp manner. "Any other day, but Saturday, I'd have left baby to Martha, and she might have put her work off; but on Saturdays there's always so much to do. I had half a mind to come and bring the baby myself. What should I care, if Prior's Ash did see me carrying him? But, mamma, you don't tell me—how has this dreadful thing been brought on?"

"I tell you, Grace!" returned Mrs. Hastings. "I should be glad to

know, myself."

"There's a report going about—Tom picked it up somewhere and brought it home to me—that Mr. George Godolphin has been playing pranks with the bank's money," continued Grace.

"Grace, my dear, were I you, I would not repeat such a report,"

gravely observed Mrs. Hastings.

Grace shrugged her shoulders. George Godolphin had never been a favourite of hers, and never would be. "It may turn out to be true," said she.

"Then, my dear, it will be time enough for us to talk of it when it

does. You are fortunate, Grace; you had no money there."

"I'm sure we had," answered Grace, more bluntly than politely. "We had thirty pounds there. And thirty pounds would be as much of a loss to us as thirty hundred to some."

"Akeman must be getting on-to keep a banking account!" cried free

Reginald.

Grace, for a wonder, did not detect the irony: though she knew that Reginald—like herself by George Godolphin—had never liked Mr. Akeman, and always told Grace she had lowered herself by marrying an architect of no standing.

"Seven hundred pounds were lodged in the bank, to his account, when that chapel-of-ease was begun," she said, in answer to Reginald's remark. "He has drawn it all out, for wages and such-like, except thirty pounds. And of course that, if it is lost, will be our loss. Had the bank stood until next week, there would have been a further large sum paid in. Will it go on again, Isaac?"

"You may as well ask questions of a stranger, as ask them of me, Grace," was her brother Isaac's answer. "I cannot tell you anything

certain."

"You won't, you mean," retorted Grace. "I suppose you clerks may not tell tales out of school. What sum has the bank gone for, Isaac?

That, surely, may be told."

"Not for any sum," was Isaac's answer. "The bank has not 'gone' yet, in that sense. There was a run upon the bank this morning, and the calls were so great that we had not enough money in the place to satisfy them, and were obliged to cease paying. It is said that the bank will be open again on Monday, when assistance shall have come; that business will be resumed, as usual. Mr. Godolphin himself said so: and he is not one to say a thing unless it has foundation. I know nothing more than that, Grace, whatever you may choose to infer."

"Do you mean to tell me that there are no suspicions in the bank that something, more than the public yet knows, is amiss with George Godol-

phin?" persisted Grace.

Isaac answered lightly and evasively. He was aware that such suspicions were afloat with the clerks. Led to chiefly by that application from the stranger, and his rude and significant charges, made so publicly. Isaac had not been present at that application: it was somewhat curious, perhaps—for there's a freemasonry runs amidst the clerks of an establishment, and they talk freely one with another—that he never heard of it until after the stoppage of the firm. If he had heard of it, he would certainly have told his father. But whatever private suspicions he and his fellow-clerks might be entertaining against George Godolphin, he was not going to speak of them to Grace Akeman.

Grace turned to her mother. "Papa has a thousand pounds or two

there, has he not?"

"Ah, child! if that were but all!" returned Mrs. Hastings, with a

groan.

"Why! What more has he there?" asked Grace, startled by the words and the tone. Rose, startled also, turned round to await the answer.

Mrs. Hastings seemed to hesitate. But only for a moment. "I do not know why I should not tell you," she said, looking at her daughters. "Isaac and Reginald both know it. He had just lodged there the trustmoney belonging to the Chisholms: nine thousand and forty-five pounds."

A blank silence fell upon the room. Grace and her sister were too dismayed to speak immediately. Reginald, who had now seated himself astride on a chair, his face and arms hanging over the back of it, set up a soft, lugubrious whistle, the tune of some old sea-song, feeling possibly the silence to be uncomfortable. To disclose a little secret, Mr. Reginald was not in the highest of spirits, having been subjected to some hard scolding that day on the part of his father, and some tears on the part of his mother, touching the non-existence of any personal baggage. He had

arrived at home for the fourth time since his first departure for sea, his luggage consisting exclusively of a shirt and a half. Of everything else belonging to him, which he had taken out, he was able to give no account whatever. It is rather a common complaint amongst young sailors.

"Is papa responsible for it?" The half-frightened question came from

Rose.

"Certainly he is," replied Mrs. Hastings. "If the bank should not go on, why—we are ruined. As well as those poor children, the Chisholms."

"Oh, mamma! why did he not draw it out this morning?" cried Grace, in a tone of pain. "Tom told me that many people had got

paid in full."

"Had he known the state the bank was in, that there was anything the matter with it, no doubt he would have drawn it out," returned Mrs. Hastings.

"Did Maria know it was paid in?"

" Yes."

Grace's eyes flashed fire. Somehow, she was never inclined to be too considerate to Maria. She never had been, from a child. "A dutiful daughter! Not to give her father warning!"

"Maria may not have been able to do it," observed Mrs. Hastings.

"Perhaps she did not know that anything was wrong."

"Nonsense, mamma!" was Grace's answer. "We have heard—when a thing like this happens, you know people begin to talk freely, to compare notes, as it were—and we have heard that George Godolphin and Maria are owing money all over the town. Maria has not paid her house-keeping bills for ever so long. Of course she must have known what was coming!"

Mrs. Hastings did not dispute the point with Grace. The main fact troubled her too greatly for minor considerations to be very prominent yet. She had never found Maria other than a considerate and dutiful daughter: and she must be convinced that she had not been so in this in-

stance, before she could believe it.

"She was afraid of compromising George Godolphin," cried Grace, in

a bitter tone. "He has ever been first and foremost with her."

"She might have given the warning without compromising him," returned Mrs. Hastings; but, in making the remark, she did not intend to cast any reflection on Maria. "When your papa went to pay the money in, it was after banking hours. Maria was alone, and he told her what he had brought. Had she been aware of anything wrong, she might have given a hint to him, there and then. It need never have been known to George Godolphin—even that your papa had any intention of paying money in."

"And this was recently?"
Only a few days ago."

Grace pushed her shawl more off her shoulders, as if she were in a heat, and beat her knee up and down as she sat on the low stool. Suddenly she turned to Isaac.

"Had you no suspicion that anything was wrong?"

"Yes, a slight one," he incautiously answered. "A doubt, though, more than a suspicion."

Grace took up the admission warmly. "And you could hug the doubt slyly to yourself and never warn your father!" she indignantly uttered.

"A fine son, you are, Isaac Hastings!"

Isaac was of equable temperament. He did not retort on Grace that he had warned him, but that Mr. Hastings had not acted upon the hint; at least, not effectually. "When my father blames me, it will be time for you to blame me, Grace," was all he said in answer. "And—in my opinion—it might be just as well if you waited to hear whether Maria deserves blame, before you cast so much to her."

"Psha!" returned Grace. "The thing speaks for itself."

Had Grace witnessed the bitter sorrow, the prostration, the uncertainty in which her sister was sunk at that moment, she might have been more charitable in her judgment. Practical and straightforward herself, it would have been as impossible for Grace to remain ignorant of her husband's affairs, pecuniary or else, as it was for her to believe that Maria Godolphin had remained so. And, if fully convinced that such had indeed been the fact, Grace would have deemed such a state of contented ignorance to be little less than a crime. She and Maria were constituted as essentially different as two people can well be. Pity but she could have seen Maria then.

Maria was in her dining-room. She had made a pretence of going down to dinner, not to excite the observation and remarks of the servants: in her excessive sensitiveness she could not bear that they should even see she was in grief. Grace, in her place, might have spoken openly and angrily before her household of the state of affairs. Not so Maria: she buried it all within her.

She could not eat. Toying with this plate and that plate, she knew not how to swallow a morsel or to make pretence to do so, before the servants, standing by. But it came to an end, that dinner, and Maria was left alone.

She sat on, musing; her brain racked with busy thoughts. To one, of the strangely refined organisation of Maria Hastings, a blow, like that fallen, appeared more terrible than its actuality. Of the consequences she as yet knew little, could foresee less; therefore they were not much glanced at by her: but of the disgrace Maria took an exaggerated view. Whether the bank went on again, or not, they seemed to have fallen from their high pedestal; and Maria shrunk with a visible shudder at the bare thought of meeting her friends and acquaintances; at the idea of going out to show herself in the town.

Many would not have minded it; some would not have looked upon it in the light of a disgrace at all: minds and feelings, I say, are constituted differently. Take Mrs. Charlotte Pain, for example. Had she enjoyed the honour of being George Godolphin's wife, she would not have shed a tear, or eaten a meal the less, or abstained by so much as a single day from gladdening the eyes of Prior's Ash. Walking, riding,

or driving, Charlotte would have shown herself as usual.

Pierce came in. And Maria lifted her head with a start, and made a pretence of looking up quite carelessly, lest the man should see how full of trouble she was.

"Here's that Mrs. Bond at the door, ma'am," he said. "I can't get rid of her. She declares that you gave her leave to call, and said that you would see her."

Maria seemed to grow hot and cold. That the woman had come for her ten-pound note, she felt convinced, induced to it, perhaps, by the misfortune of the day, and—she had not got it to give her. Maria would have given a great deal for a ten-pound bank-note then.

"I will see her, Pierce," she said. "Let her come in."

Mrs. Bond, civil and sober to-night, came in, curtseving. Mariaah! that sensitive heart!—felt quite meek and humbled before her; very different from what she would have felt had she had the money to give her. Mrs. Bond asked for it civilly.

"I am sorry that I cannot give it you to-night," answered Maria. "I

will send it to you in a day or two."

"You promised, ma'am, that I should have it whenever I axed," said

"I know I did," replied Maria. "If I had it in the house I would give it you now. You shall have it next week."

"Can I have it on Monday?" asked Mrs. Bond.

"Yes," answered Maria. "Shall I send it to you?"

"I'd not give the trouble," said Mrs. Bond. "I'll make bold to step up again and get it, ma'am, on Monday."
"Very well," replied Maria. "If Miss Meta were here, she would ask

after the parrot."

"It's beautiful," exclaimed Dame Bond. "It's tail be like a lovely green plume o' feathers. But I ain't got used to its screeching yet. Then I'll be here on Monday, ma'am, if you please."

Maria rang the bell, and Pierce escorted her to the door. To return

again on Monday.

Maria Godolphin never deemed that she was not safe in making the promise. Thomas Godolphin would be home then, and she could get the note from him.

And she sat on alone, as before; her mind more troubled, her weary head upon her hand.

ABOUT STARTS IN LIFE.

BY EDWARD P. ROWSELL.

You know what a jibbing horse is. You know what a trouble it is when you have entered a public vehicle, thinking to save time, to find one of its animals a jibber. This was my case a few days since. On London-bridge the frightful truth revealed itself. The way was blocked. The coachman strove, the conductor tugged. Quite useless. But the passengers saw the mode: "Bang the door!" they cried, in chorus. The door was banged, and the jibber proceeded.

You often hear of a wealthy man that he owes his riches to his industry. When a boy he was the veriest drudge; now, people say, his means are well-nigh boundless. The contrast is so prodigious, the thought of it is rather oppressive to persons not of strong nerves. There is awe in their faces as they tell you the story. And the man will give you the same account of himself. As you and he (if you are closely intimate) sit together after dinner, with every luxury around you, he will talk complacently of the time when he had not a penny. He wants you to appreciate the combined cleverness, perseverance, and thrift, which have effected this marvellous change in his condition. The greater the distance between what he was and what he is, the greater homage you will pay, as he judges, to the will and the ability which have brought him to fortune.

And admitting wealth to be worthy of the sacrifice necessary to its attainment, the man is entitled to your praise. It is certain that had he not slaved and pinched, as he has described, he would not have become rich. But if he insist on his success being the inevitable result of his slaving and pinching, I shall differ from him. No doubt his striving and parsimony paved the way to wealth, and produced it to some extent, but they cannot claim credit for the bulk of it. That is attributable to his starts in life. Praise be to him for having put himself in a position to avail himself of these starts when they should occur, but, had they not

occurred, his position would have been far short of what it is.

And by starts in life I mean certain opportunities of a stride upwards. which present themselves to a greater or less extent in every man's career. I call it a start in life when the talented young barrister finds himself required, through the sudden illness of his leader, to conduct an important and difficult case; I call it a start in life when the effective preacher, who has been buried in a country parish, is invited to preach before a West-end congregation, one-half of which are patrons of a host of rich benefices; I call it a start in life when an able and fluent speaker, who has been heretofore satisfied with the back rank in parliament, is invited by a great leader to address the House on a subject with which he is peculiarly well acquainted; I call it a start in life when the out-atelbows surgeon happens to be by when a distinguished character meets with an accident, and the surgeon is blazoned in the papers as having rendered all the assistance that skill could suggest; I call it a start in life to the senior clerk in an old mercantile house, when the childless leading partner having announced to him his speedy but unexpected retirement, intimates his wish that he (the clerk) should enter the firm. Every importantly favourable event or situation which does not immediately and directly arise out of a man's own efforts, I designate a start in life. And you will see at once how a man's welfare is influenced by the occurrence or absence of these starts in life. You know how poor Smith works, how hard he fares, and yet what little way he makes; he never seems to get a help onward through any fortunate circumstance; no living friend takes him by the hand; he figures not in the will of any friend defunct; his labour just earns him a crust and clothing; and when he dies there will be only sufficient to pay the undertaker. Smith does not meet with actual misfortunes, and he may not be an unhappy man, but to him there come not starts in life. I own, myself, I regard the fickle goddess occasionally with a look anything but benign. You, reader, also, unless you are a very favoured person, must often have felt inclined to perform towards her a most ungallant action with your right foot. Something occurs which brings you within a pin's-head of "a

start," and yet the start does not become yours; it falls to the lot of Brown, who never sought it, and does not prize it. In a certain condition of your affairs you see, or fancy you see, a turn of events which would make you so happy, and when events do turn indeed, but turn just the other way, it is impossible to refrain from gnashing of teeth. You remember the great start in life to Hogarth's industrious apprentice was his marrying his master's daughter. He made wonderfully rapid progress after that felicitous event. But supposing the morning of the intended marriage, the fair one's chamber had been found vacant, and the blankets and sheets tied together had been discovered hanging suggestively from the window, how would the case have been then? Both master and apprentice might have taken to drinking, and have become

In the broader sense, education—physical, moral, and intellectual—and

reckless and bankrupt together.

of a great coming day.

the choice of a pursuit, are starts in life. How sad it is to see one poor child upon crutches, and to hear of another that he will always be an invalid. And what a shock it gives you to witness a sight such as I saw this day, two little urchins in a policeman's grip, followed by another little urchin behind, likewise in custody, the whole hurrying to the police-court. I wonder how much of the offence which had been committed by these luckless children could, in fairness, be laid to their account. They were evidently in the depth of poverty; one, at least, was barefooted. I dare say they had stolen food. Let us say they had stolen a loaf. Now while this was going on, your children, dear friend reader, were very happy in their nursery. They had had a good breakfast, and now they were at high play. You gazed on them with delight, you know, ere you started for your daily avocation. Will you ever forgive me for the thought I am about to suggest? What was the real difference between your children and these miserable outcasts? Shall I be far wrong in putting the case thus: these neglected objects, being hungry, were enamoured of a loaf in an insecure place, and so committed crime because the temptation was there; your well-cultured children, having every want satisfied, were not open to unlawful fascination, and so did not commit a crime because the temptation was not there. Can you say that the true difference amounted to more than that? Those wicked hungry ones are now, I dare say, busy on the treadmill. And I do not object. But I am

Still, in our present state of knowledge, we must be content with the surface. You remember the oft-quoted story of John Bunyan, who, on seeing a malefactor conveyed to prison, cried, "There, but for the grace of God, goes John Bunyan." The undeniably good man, you observe, did not show much sign of travelling in my train of thought. He saw only a malefactor. No doubt, there was a malefactor, but under what circumstances was he a malefactor? If every point and feature in the lives of the two men had been laid bare, might not the gap between the two have wonderfully contrasted? However, friend reader, I will not resume my objection, I give you the benefit of John Bunyan's indirect testimony in favour of judging by the surface. I know you can hurl at

quite sure of this, that, by a better than any human tribunal, there will be taken into account such a vast variety of circumstances far beyond the scope of an earthly judge, that *surprise* will be one of the main features

me the broad fact that, put the case how I please, your children are delightful little darlings, and the ill-starred children I have been speaking of are thievish little ragamuffins. Yes; you are right; so the fact is. The latter's first start in life has been, indeed, a downward start. It is so sad, there is only one recollection can sustain us under thought of it.

And it is a very important thing that, in directing your boy to a pursuit, you should be sure that you really give him a start in life. True it is that a number of men who subsequently became great in a particular department, began life in one quite different, and only struggled into the right path after much painful stumbling in the wrong. In these cases there may not have been material mischief, but in how many has the mistake proved fatal? Call to mind just one. The poet Cowper, desiring an income enabling him to marry, undertook the situation of reading-clerk to the House of Lords. He was altogether unfit for it. And that false start crushed him. He never recovered his failure. His mental health was irretrievably impaired. I doubt the wisdom of allowing a youth to choose his occupation. I suppose there is hardly a boy who, after reading a couple of Marryat's novels, would not be enthusiastic about going to sea. I remember my youthful brain was fairly turned by a very large edition of the "Life of Bonaparte," with great coloured plates of the battles. The watchful, thoughtful parent must choose for the boy. His selection will probably be right, and if it be so, the youngster will certainly have been blessed with a good start in life.

Getting well married is a start in life. I am not thinking so much of the marriage portion or the increased connexion. But it braces many a man for his daily task the thought of those at home, to whom he is so very, very much. An ordinary man will bear up wonderfully under the odious grind of almost unceasing labour, if the cash-books and ledgers be as so many mirrors reflecting the dear faces of wife and children. Still, here again a mistake is wofully injurious. There was an outery recently about the selfishness of men not marrying. Men are sometimes very selfish in marrying. Some men clearly ought not to marry. They are destitute of all those qualities which make a good married man. They cannot hit straightforward at difficulties; they cannot bear minor troubles calmly; or, if they can fulfil one requirement, they cannot the other. I am not married. If I were, I could face the butcher's bill, but I should cower under the results of "baby being washed." Rent-day might come, and find me equally unprepared and undaunted, but mamma scolding and Bobby screaming would throw me into despair. Another man could bear these small vexations, but would be weighed down by the serious responsibilities of married life. Neither I nor this man ought to marry. It would be a decidedly wrong start to do so. I wonder why Macaulay did not marry. It has been stoutly denied that he was in any degree a selfish man. He may have felt that unmarried he could be of far greater use to the world than would be practicable should he clog himself with wife and children. A Mrs. Macaulay might have stood terribly in the way of those splendid literary labours. Yes, I maintain the good sense and unselfishness of some men in not marrying. I stand up as a champion of old bachelors in the mass. The man of all my acquaintance whom I should pitch upon for a clear judgment, a kind heart, and upright mind, and the possession of those qualities which are so very precious in every one, indeed, but especially in a husband and father, this man is not married. He who foregoes the undoubted pleasures of married life may have a very keen idea of those pleasures. It is seldom you know precisely what has kept him from the path into which most men so eagerly rush. There may be a perfect explanation of his seeming indifference, and you should hesitate to declare any inevitable connexion between the old bachelor and selfishness.

And, unquestionably, a man who could have married well, and been happy in marriage, but who has remained single, has not availed himself of that which would have been a start in life. I pass over the bewilderment of the breakfast and the wedding tour. I come to the time when he who has been temporarily an amiable lunatic recovers his senses and once more settles to the daily work. How different now is his position! What a long stride upwards he seems to have taken, and alas! I must add, how very much older he appears to have grown, since the responsibility of a household devolved upon him! But his influence has greatly increased. His connexions are probably doubled. Moreover (and this, as I have intimated, I look at most), if the man have anything in him, and be not troubled with those flaws in his nervous system to which I have alluded, the new claims upon him will strongly develop it. If he be stimulated by his new responsibilities, and not oppressed by them, his work will be all the better done on their account. His marriage will have been a very wise step, and he may safely regard it as one of his best starts in life.

But now as to some of those quicker, sharper turning-points which may be designated starts in life. I have already enumerated a few; there are many others. To an industrious man struggling against difficulties through old scores, a round legacy is a most blessed start in life. To a clever man, willing to work, but who, perforce, has been long idle, the receiving a lucrative and honourable appointment is a start in life. To the literary character, the production of a book which at once produces "a sensation," is a start in the highest degree delightful and profitable. It is a common expression respecting a man hitherto unprosperous, who has met with an unexpected piece of good fortune, that he has been "set upon his legs." Some men are ever going down hill. Things turn against them with a persistency which at first sight is surprising. Their continued failure brings people almost to believe in luck and ill-luck. I have heard it said of probably the wealthiest financier in this country that he will have nothing to do with an "unlucky man." And this aversion may be either very creditable or very discreditable to his good sense, according to the grounds on which it is based. I admit at once that the man who is always in difficulties is well-nigh a hopeless character. If you connect yourself with him, you will not draw him out of trouble; he will drag you into it. I am not speaking, mark you, of a man who is not blessed with starts in life, nor even of the man who lets opportunities pass by, but I am pointing to the man upon whom absolute misfortunes crowd, until at last they overwhelm him. An unlucky man is a nonsensical phrase, but an invariably unfortunate man is often times a fact, and a very sad fact. If I shrink from companionship with Jones, who has been going from bad to worse ever since I knew him, it is from no superstition about Jones's being an unlucky man. I have no belief in any man being haunted by a spirit of ill-luck. But I believe in a baleful influence working in Jones which practically amounts to pretty much the same as ill-luck. Either there is a dead weight resting upon him in an inherent weakness of body, crippling his energies and benumbing his mental faculties, or those faculties are really so dwarfed and stunted as to be unequal to the toil and warfare of daily life; or else there is something quite wrong about the moral part of Jones. I feel confident that to one or other of these causes, or to all of them, perhaps, combined, is to be attributed his unintermitting bad fortune. But while to Jones, in this sad condition, starts in life might present themselves again and again without benefit, the gleam of sunshine which unexpectedly visits Robinson meets with a very different reception. Robinson, mind you, may have been far from blameless. He may have slighted many opportunities in old time, which, otherwise treated, would have made him a great contrast to what he is now. Still, there is nothing radically wrong in Robinson. Vainglorious for a while, he played antics, and came upon his knees. It took him a long time to get up again. It cost a frightful amount of scrambling and scratching. And the bystanders generally would have let him sprawl until he expired through exhaustion. But a friendly hand was suddenly extended, a judicious lift was administered, a fresh footing was gained, and now behold Robinson prancing gaily under a new and vigorous start.

It is a powerful argument in favour of doing rightly, that you never know the bearing which any particular action may have upon the whole course of your life. I apprehend there are very few of us can look back without a sigh. How galling it is to remember the wretched folly which slighted that admirable opportunity, or the sheer idiocy which, when the right course was so clear, sent us headlong into the wrong. You see with such terrible plainness now how that small deviation from rectitude brought a cloud over your head for years. You are conscious of the utter blindness and besottedness which alone can explain your decision upon a point which has given a sombre colouring to a large portion of your career. No man can say that the work on which he is at any moment engaged, however apparently insignificant, may not prove to him of vast concern. Once again I sit writing alone. I scarcely hear a sound. While there is nothing very meritorious in composing this essay, it is a useful occupation, and its design is good. But I might have been very differently employed to-night. London amusements are near to me, and prohibited gratifications, which possess some temptations to every one of us, enticingly beckon. Now the whole tenor of my life may turn upon the preference I have given this evening to the humble task which you, reader, have before you. Out of a trivial circumstance has often arisen indirectly a great start in life, just as from a small beginning has many a man proceeded gradually to the extremity of transgression.

If you, reader, should be one of the successful in the earth, let me ask you to do a little good in the way of furnishing starts in life to those who, through want of them, are pining and fading. I am loth to believe of any bad or weak man that he is irreclaimable. Would you be kind enough "to bang the door?" You see you want to startle him out of himself. What the man needs is a new chance. My thoughts turn to my earlier school-days. I behold myself, a child of five or six,

seated on a form. In my left hand is a slate, in my right a pencil. I am very miserable, for I am over a line in an addition sum where there are all high figures. I have not been able to master it, and consequently it has mastered me. It has mastered me so that I have become much distressed, so distressed that at last a deep thick fog has settled upon my puny faculties. I have been reduced to a state of utter helplessness. For the time I am an idiot—an obstinate idiot. No amount of goading would extract from me an answer to the simplest question. A dead weight of despondency is upon me. I can but moan; my wretchedness is beyond all expression. The judicious schoolmistress sees the state of the case. She releases me from the crushing burden. My scared wits return. I am free. I go away for a time, and afterwards, when I set

to work afresh, I come off victorious.

Now, you observe, it is this kind of treatment which many very big children require. They want a fresh start. The jibbing horse to which I referred at the outset cared not at all for the coachman's coaxing or the conductor's conciliatory patting. But the banging the door was irresistible. It threw him off his wrong train of thought. That banging of the door was so associated in his recollection with the resumption of progress, that his legs went forward in spite of him. And there are men who have gone wrong, whether through wilfulness or weakness, into whom you must put quite a new spirit before you can get them at all right. If you cannot do this all at once, you must do it by degrees. If I had a son, for instance, given to intemperance, I should hear with a grim sort of approval that he contemplated training for a prize-fight. It would, indeed, be very shocking to think of such a degrading fancy possessing him, but then, you see, this fancy would be totally incompatible with his habits of drinking. In following it out, he would, at all events, have to surrender the worse propensity. And there would be hope in this. You know we are apt to say, when a pain which has been long worrying in one locality shifts to another, that it is a sign of its going altogether. And this fresh start of my son's, odious as it would be, would lead me to anticipate the final expulsion of the bad spirit which was in him. My good Christian reader, if you have any regard for one whom you see going gradually down-hill in measured, orderly fashion, as though his course were perfectly natural and right, oh, don't be contented with gently twitching his coat-tails and whispering that he has mistaken the way. Lay hold of him with all your might and main; drag his face round in the other direction. Scare him, frighten him out of his wits by your frenzied gestures, and thrust him back. And then, true philanthropist, when you have brought your wanderer into the right path, you must not at once quit him. There is something more to be done. You must give him a fresh start.

I am afraid that, in a general way, the weak and stumbling in the world's rough path receive no real consideration at the hands of the strong and sturdy. This seems a trite remark, and yet it probably would be contested. For the successful man will not grudge a little pecuniary help to the lamed competitor in life's race. I do not think we can justly say wealthy men, in the mass, are uncharitable in the matter of money. You or I, reader, could pick out many men who, if we waited on them to-morrow, and faltered into their ears that we had not had a

dinner for two days, would be quite sincere in their sympathy, and readily hand us five shillings. But how many men do we know who, if we went wrong for a while, would actively endeavour to set us right, find us a respectable occupation, ease our embarrassments, and give us a new start in life? And, my friend, let us not be hypocrites, is it not just this service—a material one, I grant—which we cannot bring ourselves to do to poorly-placed men who hang about us? You bemoan the condition of half-starved Green. Out comes the trifle which you say he is very welcome to, if of any service; you advise him strongly to try and make a fresh start, and then you hurry him off because, you know, you don't want to have it thought you are in any way mixed up with him. Or, I will go the length of supposing that you would really like to help Green effectually. But what a vexing man is Green! Where is the man's energy, spirit, and determination? He does not respond to the call you make upon him. You are disappointed at his feebleness. You contrast the rustiness and imperfect working of his long unused faculties with your own ready wit and prompt action. And you are disgusted. Your benevolence tires, and Green resumes his journey down-hill at a pace ac-

celerated to a sharp trot.

There are many cases less severe than Green's where a kindly stimulating influence is still much required. I hardly think it possible for a man ever to do anything very well which he has done repeatedly before, and, according to the universal voice, has done very ill. If to the indignant astonishment of Blondin, as he walked the rope at that frightful height, there had floated upwards a roar of disapprobation instead of applause, and if time after time he had only elicited the same unfavourable judgment, I fully believe ere long he would have fallen. The effect of getting out of heart is very serious to some men. It threatens soon the getting out of truth and honesty, and all they at one time held dear. Encouraging words are to some persons positive starts in life. I know myself how pleasantly I hold in memory just two or three words uttered by one with whom I had but slight, though highly prized, acquaintance, to the effect that he had confidence but in few men, and amongst those few I was numbered. When I see it in the faces and trace it in the words of other men not worthy of comparison with that friend, how cheaply I am held and how little trust they repose in me, I fall back, so to speak, upon the support and comfort of that kind remark. But such words do not often come from the quarters whence alone they come with weight. Black, for instance, has never heard such words. And Black wants sustaining influence very much more than I do. For Black's knees are weak, and his head is bowed. Black's carriage is off the rails. Black is out of collar. And the world meets Black, and encourages him by pointing out the many opportunities in life he has let slip, and dilates on what a prosperous man he might have been, and what a poor, wretched, shambling, deplorable creature he is become. Soon Black will begin to think his case hopeless, and if it was not so before, it will certainly be so then. You must not wonder next, if, out of the ginpalace in broad day, there comes forth Black. You must not wonder, then, if, presently, standing at the Old Bailey bar for felony, you behold Black. And finally, you must not be surprised if, soon after, you hear that among the convicts on their passage out who threw off their chains and mortal coil together, was Black.

I hold it, then, to be most Christian-like to try and start a man afresh, if only by inspiriting words. I quail at the bare thought of losing heart and hope. You know how sickening is the sensation on feeling, when you are ascending a high hill, the ground loosening under your feet. How completely your courage goes from you, how impossible it is at once to regain it. You are in great peril. If there be not something near which you can clutch till your heart has ceased fluttering, you will inevitably roll to the bottom. Now, kind words may be to the man rapidly sinking in despair, that something near. He may grasp them,

and be saved; they may prove to him as a fresh start in life.

My friend, do you ever suddenly wake to consciousness how time is passing on? We let day by day, week by week, month by month, and even year by year, go by with scarce a thought. And then, without warning, there flashes upon the mind, with positively painful intensity, the full, broad fact, what a deal of life's journey has been performed, and how steadily the remainder of the way is diminishing. There may be a very merciful purpose in the start which this thought will occasion. The hour in which such thought shall fairly come home to a man, nestle in his heart, to leave it never more in this world, will be an hour which he will think of with increasing fondness as his days grow fewer. It has been said that time should be measured rather by events than by seasons. What a change this year, now so near its close, may have brought to us! What a start in the right or the wrong path! How the mind may have changed, acquired new stores, received new vigour! How the spirit may have soared upwards, grown purer and holier! How the body may have cast off weakness, and become healthy and strong! Or how all may have tended downwards, the mind have faded, the spirit sunk, and the body have contracted the fatal disorder which but a little time hence shall close the scene!

It is not my province, friend reader, to preach to you, and, if it were, this is no sermon book. But ere ending these humble jottings about starts in life, I could not refrain from just making allusion to the all-important start after better and brighter things than any on this side the grave. You remember those few touching words of Sir Walter Scott as he lay dying, "Be a good man, Lockhart; nothing else will comfort you when you come to lie here." In those words, you see, is a broad, absolute, undeniable truth. There is only one way of preparing for that awful journey. There is only one way which will ensure your waiting composedly the mysterious start which the doctor has told your half-scared friends down stairs you are just about to take. To-morrow they will shut up the house, get the mourning ready, and arrange about the funeral. Some will be very sorry you are gone (just the one or two the leaving whom made you so sad), and others will talk jauntily of your many defects. But with you will be all peace, if you have but followed the great novelist's advice, and been "a good man" in this world below.

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS.

BY SIR NATHANIEL.

In an essay contributed in 1842 to the Edinburgh Review, by its arch-critic in questions literary and historical, Frederick the Great was called the greatest king that has in modern times succeeded by right of birth to a throne.* So ruled the author of our most popular History of England. For this sentence, his lordship, then plain Mr. Macaulay, was taken to task, some five years later, in the pages of the opposition Review, by the author of another, and certainly not unpopular, History of England. With very sincere respect for Mr. Macaulay's critical authority, the Lord Mahon of 1847 ventured to dissent from his conclusion.† Several royal and legitimate names occurred to the noble dissentient, as deserving to stand higher than Frederick on the rolls of fame. Thus, upon the whole, and not without a consciousness of many blemishes and errors in that hero, his lordship would prefer to Fritz, the Fourth Henry of France. But without any doubt or hesitation he would assign the palm over both to Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden.

"As with Frederick, his grandfather was the first king of his race; to that king, like Frederick, he was lineal and peaceful heir. Succeeding to the throne at a far earlier age than the Prussian monarch, he fell in the field of glory when only thirty-seven—that age so often fatal to genius-yet within that narrow space, during those few and youthful years, how much had he already achieved for immortality! As a statesman he may be held to have surpassed, as a warrior to have equalled, And if lofty principles and a thought of things beyond this earth be admitted as an element of greatness (as undoubtedly they should be), how much will the balance then incline to the side of Gustavus! The victory gained by the Prussian king at Rosbach was, we allow, fully equal to the victory gained by the Swedish king at Leipsic on nearly the same ground one hundred and twenty-seven years before. The two monarchs were alike in the action; but how striking the contrast between them in the evening of the well-fought day! Gustavus kneeling down at the head of all his troops to give God the glory! Frederick seated alone in his tent, and composing his loathsome Ode!"!

We shall not stay to examine into the merits or demerits of this comparison, triumphantly closed by Lord Mahon with so many notes of admiration (a slight weakness of his); nor again of a more recent historian's consignment of both heroes, the Prussian and the Swede, to the limbo of dullards as regards home government. "Even Gustavus Adolphus and Frederick," says Mr. Buckle, "failed ignominiously in their domestic policy, and showed themselves as short-sighted in the arts of peace as they

were sagacious in the arts of war."§

Very general has been the agreement, both by native and foreign

^{*} Edinburgh Review, No. 151, April, 1842. † Quarterly Review, No. 163, Dec., 1847.

[†] See Historical Essays, by Lord Mahon (1849), pp. 239-40.

[§] History of Civilisation in England, by H. T. Buckle, vol. i. pp. 182-3.

observers, that, invidious comparisons apart, Gustavus was truly great, because his goodness was equal to his splendid talents. In him is almost universally recognised—to apply a panegyric from Massinger—

> -a man but young, Yet old in judgment; theoric and practic In all humanity; and, to increase the wonder, Religious, vet a soldier.*

In early life, as we are told, he was induced to apply himself to learning, to military tactics, to the mathematical sciences, to the science of government, and, above all, to the great doctrines of morality and religion. An anonymous essayist, who holds him to have been, beyond all question, the most enlightened and the most conscientious monarch of his age, and who quotes the inscription on his tomb, "He received his kingdom with two empty hands, yet deprived no man of his own by violence," pronounces his only defect to have been, ambition of military fame; for though Gustavus undertook no war without reference to a good end-none for which his own principles did not afford him a justification—he might, if he had so chosen, have abstained from more than one, or (what is virtually the same thing) have made peace on more occasions than one, without sacrifice of either principle or honour, and with great advantage to his overburdened subjects. "It is true that he drew no supplies of men or money from his people, except what they voluntarily granted him; but it is equally true that he dazzled them by his military successes, like Charles XII. and Bonaparte, and thus led them blindfold to ruin."† No wonder that Charles XII., when pitching his camp at Altranstad, near the plain of Lutzen, went eagerly to see the place where his great predecessor conquered and fell. Standing on that memorable spot, and doubtless meditating many things, Charles after a while said to his companions: "I have endeavoured to live like him; God will, perhaps, one day grant me a death equally glorious." Charles's French biographer aptly preludes the biography of his hero by commemorating the successes of Gustavus: how he made a conquest of Ingria, Livonia, Bremen, Verdon, Wismar, and Pomerania, besides above a hundred places in Germany, which, after his death, were yielded up by the Swedes: how he shook the throne of Ferdinand the Second, and protected the Lutherans in Germany, and was secretly assisted in this by the See of Rome, which dreaded the power of the emperor still more than that of heresy itself. "It was this Gustavus who, by his victories, contributed, in fact, to humble the House of Austria; although the glory of that enterprise is usually ascribed exclusively to Cardinal Richelieu, who well knew how to appropriate the reputation of those great actions which Gustavus was content with performing." The famed Gustavus," Hume calls him, "whose heroic genius, seconded by the wisest policy, made him in a little time the most distinguished monarch of the age, and rendered his country, formerly unknown and neglected, of great weight in the balance of Europe."§ He was one of those who cast a spell on all around them-towards whom

^{*} The Fatal Dowry. † Athenœum † Voltaire, Hist. de Charles XII., ch. i. § Hume's History of England, ch. lii., A.D. 1630. † Athenœum, No. 944.

the hearts of men are drawn, and for whom their "ruddy drops" are shed without grudging.

Sweet in manners, fair in favour, Mild in temper, fierce in fight, Warrior nobler, gentler, braver, Never shall behold the light.**

For, as Mr. Chapman makes record, there were in Gustavus most of the advantages and amenities of person and character which render a popular king admirable and beloved as a man. "In his latter years, indeed, he no longer possessed the graceful form that had belonged to him when he was the ardent and favoured suitor of Ebba Brahé; but the slight inclination to corpulency that grew upon him as he advanced towards middle life detracted propably little, if at all, from the commanding dignity of his person. His countenance to the last retained its captivating sweetness and expressive variety. It was a countenance of which the most accomplished pencil could give in one effort only an inadequate idea, and which Vandyke, to whose portrait of the King none of the engravings which I have seen do justice—has represented only in repose."† There need be seen in other aspects than that of repose, by whose would see him aright, the countenance of one who went nigh to realise the Shakspearean ideal, of "a true knight" (Ulysses the painter)—

Not yet mature, yet matchless; firm of word; Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue; Not soon provoked, nor, being provoked, soon calm'd: His heart and hand both open, and both free.‡

M. Michelet can only discover two men of blithe disposition (deux hommes gais) in the seventeenth century; which distinguished dual are Galileo and Gustavus Adolphus. The latter he hails as the creator of modern warfare-for even assuming it to be as this hero said, that he learned his strategy of a Frenchman, "at any rate he remains the hero who demonstrated it. True hero and great heart, the sweetness and unalterable clemency of which, not even in defeat his foemen could fail to bless. The most astonishing part of him was, above aught else, his astounding serenity, that smile of his in the heat of battle. Good Pantagruel's conception of the giant who from on high looks down on human affairs, seemed to be realised in this genuine warrior. He had neither the morose genius of our Coligny, nor the frigid seriousness of William the Silent, nor the rugged ferocity of Prince Maurice. Quite the reverse -a gay humour, traits of heroic bonhomie." Further on, M. Michelet depicts at full length this stalwart figure. He exhibits to us a man of exceeding height-some say the tallest man in Europe. With forehead of rare expanse; an aquiline nose; clear grey eyes (somewhat of the smallest, if the engravings report them aright), that look you through and through. Gustavus was short-sighted, however; to which defect M. Michelet annexes that of an early tendency to corpulence, "being German on the mother's side." "His great strength of mind and body, his profound tranquillity amid the peril in which his life was passed, and the

† Troilus and Cressida, Act IV. Sc. 5.

^{*} M. G. Lewis: Durandarte and Belerma.

[†] History of Gustavus Adolphus. By Rev. B. Chapman. 1856.

utter absence of fretting trouble, had contributed not a little to make him fat. This annoyed him rather; not many horses were to be found strong enough across the loins to bear his weight. But it had its advantages, too. A ball that would have killed a lean man, merely effected a lodgement in his fat.—He was of a highly sanguine temperament, and was occasionally subject to moments of anger, very brief, at the close of which he indulged in a good laugh. He exposed himself too much in battle, as though he were a common soldier.—But for these failings, the only ones with which he can be charged, he might have been believed to be of higher than human nature.

"He was an amazing lover of justice, and approved of his Swedish tribunals deciding against him in his private affairs. In the horrible Thirty Years' War, during which there was no law, and no God, he made his appearance as a divine avenger, a judge, nay, Justice itself."*

Nor is our historian unmindful of the hero's feats as a camp reformer. "L'approche seule de son camp, irréprochablement austère, était une révolution." One of his men, who had just made off with a peasant's cows, felt a heavy hand laid on his shoulder. Turning round, he recognised good giant Gustav, who mildly addressed him in these significant terms: "My son, my son, you must go and be judged." The plain meaning of which, as no doubt the cattle-lifter knew too well, was, purely and simply, and infallibly, "You must go and be—hanged." Hanged, cattle-lifting marauder, and no soldier of mine, hanged by the neck until you are dead; and the Lord have mercy upon your soul!

The Yager in the proem to Schiller's great trilogy, waxes as pathetic as his nature and neighbourhood will allow, about the disciplinarian

austerities of the Lion of the North:

What a fuss and a bother, forsooth, was made By that man-tormentor, Gustavus the Swede, Whose camp was a church, where prayers were said At morning réveille and evening tattoo; And, whenever it chanced that we frisky grew, A sermon himself from the saddle he'd read.†

De Foe keeps close to facts, as usual, when in those Memoir which—like other of his works—have been so often read and quoted as a real production of a real personage, he contrasts the discipline of Gustavus Adolphus with that of his enemy, the imperial general, Tilly. "When I saw the Swedish troops, their exact discipline, their order, the modesty and familiarity of their officers, and the regular living of the soldiers, their camp seemed a well-ordered city; the meanest countrywoman, with her market-ware, was as safe from violence as in the streets of Vienna." The soldiers, it is added, were well clad, not gay, furnished with excellent arms, and remarkably careful of them; "and though they did not seem so terrible as I thought Tilly's men did when I first saw them, yet the figure they made, together with what we heard of them, made them seem to me invincible; the discipline and order of their marchings, camping, and exercise, was excellent and singular, and which was to be seen in no armies but the King's, his own skill, judgment, and vigilance having

^{*} Michelet, Hist. de France au XVII^{me} Siècle, t. xii. ch. vi. † Wallensteins-lager, VI. (Janus Churchill's translation.)

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added much to the general conduct of armies then in use."* Sir Walter Scott has observed tof this contrast between the opposing hosts, that it seems almost too minutely drawn to have been executed from anything

short of ocular testimony.

Schiller's account of Gustav Adolf's strategy is well known. Familiar with the tactics of Greece and Rome, the King had discovered, we are told (or had learnt of a Frenchman, as M. Michelet would say), a more effective system of warfare, which was adopted by the most eminent commanders of subsequent times. He reduced the unwieldy squadrons of cavalry, and rendered their movements more light and rapid; and with the same view, he widened the intervals between his battalions. of the usual array in a single line, he disposed his forces in two lines, that the second might advance in case of the first giving way. He made up for his want of cavalry, by placing infantry among the horse; a practice which frequently decided the battle. Europe first learnt from him the importance of infantry.

M. Victor Cousin describes Condé's tactics as founded on the new manner of making war, dont le seul Gustave-Adolphe lui avait donné l'exemple. Instead of seizing successively on petty advantages, of taking a place here, and a place there, dispersing his forces, and advancing slowly and by degrees, his method was to collect his troops, to hold them well in hand safe from attack, to risk no minor collision, and to seek out, whether near or afar off, some ground on which he could assail the enemy, after his own approved fashion, that is to say, by making use of unexpected manœuvres, the secret of which rested with himself alone. He thus struck one great blow and finished the campaign in a single day.§ The troops which followed Gustavus, in the first instance, were few in number; but they were "veterans disciplined in a peculiar manner, active, persevering, and drilled with a precision totally unknown amongst the other armies of Europe." As Mr. James describes them, divested of much of the useless steel which encumbered rather than protected the soldiery of the day, their evolutions were performed with a celerity and a degree of accuracy which rendered each regiment equal to two of the enemy; while their fair-haired monarch, tall, powerful, and chested like a bull, was at once the greatest tactician and the stoutest soldier of his times. "The Court of Vienna, less wise than Wallenstein, laughed scornfully at the invasion, and called the Swedish King, His Majesty of Snow, declaring that the cold of the north alone kept his power together, and that it would melt away as it approached the south." Even the Protestant Electors, coldly cautious, seemed to hold the aid he bought them cheap, and at all events failed to derive sufficient courage from his appearance in the field, to make any effort against the Emperor. | It is in reference to this Protestant inertness and pusillanimity that Mr. Carlyle objurgates the Elector of Brandenburg, Gustav's brother-in-law, George Wilhelm, whose position during this sad Thirty Years' War was passive rather than active, and as far as possible from being glorious or victorious. Mr. Carlyle, indeed, accounts

^{*} De Foe: Memoirs of a Cavalier, ch. iii.

[†] Miscellaneous Prose Works, Art. Daniel de Foe.

[†] Schiller's Thirty Years' War, b. ii. § V. Cousin, La Soc. Française au XVII^e Siècle, t. i. p. 160. Dark Scenes of History, "Wallenstein," ch. v.

it pardonable in him to decline the Bohemian-King speculation: "But when Gustavus landed, and flung out upon the winds such a banner as that of his-truly it was required of a Protestant Governor of men to be able to read said banner in a certain degree. A Governor, not too imperfect, would have recognised this Gustavus, what his purposes and likelihoods were. . . . But Protestant Germany—sad shame to it, which proved lasting sorrow as well—was all alike torpid; Brandenburg not an exceptionable case. No Prince stood up as beseemed.* In fact, had there been no better Protestantism than that of Germany, all was over with Protestantism; and Max of Bavaria, with fanatical Ferdinand II. as Kaiser over him, and Father Lämmerlein at his right hand, and Father Hyacinth at his left, had got their own sweet way in this world. But Protestant Germany was not Protestant Europe, after all. Over seas, there dwelt and reigned a certain King in Sweden"+-a King after the historian's own heart, and in the historian's own sense: no Phantasm Captain, but a born ἀναξ ἀνδρῶν, King of Men. What, as Wallenstein is made to ask,

> What render'd this Gustavus Resistless, and unconquer'd upon earth? This—that he was the monarch in his army! A monarch, one who is indeed a monarch, Was never yet subdued but by his equal.‡

This divine right to command, Gustavus asserted and proved by the power with which he made circumstances bend to his will, and from seeming incompetence still educed success. Limited in means and men, he made much of little means, and disciplined his forces to the mark of real fighting men. It was by supreme tact in his divisional arrangements, and forming his army, as Southey says, upon "good moral as well as military principles, that Gustavus became the greatest captain of modern times: so he may certainly be called, because he achieved the greatest things with means which were apparently the most inadequate." He was,—and this in no narrow technical sense,—a consummate economist, on the march, and in the tented field.

When the inimitable Captain Dalgetty relates his services as fahn-dragger, or ancient, who afterwards became lieutenant and ritt-master, "under that invincible monarch, the bulwark of the Protestant faith, the Lion of the North, the terror of Austria, Gustavus the Victorious," he is explicit as to the system of arrears which marked and marred that hero's payment of his men. Dugald himself professes to have never seen twenty dollars of his own all the time he served the great Adolphus, unless it was from the chance of a storm or victory, "or the fetching in some town or droop, when a cavalier of fortune, who knows the usage of wars, seldom faileth to make some small profit." His fellow-travelled beginning rather to wonder that Captain Dalgetty should have continued so long in the Swedish service, than that he should have ultimately withdrawn from it, "Neither I should," answers the Ritt-master; "but that great leader, captain, and king, the Lion of the North, and the bulwark

^{*} Or only one, and he not a great one; Landgraf Wilhelm of Hessen.

[†] Carlyle's History of Friedrich II., vol. i. book iii. ch. xv. ‡ Schiller: The Piccolomini, Act II. Sc. 7. (Coleridge's.) § Life and Correspondence of Robert Southey, vol. iv. p. 26.

of the Protestant faith, had a way of winning battles, overrunning countries, and levying contributions, whilk made his service irresistibly delectable to all true-bred cavaliers who follow the noble profession of arms." Nevertheless, honest Dalgetty remembers to have seen whole regiments of Dutch and Holsteiners mutiny on the field of battle, "like base scullion, crying out 'Gelt, gelt,' signifying their desire of pay, instead of falling to blows like our noble Scottish blades, who ever disdained postponing of honour to filthy lucre."* The Dutch and Holsteiners who struck for wages were "base scullion," no subjects of Gustavus, and with no eye or heart for his fascinations. They were beggarly exceptions to the rule, and served as such to prove the rule,—which was, the charm exercised by the king over all with whom he came in contact, and myriads besides, who only heard of him with the hearing of the ear, but that ear tingled as it gave heed.

For, as a distinguished Romanist and philo-Austrian admits, of this truly polemic Protestant,—together with the penetrating sagacity which distinguished several of the heroes of his party, the royal Swede had inherited likewise from his ancestor Gustavus Vasa "the art of winning by brilliant feats the enthusiastic love of his people. A power like his over the mind and feelings of the people had never been exercised by any of his party since the time of Luther." The confidence, the faith he felt in himself, it is added, inspired others also with a like invincible faith; and with his ambition and love of conquest was combined and interwoven the

conviction of fighting for the righteous cause. †

Although documents still exist stating the "motives which led the king to engage in the German war," it is not quite clear, a recent authority has observed, whether zeal for the Protestant cause or a desire to prevent the empire from becoming powerful in the Baltic, predominated: probably the Swedish government felt that, in the interest of the Scandinavian powers, it was desirable to support a balance of power in Ger-"Denmark had been humiliated and greatly weakened by Wallenstein's victory, and though Sweden was not actually menaced, there was considerable danger that the Imperial sway might become firmly established on the coasts of the Baltic. That danger was effectually removed by Gustavus carrying the war into Germany, instead of waiting to let his enemy obtain positions on the coast. There was a political as well as a religious object to be secured, both of which might be contemplated by the same mind without hypocrisy or fanaticism. Both were gained by the short but brilliant career of Gustavus. The Protestant interests in Northern Germany were saved—the independence of the German princes was assured-Sweden had no rival in the Baltic, and attained a rank among European powers which she held for a century afterwards." Nevertheless, the question is submitted, whether the immense drain which the war occasioned on the slender resources of so poor a country as Sweden was adequately compensated even by an addition of territory and a high reputation as a military power.

Schiller will have it that the ambition of Gustavus aspired to establish a footing in the centre of the empire, such as was inconsistent with the

^{*} A Legend of Montrose, ch. ii.

[†] F. Schlegel, Lectures on Modern History, § xvii.

¹ See Saturday Review, No. 46.

liberties of the Estates,—that his aim was the imperial crown; which dignity, supported by a power, and maintained by an energy and activity like his, would become liable to more abuse, in his hands, than had ever been feared from the House of Austria. "Born in a foreign country," writes Schiller, from a true German point of view, "educated in the maxims of arbitrary power, and by principles and enthusiasm a determined enemy to Popery, he was ill qualified to maintain inviolate the constitution of the German States, or to respect their liberties." Insomuch that Schiller hails his sudden disappearance from the field as a security for the liberties aforesaid, and consider it to have saved his majesty's reputation, while it probably spared him the chagrin of seeing his own allies in arms against him, and all the fruits of his victories torn from him by a disadvantageous peace. In evidence of this, the historian points to Saxony, already disposed to abandon Gustavus; to Denmark, viewing his success with jealousy and alarm; and even to France, the firmest and most potent of his allies, which, according to Schiller, was now terrified at the rapid growth of his power, and the imperious tone which he assumed, and was therefore now looking around for foreign alliances, in order to check the progress of the Goths, and restore to Europe the balance of power.* In quite another strain writes a brilliant French historian. M. Michelet is clear that, had Gustavus Adolphus lived, the Peace of Westphalia would have been signed ten or fifteen years sooner. The Lion of the North, he says, ne fit qu'apparaître, was a mere apparition, that came and fled like a shadow, yet was he, despite his evanescent transit, a veritable benefactor of the human race. His career of conquest involved two results which, in M. Michelet's opinion, have not been adequately attended to. It saved the imperial towns; not only Nuremberg, t but Strasburg, Augsburg, and the rest, all of which the brigand army would infallibly have visited. His own, his original Army of Liberation, la primitive armée libératrice, wasted away before Nuremberg, and left its bones there. At Lutzen fell the Liberator himself. But not in vain. Répétons-le, Gustave ne mourut pas en vain. He wrought the great work for which he was born. He smote the dragon's head—the martial despotism which had made the civilisation of Europe a thing of naught. "As often as ever I set my foot within Strasburg town, or Frankfort, -in Nuremberg, that vast museum, or in

Questenberg, the Imperial Envoy, is the speaker,—who subsequently adds:

^{*} See the closing pages of book iii, of Schiller's Thirty Years' War.

[†] Here, however, it was that Wallenstein gained laurels at his adversary's cost —here was

[&]quot;The Swede's career of conquest check'd. These lands Began to draw breath freely, as Duke Friedland From all the streams of Germany forced hither The scattered armies of the enemy; Hither invoked as round one magic circle The Rhinegrave, Bernhard, Banner, Oxenstiern, Yes, and that never-conquer'd King himself; Here, finally, before the eyes of Nürnberg, The fearful game of battle to decide."

[&]quot;In Nürnberg's camp the Swedish monarch left His fame—in Lutzen's plains his life."

splendid Augsburg, in any of those potent centres of German genius whence arose Goethe and Beethoven and so many other shining lights, I call to mind, with a feeling of religion, the great soldier Gustavus, who saved Germany, and who knows? perhaps France as well.—And I say to these cities: 'Where would you have been, but for him? Amid the ruins and rubbish, the cinders in which Magdeburg ended.'—All that ever fabulous history related of hero was here fulfilled, and to

the letter: to save the world, and die, young and betrayed.

"We know how he died. At this furious battle of Lutzen he overwhelms Wallenstein, beats him, wounds him, winnows him, turns him over and over, slays his chieftains of renown, him in especial who embodied war itself, that Pappenheim who was born with two bloody swords imprinted on his brow. Gustavus returned from the terrible execution quiet and pacific, as confident as ever. He had nobody with him but a German, a petty prince who had passed and re-passed from side to side once and again. There is a blow, and Gustavus falls to the earth. The suspected man, his companion, takes flight, and makes his way straight to Vienna (November 16, 1632)."*

In the only completed work of fiction ever published by Mr. de Quincey, this foul play is alluded to, as of probable truth. We are there conducted through a gallery of portraits of eminent leaders in the war—among them, for instance, Tilly, the "little corporal," with his wily and inflexible features, over against whom we see "his great enemy, who had first taught him the hard lesson of retreating, Gustavus Adol-

phus, with his colossal bust, and

— atlantean shoulders, fit to bear The weight of mightiest monarchies.

He also had perished, and too probably by the double crime of assassination and private treason; but the public glory of his short career was proclaimed in the ungenerous exultations of Catholic Rome from Vienna to Madrid, and the individual heroism in the lamentations of soldiers under

every banner which now floated in Europe."†

It was scarcely to be expected, as Schiller remarks, that the strong leaning of mankind to the marvellous, would leave to the common course of nature the glory of ending the career of Gustavus Adolphus. The death of so formidable a rival was too important an event for the Emperor, not to excite in his bitter opponent a ready suspicion, that what was so much to his interests, was also the result of his instigation. For the execution, however, of this dark deed, the Emperor would require the aid of a foreign arm, and this it was generally believed he had found in Francis Albert, Duke of Saxe Lauenburg, whose rank permitted his free access to the king's person, while it also seemed to place him above the suspicion of so foul a deed. This prince, however, adds Schiller, was in fact not incapable of this atrocity, and had, moreover, sufficient motives for the commission of it.

"Francis Albert, the youngest of four sons of Francis II., Duke of Lauenburg, and related by the mother's side to the House of Vasa, had, in his early years, found a most friendly reception at the Swedish court.

* Michelet: Richelieu et la Fronde, pp. 126 sq.

[†] Klosterheim: or, The Masque. By the English Opium-eater (1832), ch. v.

Some offence offered by him to Gustavus Adolphus, in the queen's chamber, is said to have been repaid by that fiery prince with a box on the ear, - which buffet, though immediately repented of, and amply apologised for, laid the foundation of an irreconcilable hate in the vindictive heart of the duke. Francis Albert subsequently entered the imperial service, and rose to the command of a regiment, forming a close intimacy too with Wallenstein, and condescending to manage a secret negotiation with the Saxon court, which did little honour to his rank. Without any sufficient cause being assigned, he abruptly quitted the Austrian service, and appeared in the king's camp at Nuremberg, to offer his services as a volunteer. By his show of zeal for the Protestant cause, and his prepossessing demeanour and flattering ways, he gained the heart of Gustavus, who, warned in vain by Oxenstiern, continued to lavish his favour and friendship on this suspicious new comer. The battle of Lutzen soon followed, in which Francis Albert, like an evil genius, kept close to the king's side, and did not leave him till he fell. He owed, it was thought, his own safety amidst the fire of the enemy, to a green sash which he wore, the colour of the Imperialists. He was, at any rate, the first to convey to his friend Wallenstein the intelligence of the king's death. After the battle, he exchanged the Swedish service for the Saxons; and, after the murder of Wallenstein, being charged as an accomplice of that revolted general, he only escaped the sword of justice by abjuring his faith. His last appearance in life was as commander of the imperial army in Silesia, where he died of the wounds he had received before Schweidnitz."*

Schiller admits, therefore, that some effort is required to stickle for the innocence of a man like this; but contends, nevertheless, that there are no certain grounds for imputing to him

The deep damnation of the taking off

of Gustavus Adolphus. The king notoriously exposed himself to danger, like the meanest soldier in his army. "Un seul défaut (et d'Henri IV., aussi), d'avancer toujours le premier, de donner sa vie en soldat, par exemple, le jour où, contre l'avis de tout le monde, il passa seul le Rhin."† Where thousands were falling, he, too, might naturally meet his death. How it met him, by what hand it reached him, "remains, indeed, buried in mystery,"—such is the German historian's conclusion; "but here, more than anywhere, does the maxim apply, that where the ordinary course of things is fully sufficient to account for the fact, the honour of human nature ought not to be stained by any suspicion of moral atrocity."‡ At the same time, by Schiller's own showing, as we have seen, Duke Francis was both capable of the atrocity alleged, and had motives that would account for his perpetration of it. But the narratives, such as they are, of the royal leader's fall at Lutzen, are discrepant enough.

A reviewer of Eric Gustave Geijer's History of the Swedes pronounces the death of the king at Lutzen "an eternal blot on the arms of the Imperialists, and the cause for which they were contending." No quarter,

^{*} Thirty Years' War, book iii.

[†] Michelet, Hist. de France, t. xii., Notes et Eclaircissements, p. 425.

[‡] Schiller, ubi suprà.

we are reminded, was to be expected for him, the hope of Protestant Europe. One shot wounded his horse, another broke his left arm, and, before he could be led out of the battle, a third hit him in the back and brought him to the ground, while his horse dragged him along, his foot being entangled in the stirrups. "Here, one might have supposed, the most vindictive enemy would have been satisfied. No! hearing that it was really the king that had fallen, one of Wallenstein's heroes advanced and quietly shot him in the head; but lest even this should fail of its purpose, several other cuirassiers ran their swords through his body, stripped him naked, and left him brutally mangled on the field. This, at least, is the evidence of his own page, who stood by him to the last moment, and who himself survived his wounds only a few days; and in our opinion it is entitled to more credit than that given by writers of the opposite party."* At any rate, and by whatever means, Gustavus Adolphus was done to death, was henceforth and for ever put out of the That conquering progress, which swept onwards like a flood, and threatened to carry all before it, was abruptly checked by a power that laughs conquerors to scorn, and loves to stop them in mid-career, that the world's preachers on Vanitas vanitatum may point a moral as well as adorn a tale. Yesterday, Gustavus was radiant with success, past success and present, and why not with large hopes of yet nobler gains to come? To-day, at handigrips with grim Death, and worsted in the encounter.

> Thus far his fortune kept an upward course, And he was graced with wreaths of victory. But in the midst of this bright-shining day,†

his sun went down—went down while it was yet noontide—and left the soldiers of freedom darkling. That sunset may be truly said to have eclipsed the gladness of nations. Geijer declares that never has one man's death made a deeper impression throughout a whole quarter of the world. "Wheresoever his name had been heard, a ray of hope for the oppressed had penetrated. Even the Greek, at the sound of it, dreamed of freedom, and prayers for the success of the Swedish monarch's arms were sent up at the Holy Sepulchre. What, then, must he not have been

for the partners of his faith?"t

Il avait fait beaucoup, says Michelet, et beaucoup lui restait à faire. Had he lived a few years longer, he would not only, his French panegyrist is convinced, have imposed a peace, by sheer irresistible force, but he would have obtained an immense moral result: he would have imprinted on the depressed heart of Europe an ideal truly great, and fruitful, and strong. The hero would have infected Christendom with his allégresse héroïque. § For a hero Gustavus was, in no sham or secondary sense. The name of hero is, indeed (as Michelet elsewhere complains), lavished on numbers of eminent, but not sufficiently preeminent men. This confusion he attributes to the poverty of our languages, as well as to want of precision in our ideas. But it is a confusion from which really superior men, he maintains, are free: they are not stolid enough to challenge comparison with veritable heroes. He is certain that Turenne, that illustrious strategist,—Condé, "qui, par

^{*} Athenaum, No. 944. † King Henry VI., part iii., Act V. Sc. 3. † History of the Swedes, by E. G. Geijer. (J. H. Turner's translation, 1845.) § Michelet, t. xii. ch. viii.

moments, eut l'illumination des batailles,"-Merci, penetrating and judicious, - " cold and clever Marlborough,"-brilliant Prince Eugene, &c., "would have thought you were laughing at them, had you compared them to the great Gustavus. At the name of the King of Sweden, they uncovered. The word was frequent in their lips, 'The King of Sweden himself would not have succeeded in this. . . . He would have done soand-so,' &c., &c. The grand shadow of that renown brooded over their every thought."* M. Michelet seems to feel, with all the liveliness of a militant contemporary, that Gustavus died years and years too soon.

It may be otherwise, both for his work and for himself, though to die at thirty-seven, and flushed with victory, may look premature. But, as the old poet argues, -and leaving out of sight the question of political

expediency,-

Thanne is it best, as for a worthi fame, To dyè whan a man is best of name. The contrary of al this is wilfulnesse. Why grucchen we? why have we hevynesse, That good Arcyte, of chyvalry the flour, Departed is, with worschip and honour Out of this foule prisoun of this lyf?+

We may apply to Gustavus (assuming that his work was done) what Southey says of Nelson at Trafalgar: "Yet he cannot be said to have fallen prematurely whose work was done, nor ought he to be lamented who died so full of honours, and at the height of human fame. The most triumphant death is that of the martyr, the most awful that of the martyred patriot, the most splendid that of the hero in the hour of victory;"-and perhaps of this hero, as of Southey's, it may be allowable to add, that "if the chariot and the horses of fire had been vouchsafed for his translation, he could scarcely have departed in a brighter blaze of glory." There are two voices to be heard on most questions: of the Two Voices in Mr. Tennyson's poem, one at least utters a strain in harmony with our theme-where the speaker owns his aspiration

> ---not rotting like a weed, But, having sown some generous seed, Fruitful of further thought and deed, To pass, when Life her light withdraws, Nor void of righteous self-applause, Nor in a merely selfish cause— In some good cause, not in mine own, To perish, wept for, honour'd, known, And like a warrior overthrown; Whose eyes are dim with glorious tears, When, soil'd with noble dust, he hears

His country's war-song thrill his ears: Then dying of a mortal stroke, What time the foeman's line is broke, And all the war is roll'd in smoke.§

So stirbt ein Held! even as at Lutzen, beside the Swede's Stone.

^{*} Michelet, t. xii. ch. viii. Notes sur Galilée et Gustave-Adolphe. † Chaucer, The Knightes Tale.

I Southey's Life of Nelson, ch. ix.

[§] Tennyson, The Two Voices.

MY MOTHER-A FILIAL RECOLLECTION.

"The love of a father and mother-all other is air."*

WHERE earth-freed souls shall find eternal rest. And man God-pardoned be but to be blest. Tell me, my mother, lost to mortal view, Shall we not there our severed love renew? Haply when phantom dreams pass o'er my brow. Thou might'st reveal that secret even now! For thou as some wing'd tenant of the sky, That sunward soars with an undazzled eye, Where peace and joy gild all the expanded scene, Bathes her soft pinions in the blue serene, Hast soared from earth's low-thoughted realm away To that far region of unsetting day, Where bliss and being in a golden zone Gird like a sea God's everlasting throne. Blest prospect! when this wintry being past. Man ever-during spring-tide finds at last, And fragile hope deludes no more in vain, And love like thine awakes nor sleeps again!

Then let earth's echo pierce thy dusty bed, Decay's pale daughter, sister of the dead, And tell me if thine home be near or far, In the remoteness of what nobler star—Or if thy immaterial essence rest In the bright orb that gilds the glowing west, Or far beyond day's beam of orient light, Where suns more vast career the infinite—Tell me where sojourns man when seen no more, Upon what mystic undiscovered shore!

Vain wish that one who virtue's pathway trod, Should turn to darkness from the throne of God!—Vain wish that one whom neither joy nor pain Can ere affect, should stoop to earth again! Rest still in bliss—I would not steal from thee One little hour of immortality, Too high I prize the record of thy worth, O mother mine, to drag thee back to earth!

Blest gift of memory, ever true in youth,
When being looks its first, and last of truth,
The faithful mirror of long perished days,
Unsullied still when nature fast decays—
How dost thou paint in colours just and bright,
Her lineaments long past from mortal sight,
To the far foot of that majestic throne
Where he who was, and is, still rules alone,
Where blazing glories dim even angel eyes,
And breathe the perfumed gales of paradise—
How didst thou paint as dim grew every face,
And the grave-dew made damp that brow of grace,

^{*} Amor de Padre o de Madre, que todo lo otro es ayre!—Spanish Proverb.

The strong affection that so nobly true, Brightened the sadness of thy faint adieu, And mingled still with nature's farewell sigh, Maternal love that scarce in death could die, The only spotless love to mortals given, Priceless in worth, and redolent of heaven!

Years upon years have perish'd since that day,
And weary been my long far-wandered way,
And griefs with scanty joys been mine, God's will—
Yet thoughts of her 'midst all were present still.
Memory too oft recals—how sadly sweet!—
The home where we again can never meet,
Nor be as we were wont, nor see return
One buried joy from time's sepulchral urn
Of all once ours, when seated round our hearth,
Parting seemed some strange grief unknown on earth!

Thou art in life eternal, free of ill; The passing years heap sorrow on me still— Thoughts of blest souls are thine that never die, Mine bear the grossness of mortality-Grey hairs have come upon this head, and thou, Thy son of other years would'st pity now! To him the morning vision sometimes gives That which in wakeful moments faintly lives, As if his soul, received at rest from strife, A gentle wafting to eternal life, And there beheld that countenance of bloom, That only death made pale to meet the tomb-With that bright brow, and darkly clustering hair, That time had sprinkled with the hue of care. Such glimpses of thee precious are to me, Lightening the dimness of mortality, Speaking of scenes no future ills can shade, Where flowers of amaranth never bloom to fade— Where notes of melting softness warble sweet From choirs unseen, through grove or sapplie street, And hope revives, her snowy wings unfurl'd, A milk-white dove above a drowning world.

Oh, for the music of that voice again, As when it lull'd the pang of youthful pain; As when it chid with such endearing art, Each chiding link'd it closer to the heart! No lawful wish in my young bosom rose, No wayward whim to soothe my soft repose, No fitting pleasure childhood might partake, But it was mine from pure affection's sake-That glowing impulse of the generous heart, Which never gives a pain except to part. When morn's pale light along the sea had broke, And, dimly seen, arose the cottage smoke, Thou oft didst wake me from my early sleep With smiles that cheered like sunshine on the deep; But these, remembrance renders solely mine, To others strange, those treasured deeds of thine, Soon to become, when my brief hour has flown, The ruined record of a burial-stone.

When the last rite of kindred earth had place,
That gave thee to corruption's black embrace—
When the plumed hearse bore through the idle throng,
Bride of the grave, her I had loved so long—
When in my view the hollow-sounding earth
Buried the fountain of its own warm birth,
Fell spirit-crushing on the coffin's verge,
And left a lonely bark on life's wild surge,
How sank my heart! What language can convey
My feeling on that long, long perished day!

Thou art where glorious orbs attendant move, In march symphonious round a throne of love—Where harps angelic peal the notes sublime, That welcome spirits freed from death and time; Thou, glory-plumed, hast gone to dwell with God, I sleep and wake adherent to the sod.

Moons wax and wane with me as months go o'er—Moons, changes, years, with thee exist no more, Things of no count in thine immortal rest, Where bliss is never meted to the blest.

My mother, if thou hoverest o'er my head, When night unlocks the sojourn of the dead, If 'mid the glow of bliss, what time the sun Kisses the sea-foam—or where comets run Their cycles multiform, O tell to me That mighty secret, death's great mystery!—Vain wish, affection's self can scarce forgive, In those of earth who only die to live!

Farewell, my mother! O farewell again, Of my life's love the earliest! Words now vain! Yet shadows are our being, and we cling Hard to their emptiness, till time's dark wing Brush us away, and we reluctant go, As if we left those better things below We know have gone before us to their rest, Where expectation whispers man is blest— Here in a turf, and a few humble flowers, Ends the mean reckoning of our proudest hours, Where glory shines not, and decay's rank pall Hides the vain dust that only climb'd to fall! What though the cherish'd long-remembered woe End in oblivion, who would e'er forego The sense of the bereavement made by years More sear of hue, and sanctified with tears! Though sad the joy of sorrow, still the heart True to the wreck would bide, but ne'er dispart!

'Tis well!—my song as summer birds' hath ceased, Yet not as theirs, again to be replaced—
When spring shall light once more the nether sphere, And make earth drunk with beauty far and near—
With love and carol, but in their sweet stead
With dread like that around earth's dying bed,
When time shall nature's hoary temples steep
In the black depths of death's uncurtained sleep!

CYRUS REDDING.

GRANVILLE DE VIGNE.

A TALE OF THE DAY.

PART THE TWENTY-THIRD.

T.

ALL THAT FIDELITY COST,

It was Christmas night—Christmas-eve—and the midnight mass was rising and falling in its solemn chant through the long aisles of Notre-Dame. The incense floated upwards to the dim vaulted roof, the starry lights glittered on the gorgeous high altar, while the sweet swell of the cathedral choir rose on the still, hushed air, as through Paris, under the winter stars, there tolled one by one the twelve strokes of the midnight hour.

Midnight mass in Notre-Dame!—it were hard to hear it bursting in its glorious harmony, its sonorous rhythm, after the dead silence of the assembled multitude, bursting at once from priest and people, choir and altar, without something of that poetry, that sadness, that veneration, which lie in us, though lost and silenced in the fret and hurry of life—vague, intangible, subdued, as the last lingering notes of the

Miserere.

One by one the midnight strokes tolled slowly out upon the Christmas air; hushed as though no human heart beat amongst them, the gathered thousands knelt in prayer; the last stroke fell and lingered on their ears, and then, over their bowed heads, the rich cadence of the choir and the full swell of the organ-notes rolled their richest harmonies of praise and supplication. Among the multitude knelt Violet Molyneux and Alma Tressillian, their thoughts far from creeds or formularies, from religious differences or religious credulities, but their hearts bowed in prayer more agonised, more fervent, more passionate in its beseeching earnestness, for those far distant that they loved so well, than any that went up to Heaven from the frail suffering humanity gathered there in the cathedral of Notre-Dame. What was to them church, place, religion? thus they prayed in the solitude of their own chambers; thus they would have prayed beside the sick-beds of Scutari; thus they now prayed in the hushed aisles of a cathedral, where, if forms differed, human hearts at least beat beside them and around, with hopes, fears, griefs, passions, trembling, quivering, pleading for mercy, as in theirs!

As they passed out of the great door to the carriage, they looked up to the still heavens, with the midnight stars shining calm and bright in the great cathedral of Nature, and in Violet's eyes stood heavy tears, wrung from her love so tender and so mournful; while Alma's, tearless and burning with the passion that only grew stronger with each hour of doubt and absence, glanced wildly up to those distant stars, which from their spheres looked down on him! Both started, as a voice whispered

by their side:

"Per Carita! date la limosina per amor del Figlio di Dio!"
They scarcely saw the beggar's face, coming out of the gas glare into

the moonlit night, but they heard the voice, broken, almost fierce—perhaps with hunger!—in its supplication, and both instinctively, and contrary to the custom of either, stretched out their hands with an alms on Christmaseve. As it chanced, Alma was the nearer to the suppliant, who caught her offered gift, but did not see Violet's. The crowd following, pushed them on; their carriage rolled away, while the woman, with Alma's coin in her hand, looked after them with a strange expression on her haggard face, partly curiosity, partly hate, partly fear, yet with a tinge of regret and pain, as she muttered, in Tuscan:

"Santa Maria! questo sorriso mi fa pensare di gli! E presagio della

morte-ma-per chi?"

The wild gaze of the Italian's fierce dark eyes, the haunting tone of that shrill "Carita! Carita!" still lingered in Alma's mind as she rolled through the gay gas-lighted streets of Paris, and her young eyes closed with a despairing sigh and a sickening shudder of dread, at this mysterious Human Life, which is so short in years, so long in suffering.

The Paris winter passed; passed as Paris winters ever do, with a gay whirl of glittering life for the rich, with cold, and hunger, and suffering for the poor; the gas flowers of Mabille burning at the same hour with the candle that gleamed its sickly light on the dead bodies at the The Paris winter passed, and Violet Molyneux was still the belle of its soirées; that chill hauteur which in self-defence she had assumed, was no barrier between her and the love that was pressed upon her from all quarters and highest ranks, evident as it was by her equable coldness to all, that unless she ever married Vivian Sabretasche, that exquisite loveliness would never be given to any man. Lady Molyneux did not distress herself so pitiably at this obstinacy as she had done before, for Prince Carl was not a man to be frightened by a girl's repulse; he daily grew more entêté of that "jolie taille" which had first drawn all that Vallenstein could conceive a grande passion needed to be. He called perseveringly; he came as regularly as clockwork to their carriage in the Boulevards or the Pré Catalan; he listened without a yawn to those songs which made the Parisians sigh that Violet could not be a prima donna-from all these the Viscountess argued that, with her own good management, the hand of Vallenstein-Seidlitz would ere long be offered to Violet, and then my lady, who did not believe in any resolutions strong enough to withstand a principality and gentle coercion, flattered herself that she should give checkmate to the person of all others she most disliked-Vivian Sabretasche.

She was not mistaken. In February, Lord Molyneux received a letter with the stately royal seal of the Vallenstein-Seidlitz, requesting the honour of his daughter's hand. It came to him when they were at dinner: even with the length of the table between them, his wife knew, or thought she knew, the armorial bearings of the seal, as it lay upwards unopened, and congratulated herself with a rapid cast forwards as to how many hundreds the trousseau would cost; but then the trousseau would be one final expense, and Violet's dress in the present state of things, was an annual destruction of what without her my lady would have had for her own silks and laces, jewellery and point. As they took their coffee, preparatory to their going to a ball in the Champs Ely-

sées, at Madame de La Viellecour's superb hotel, Jockey Jack broke the seal, perused the missive with his spectacles on, and in silence handed it to his daughter. Violet read it, with pain, for she foresaw that she should not be allowed to reject this, as she had done others, without contention and upbraiding, and gave it back to him as silently, but the thin, jewelled hand of her mother intercepted it, with a snappish sneer:

"Is your own wife, Lord Molyneux, to be excluded from all your con-

fidences with your daughter?"

"What answer, Vy?" asked Jockey Jack, turning a deaf ear to his lady, who had a knack of bringing forward her relationship to him on any disagreeable occasion, such as opening his notes or referring her creditors to him, but on all others ignored it very completely.

"The same as usual, papa," answered Violet, bending down to him as

she rose to set her coffee-cup on a console.

Lady Molyneux read Vallenstein's formal and courtly letter with calm deliberation through her gold eye-glass; and Alma rose and left the room, guessing, with her intuitive tact and delicacy of perception, that this was some matter which they would prefer to discuss alone. Lady Molyneux read the letter, then folded it up and put it in its envelope.

"Violet, would it be too much for me to ask to be allowed to share the confidence you gave your papa just now? Might I inquire what

reply you send to Vallenstein?"

Violet gave one sigh of inexpressible weariness; she was so tired of this ceaseless contention, the continual dropping of water on a stone; this jangling and upbraiding; more trying, perhaps, than more active persecution to a mind that, like hers, was infinitely above it, a temper that was singularly sweet, and tastes that revolted from the low-toned worship of position, and the utter incapability of understanding any warmer or deeper feeling, which stamped all her mother's conversation, with what was to Violet a species of vulgarity, good ton though Helena Lady Molyneux—a Lady in her own right—might be. She lifted her eyes with that low broken sigh, forced out of her by the martyrdom of daily petty badgering and polished vituperation.

"Certainly you may, mamma. I thank Prince Carl for the honour he has done me; and I reject his offer with all the gratitude for his gene-

rosity that it merits."

Lady Molyneux shrugged her shoulders, and did not condescend to answer her. She turned to her husband, who was beating an impatient tattoo on the back of his couch.

"My dear Molyneux, do you intend, too, to refuse Prince Carl's pro-

posals?"

Jockey Jack looked up with a curse on women's tongues and on their tomfoolery of marriage and giving in marriage; fond as he was in his way and proud of his daughter, he wished in his soul that Vy had been born red-haired, sallow, or cross-eyed, rather than have her beauty bring these men's bother and his wife's perorations eternally about his ears; he would have liked to see Violet well married certainly, but if she was so exceptional as to have a distaste that way, why, the girl was young enough to wait if she chose; she would outgrow her fanciful fidelity to Sabretasche—though he was a noble fellow, certainly. He looked up, ready to dissent from his wife at a moment's notice.

"Vallenstein does not propose for me, my dear. I have nothing to do with it, except to tell him, as decently as I can, that Vy is very much obliged to him, but would rather be excused."

"Then you mean to countenance her in her folly?"

"I don't know what you mean by countenancing her; she is old enough to judge for herself, especially about her own husband. I dare say a royal marriage would have had great attractions for you, Helena, but if your daughter thinks differently there is no reason for you to quarrel about it," said Jockey Jack, who did not see why one man was not as good as another to Violet, nor yet if they were not why she should be bullied about it.

"I see if you do not," said his wife, frigidly. "No, Violet, do not leave the room, I beg; I wish to speak to you on this subject. It is of the greatest importance that she should marry soon and marry well. The singularly unfortunate circumstances that attended her lamentable engagement—an engagement that would never have been entered into if I had been listened to—have laid her open to a great deal of remark, and to be an object of such bavardage is never beneficial to any woman—"

"Do you speak feelingly?" interrupted Lord Molyneux, sotto voce.

"Indeed, very prejudicial to a young girl in the outset of life," continued his wife, imperturbably. "Violet has now been out three years; girls that were débutantes with her have settled well long ago. Beatrice Carteret, with not a tithe of her advantages, married the Duke of St. Orme in her first season: and that remarkably ordinary little Selina Albany drew Whitebait into a proposal, and he settled a hundred thousand upon her for pin-money—"

"That'll do, that'll do," cut in Lord Molyneux, impatiently. "St. Orme is an old brute, who bullied his first wife into consumption, and as for Whitebait, he's a young fool, whom his uncle tried to get shut up for idiocy; if Vy can't do better than that, I would rather she lived and died a Molyneux. If you've no better arguments for marriage,

Helena-"

"At all events," said my lady, with her nastiest sneer, "they would either of them make as good husbands as your favourite would have done with a wife in petto! And at all events, Beatrice and Lady Whitebait have taken good positions in society—positions to be envied by all their acquaintance, and to gratify their mothers' fondest wishes; Violet, on the contrary, as she must be perfectly aware herself, with double their beauty, talent, and attractions, has done nothing-absolutely nothing! She has been immensely admired; she has made more conquests, I have no doubt, than any woman of her years; but men will not go and recount their own rejections; other ladies will not believe me when I tell them whom she might have married-very naturally, too-and all the world knows of her is her devotion to a married man! I leave it to her own sense to determine whether that is a very advantageous report to cling to her in circles where women dislike her as their rival, and men whom she has rejected are not very likely to be over-merciful in their terms of speaking of her. Of course it is all hushed when I draw near, but I have overheard more than one remark very detrimental to her. In a little time men will become very shy of making one their wife whose

name has been so long in connexion with a married man's, and whose ridiculous dévouement to Colonel Sabretasche has been the most amusing theme in salons where he has been so famous for love not quite so constant! Therefore, I say it is most important she should marry soon, and marry well; and to reject such proposals as Prince Carl's would be madness—a man who could wed, if he chose, with one of the royal houses of Europe! If you, Lord Molyneux, are so unwise, so ill-judging, as to uphold your daughter in such a course of folly, I shall do my best to oppose it. A letter of refusal shall never be sent to Vallenstein."

"Eh! well, I'm sure I don't know," said poor Jockey Jack, bewildered with this lengthened lecture. "Come, Vy, your mamma speaks reasonably—for once! You know I am very much attached to Sabretasche—very much—and I admit you don't see any other man so handsome or so accomplished, and all that sort of thing; and he was deuced mad about you, poor fellow! But then, you see, my dear child, as long as there's that confounded wife of his in the way, and her life's just as good as his, he can't marry you, Vy, with our devilish laws; and, ten to one if ever the time come that he can, he won't care a straw about you—that's very much the way with us men—and you'll have wasted all your youth and your beauty for nothing, my poor pet! You see, Vy, we are not rich, and if you were well married—it's most women's ambition, at the least! Come, Vy, what do you say?"

Violet rose and leaned against the console, with her head erect, her little pearly teeth set tight, her lips closed in a haughty, scornful curve over them, her face very pale—pale, but resolute as Eponina's or Gertrude von der Wart's—and I think the martyrdom of endurance is worse

than the martyrdom of action!

"I say what I am weary of saying-that it is useless, and will ever be useless, to urge me to the sin of infidelity, which you raise into a virtue because it is expedient! Let me alone!-it is all I ask. I go into society because you desire it; it is hard that you will persecute me on the one subject which is the most painful of all to me. Let me alone!what I may suffer, I never intrude upon you. If you wish to be free from me—if I cost you anything you grudge—only allow me to work for myself-to go into the world, where for your sake I am not known, and, under another name, gain money for myself; I have often been told my voice would bring me more wealth than I should need. Only give me permission, I will never complain; but consent to be given over to Vallenstein, or any other man, I will not! To be sold by you to the highest bidder—to be forced into a union I should loathe—to be compelled to a lie-to worse than a lie, to perjured vows-to a marriage that would be infidelity to both! I know what you mean: an unwedded daughter is an expense, and, as society counts, somewhat a discredit. you feel it so. I am willing to support myself; if you allowed it, I should find no shame in that; but, once for all, I swear, that unless God will that I should ever marry him whom I love and honour, I will be no man's wife. If you care nothing for my peace, if you will not listen to my prayers, if you will not pity me in my trial—at least, you will not seek to make me break my oath!"

With that strange calm which fixed and hopeless sorrow sometimes gives to those who bear it, Violet spoke—on her beautiful face a sighing

scorn for those who would make her disloyal to him whom they once had sanctioned as her husband, mingled with that deep despair, that unspeakable tenderness which marked her love, so strong, so mournful. On her face was the stamp of that heroism, endurance, and power of sacrifice which had lain unseen in her character, and which had never been brought out in her brilliant, glittering, and happy life, till her love had called it up in all its strength. It was far above the comprehension and the sympathy of those who listened to her, as most things high and beautiful, noble and earnest, are above the understanding of the many. To how few of the thousands passing through the gas-lit streets of this city tonight do the stars above head whisper anything of their poetry, their mystery, their solemnity!

Jockey Jack rose from his seat, and left the room; the girl's face had touched him; yet he felt it was his duty to upbraid her for her folly; but he had not the heart to do it, and he felt a choking in his throat, and—true Englishman!—left the room, ashamed of the emotion which showed that all good and generous things were not wholly dead within him. And Lady Molyneux was neither touched nor softened, having little that was good and generous left in her after her intrigues, her liaisons, her cancans, her sneers at romance, her study of expediency, her forty years of dress and fashionable life, but poured out upon her daughter more cruel words—not of hot honest anger, but of cold sneering insolence, mockery, and upbraiding—than I care to repeat from the lips of a lady

of the best ton and the most eminent religion.

It was difficult to wound Violet more deeply than she had already She listened passively;—men and women cannot, like the llama, summon death to their relief when their burden grows heavier than they can bear; -she listened passively, not deigning to reiterate her resolution, keeping down bitter responses with an effort that did her honour, solely because she knew it was her mother who spoke. When she had finished, she bent her head to her and passed out of the room; a silent rebuke which stung her mother into something touching upon shame, or rather mortification, for, though she had most words, she felt she had not victory, though she said, and meant it, that before long her daughter should wed Prince Carl of Vallenstein-Seidlitz. What would be a broken oath more or less to her? Helena Lady Molyneux had broken many in her day-many beside her marriage ones! Violet found her way mechanically into the nearest chamber—the morning-room apportioned to her and Alma. Dizzy and deaf still with that pitiless avalanche of words, she threw herself on a couch—not to weep, her eyes were dry; but she laid her forehead down on the curved arm of the sofa with a low, faint cry, as if in bodily pain that had worn out all strength—even strength to complain.

At the ball at Madame de La Viellecour's that night all beauty paled before hers; men looking on it would have given ten years of their lives to win one smile from those lovely eyes, to have made one blush glow on that pure, colourless cheek; young, unnoticed débutantes looked at her as she passed them, with that crowd gathered round her which everywhere lingered on her steps, and wished, with all the envy of women and all the fervour of their years, that they were she—the belle of Paris—that exquisite Violet Molyneux, in whose praise there was not one dissentient

voice, in whom the most fastidious and hypercritical could not find a flaw. If they had seen the reverse picture, the Queen of Society without that crown which was so weary a weight upon her aching brows—if they had seen her that night, the flowers off her luxuriant hair, the glittering jewels off her arms, kneeling there beside her bedside in solitude, which no human eyes profaned, they would have paused before they envied Violet Molyneux, courted, followed, worshipped as she was. If the world went home with most of us, I fear it would have sadder stories to tell than the cancans and the grivois tales in which its heart delights; the lips that sing our gayest barcarolles in society often have barely strength enough to murmur a broken prayer in the solitude of their lonely hours,

when the mask is off and the green curtain is down.

I think it is usually those who have the deepest feeling who show it the least to those around, and uncongenial to them. The languid air, the absorbed abstraction, the careless attire, the eyes "in a fine frenzy rolling," belong rather to that melancholy which is "only for wantonness," that sentimentality of sorrow which displays its mourning shield with ostentation that courts observance, and lets its sorrows off in sonnets and With strong passions is usually strong self-command. No people are more passionate, or, for that matter, more demonstrative, than the Italians—yet, when they wish, no people know better how to smile while the iron is in their soul, or the dagger at their throat. girl, with a passing cloud on her romance-idylls, will sentimentalise by the hour together, sit apart with tearful eyes, and publish her misery and her martyrdom to the world in general, and to her own choice confidantes in minute detail. A woman, whose life is wrecked by a worthless love or brutal husband, who carries a cross on her heart to which the iron-spiked cross of the devotee were rest and ease, goes out into the world with a smile upon her lips, lest her sadness seen should seem to reproach others, who, if cruel, are still dear to her. A boy, with his first sorrow, will wander with woful visage and unkempt hair, read Werter and Locksley Hall, parade it with a certain pride and pleasure in his own melancholy, and spoil a dozen trees with cutting initials on their Ten or twenty years later he hides with jealous care the curse that gnaws his life-strings-is too weary of the wear and tear of grief not to court oblivion of, rather than to nurse, his bitter cares; and, if it be some one loved and lost, through whom his life is darkened, he holds it as too sacred for the eyes of other men to spy it out shrined in the holiest of holies.

In Alma Tressillian, also, in proportion to the strength and fervour of her passion for De Vigne, were the jealousy and tenderness with which she kept the secret of that love so dear to her. There was a great deal of strength in her character; her enthusiasm, her fervent feeling, her imaginative powers, her perseverance, her affections, were not only vehement, but they were strong, deep, and lasting. Alma's was not the ordinary feminine love, warm, but too often evanescent; it was the passion of a woman of vivid brain, fervid affections, and impassioned character—with all that childlike and frank demonstrativeness natural to her youth, her truthful nature, and that candid expression of all she felt and thought, in which she had been brought up by Broughton Tressillian. If I need to tell you how bitterly she suffered during all the months she was with the

Molyneux, I must have utterly failed in making you understand the character of De Vigne's last love. All her thoughts, sleeping and waking, were with him; not an hour passed but she breathed a passionate prayer to Heaven for his life and his safety; her heart grew sick, and the blood rushed in torrents to her brain with the simplest mention of the Crimea. His silence after the reception of her first letter, the return of the second in his own handwriting, had shown her that he still disbelieved her-still doubted the love that pleaded in such burning accents to him-still held her, his own Alma, who worshipped him so singly and entirely, who for a few brief hours had nestled in his arms and listened to his yowsas the false, heartless, fickle, valueless, hateful thing, for whom no contempt could have been too great, no insult undeserved, no chastisement from his hand unmerited. Alma knew him; she knew the harsh, cold scepticism which made him so ready to believe against her, and which steeled his heart against her prayers; but though written words might fail to touch him and convince him, she felt that together, with her eyes on his, face to face, and heart to heart, he would believe her, or he should slay her at his feet; she would never let him go till he listened to her story, and gave her back his love. Till she could meet him, each day, each hour, seemed a cycle of time that held her in its iron bonds and would not let her free. She had but one aim, one end-to realise money sufficient to take her to the Crimea.

For that one end Alma worked unwearyingly. Just before her illness a lady had offered her twenty guineas for a water-colour of Evangeline finding Gabriel, with a pen-and-ink sketch of which she had been pleased when she visited Alma's old painting-room at St. Crucis. To finish this picture, a large one, thirty inches by fifteen, Alma had given every moment of her time since she had been with the Molyneux. She had risen early and had sat late, declining all the amusement which Violet would have given her; refusing to accompany them in their drives as often as she could, consistent with the duties Lady Molyneux expected of her, which I can assure you were not lax, and might have been almost menial but for Violet's interference and Alma's haughty refusal. Towards the summer of '55 she had finished it, sent it to the lady, who was a sister of Leila Puffdoff's, and chanced to be in Paris at the time, and received an order for a companion-picture, the subject being left to herself. Greatly to her mother's annoyance, Violet had introduced Alma's talent into notice among the dilettanti of Paris. Many were ready to admire anything that would win them favour with the English beauty; others really saw and were struck with (as Sabretasche and the cognoscenti in general had been in London) the wonderful dash and vitality in her outlines, the delicacy and brilliance of her colouring; orders in plenty were given her, more than she could have completed in a dozen years, and Alma excluded herself from the society into which her own genius and Violet's patronage would have introduced her-society at another time so congenial to all the Little Tressillian's tastes and leanings, for she was born to shine and rule in society; and, like all conquerors, male and female, loved her sceptre and her dais—that she might work, work with her art and her hands, and her rich glowing imagination, till she had money to take her to the Crimea to tell Sir Folko all—to win him back, or die. Poor little Alma!

how few "win back" all that makes their life's glory, whatever stake it be; yet we live—live to the full age of human life. When we woo death he comes not; when we bar the chamber-door, then he enters with his

chill breath and stealthy step.

It was the beginning of April; the chesnuts of the Tuileries were just thrusting out their first green buds, bringing to Alma's thoughts those chesnut-boughs at her old nurse's home, under whose leafy shadows in the sunshine of two summers past she had drank so deeply of that fatal cup, whose delirium is more rapturous, and whose awakening more bitter, than the dreams of the opium-eater. Her hoard was completed. Never did miser gaze on his treasure, never wife on her husband's ransom, never captive on the warrant of his freedom, never author on the darlings of his brain, with fonder rapture, with more grateful tears, than Alma on the money won by her own hands, which was to bear her to him, to Granville, to Sir Folko. The thousand miles seemed now but as a span; love would cross all the lands, bridge all the seas, that parted her from him. She would go to him, she would find him; she would risk all to see him once again, to kneel at his feet, to swear to him she was his, and his alone; to force him to believe her, to wrest from him those words, so fond, so passionate, so tender, which she had heard but once, and which her whole soul thirsted to hear again, as the dying in the desert thirst for one drop from the water-brook to lave their parching throats and cool their burn-That he could have changed to her never crossed her mind, she loved him so faithfully herself! The strength of his passion, as it had spent itself upon her in those few short hours, had struck answering chords in her own heart; she felt how madly, how deeply this man loved her, even as she loved him; she suspected change in him no more than in herself; that he disbelieved her, that he thought, despite all she had told him, that she had fled with Vane Castleton, she did believe. the hard sarcasms, all the chill scepticism that she had heard him fling at the world and at her sex made her comprehend how he might love yet still suspect her, and to wrest him back out of that sea of disbelief, to force him to look down into her eyes and there read all the truth, Alma would have braved more than a journey across those weary miles which parted her from him; and I believe that, young, delicate, susceptible in some things to terror as she was, her courage, and her spirit, and her endurance would have brought her through, no matter what danger or privation, till she had reached De Vigne.

Alma looked at her precious gold that was to take her to his side, that was to give him back to her—her lover, her idol. At last it was won—won by the head and hand for the service of the heart that was chained down, its high thoughts clogged, its beating wings fettered, its spirit bruised, but never beaten, by the curse of—want of money. It was won; the modern god without whose aid human life may struggle and fall and rise again, and again struggle and again fall, and go down at the last—quivering, trembling, dying from the unequal fight of right against might, talent against wealth, honesty against expediency, for all the world may care. It was won; and not an hour longer should any human force keep her from that distant goal whither for twenty weary moons her heart had turned so constantly. She locked her money in a secret drawer

(she—generous as the winds—had grown as careful of that treasure as any hoarding Dives!), and left her room to seek Violet Molyneux, and tell her she must leave her. A warm friendship had grown up between them. not that fond and entire attachment which, girl-like, they might have felt had they met three or four years before, when their thoughts were free from care, and their hearts had known no passion, but still a true affection the one for the other, arisen partly from their similarity of fate, of which neither spoke, yet both were conscious. It was impossible for Alma not to be grateful to Violet for the generous delicacy, the tact, the kindness with which she smoothed away all that her mother would have made painful in the position of any employée of hers; and Violet, with her, escaped from all the worldliness, the false-heartedness, the uncongeniality that surrounded her, and grew fond of her, as all who knew the Little Tressillian were wont to do, even despite themselves, won by her noble, liberal intellect, her passionate loving heart, her winning, impulsive, graceful "ways,"-natural to her as its song to a bird, its vivacity to a kitten, its play in the evening wind to a flower. Involuntarily and unconsciously they clung to one another—the two true hearts amidst so many that were false.

She sat down in the inner drawing-room. She did not see Violet, and supposed her to be in her own bouldoir, where the belle of Paris spent each day until two, denied to all, often in penning those letters, transcripts of the heart, which were Sabretasche's only solace through those

long Crimean nights.

Suddenly, however, she heard Rushbrooke Molyneux's voice in the outer room; she did not like him, and he called her, like Vane Castleton, a "little devil," because, when he had admired her beaux yeux bleus, and had tried to make such love to her as he thought her position in his family warranted, Alma's hauteur to him, and the keen satire with which the little lady knew how to take care of herself very well, and to hit hard where she did not admire the style of attention paid to her, had annoyed the young attaché exceedingly, and irremediably wounded his amour propre.

"Vy, am I a good shot?" he was saying.

"You know you are," answered his sister's voice; she was probably

surprised at so irrelevant a question.

"Very well; then if you won't marry Vallenstein—the Dashers, you see, are coming home, and as soon as Colonel Sabretasche is in England I shall challenge him, he will meet me, and I shall shoot him here—just

here, Vy-where life ceases instantaneously."

A low cry of horror burst from his sister's lips. Alma involuntarily looked into the room; she saw that Violet had started from her brother's side, her face blanched with amazement, and her eyes fastened on him with the fascination and the loathing with which a bird gazes up into a snake's green fiery eyes.

"Rushbrooke! Great Heaven! you would stain your hand with

murder?"

"Murder! What an idea! Duelling is legitimate, ma sœur, in this country at least; and I dare say your lover will find his way to Paris, though he is such a 'man of honour.' Listen to me, Vy; seriously, you must be mad to be taking the veil, as it were, for a fellow who can't

marry you—for the best of all reasons, that he is another woman's husband. It's the greatest tomfoolery one ever heard. Why shouldn't you do like any other girl—send this bosh of romance to the devil and settle well. Any woman going would be wild to have a chance; of winning Vallenstein. I should say so! He's rich enough, I can tell you; and the corbeille he can give his bride, if he likes, will be fit for an empress. What the deuce can you object to in him? He's an outand-out better match than we could have looked for; and he'll be a very facile-going husband, Violet; and if you have such a fancy for the Colonel, Vallenstein will be an easy enough husband after a little time, and you can invite Sabretasche to your Court——"

The bitter, unutterable scorn stamped on his sister's face stopped him

in his speech.

"God help me! if my own brother tempt me to double dishonour!"

These words broke from her almost unconsciously. She deigned no answer to him, but stood looking at him with such loathing and contempt in her lustrous eyes, such dignity on her pale features, full of the scorn she felt, that Rushbrooke Molyneux, though he was far gone in shamelessness, shrank before it.

But like many such natures, coward at heart, he could bully a woman.

"Well, young lady, will you marry my friend Prince Carl, or not?"

"I have told you once for all-no."

Violet stood, her head just turned over her shoulder to him as she was about to leave the room; her calm, resolute, contemptuous tone stung him into irritation. Rushbrooke had set his heart on his sister's becoming Vallenstein's wife, for certain pecuniary reasons of his own.

"You are quite determined? Then I shoot Sabretasche dead fourand-twenty hours after I see him next. Come, Vy, choose: the wedding-

ring for yourself, or the grave for your lover?"

He meant what he said—for the time at least. Violet knew that he was utterly unscrupulous; that in the Bois du Boulogne, Rushbrooke, not long ago, had mortally wounded a young fellow in one of the régimens de famille, for having unwittingly rivalled him at a bal de l'opéra with a demoiselle little worth fighting about. She knew that Rushbrooke was quite capable—if he wished to revenge himself on her for not marrying—of doing all he said, and more, if he threatened it. Her love for Sabretasche subdued her pride; in the frenzy of the moment she turned back and caught both her brother's hands:

"Rushbrooke! are you utterly merciless—utterly brutal? Not to save my own life would I condescend to kneel to you; but to save his I would stoop lower, were it possible! But never will I break my faith to him; I know that this moment he would choose murder from you rather than infidelity from me. If you take his life, you take mine; my existence is bound with his—you will scarcely brand yourself a fratricide?"

Her voice, her face, might have touched a heart of stone; but the young attaché was rather impervious to any feeling at all, being cast

much in his mother's mould. He laughed.

"Splendid acting, Vy. You always did act well, though; you played in the Belvoir theatricals when you were only ten, I remember. Come, think better of it; marry Vallenstein, and your idol is safe from me.

If you boast your love is so great, you might surely save the man's life."

"God help me!" moaned Violet. "Will you marry Prince Carl?"

" No!"

"You will 'murder' Vivian Sabretasche then, as you term it?"

Another cry burst from Violet's lips, forced out as from a woman on the rack of the Star Chamber or the Inquisition. Then she lifted her eyes to him—those lovely eyes that the Parisians compared to summer stars—with deep dark circles under them, her face full of unutterable anguish, but with a strange nobility upon it.

"I would rather leave him in God's hands than yours. He will protect him from you! I have told you I will never break my faith to

him!"

"Very well! I will go and have a look at my pistols," smiled her brother, as he rose.

But Violet's courage gave way, she fell heavily forwards on a couch.

"My beloved! my beloved! God knows I would give my life for yours, but torture me how they may they shall never make me false to you, Vivian. You would not wish it—you would not wish it, darling—not to save your life——'

Alma could stay no longer; with one bound, like a young panther, she was into the room and kneeling beside Violet, while she turned her beaming, flashing eyes, full of their azure fire, upon Violet's brother.

"She gave you your right title. Fratricide! You are more than that, you are a brute, and were I of your own sex I would make you feel it, boasted duellist, or rather murderer, though you be. What is your sister's marriage to you, that you should seek to force her into a union that she loathes? Prince Carl himself would cry shame on you for seeking to win him a wife by such foul means, instead of honouring her for her love and truth—love and truth such as few men, indeed, are worthy. Go, Mr. Molyneux, go, and never come near your sister till you come to

ask her pardon for your inhuman words and dastard act."

With all her old passion, Alma spoke like a little Pythoness in her wrath; those dark-blue eyes flashing and gleaming upon Rushbrooke Molyneux. He, who had never seen her roused, was struck with new and far hotter admiration. That short-lived passion of hers was singularly witching to men; it had been so to De Vigue, to poor Curly, to Vane Castleton; it was so now to Rushbrooke Molyneux. Yet she humbled him. He was mortified, conscience-stricken; every one of her words brought a flush of shame to his cheek, hardened though he was in his early youth; and he forgot that it was his mother's dependent who spoke to him thus, whom he should have cowed with a word and threatened with dismissal. He was only conscious that it was a woman more fascinating than any he had ever seen; a woman of nobler heart, of larger mind, of stronger courage than his own, before whose anger and contempt he shrunk away ashamed.

He left the room, murmuring something of Vallenstein, his friend—devotedly attached—Violet's unfortunate attachment—only meant to frighten her, of course—nothing more—nothing more. Then he backed

out, and Alma knelt beside Violet Molyneux, honouring her, loving her beyond all praise for her steadfast and unshaken love for Sabretasche, and Violet threw her arms round her and held her close, as though clinging to some human thing in her desolation and despair. Then she lifted her face, pale, with deepened circles beneath her eyes, and a painful tremulousness on the lips, yet with something proud and stately in the midst of her anguish:

"Alma, I have not forgotten your definition of fidelity!"

The unutterably sad and tender smile with which she spoke struck to her listener's heart; from that hour she loved Violet Molyneux with one of the few and fervent attachments of her life, and she looked up at her with an answering regard that seemed to Violet like an angel promise and prophecy for the future:

"Violet, to those who are thus faithful reward will come!"

Violet tried to smile again, but her lips quivered in the effort, and she rose and left the room, while Alma, seizing the paper that Rushbrooke had flung down, tore it apart with breathless haste, remembering young

Molyneux's words, "The Dashers are coming home."

It was true; we were leaving at last that land of many glorious and many bitter memories, and Alma read: "The —th Q. O. Lancers are ordered home from the Crimea, and left Balaklava on the 10th, in the transport Eurydice. This distinguished corps has played a very prominent part in the whole campaign; the gallantry of both its officers and men has been conspicuous, and for the dash and daring they displayed at the charge of Balaklava the commander-in-chief has recommended its commanding officers, Colonel Sabretasche and Major De Vigne, to her Most Gracious Majesty, with high encomiums. The Emperor and the Sultan have already forwarded them the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor and the Order of the Medjid, which the Queen has graciously accorded them her permission to accept. Their own countrymen will not be backward in receiving these distinguished soldiers with the honours they so fully merit and have so ably won."

How many such paragraphs we read in the journals then! Now, as a civilian told me the other day, "the Crimea is such a long time

ago; nobody thinks about it!"

No, nobody!—except Curly's mother and others like her, whose hearts are with the gallant dead that lie there, and whose every hope on earth was buried under those rough mounds that are now ploughed down by

the share of the Russian serf.

De Vigne had been much altered since Curly's death. The hot tears that had sprung into his haughty eyes over the dead form of his old Freston-hills pet had softened the fiery passions, and in a measure thawed the ice gathered in his heart. For the first time, despite his resolute and wilful scepticism, a hope had dawned upon him that Alma might yet be true to him through all the circumstances that chimed in against her. He was slow to admit it one moment, the next he clung to it madly. Absence and time had in no degree lessened or cooled the passion that had flamed up so suddenly; on the contrary, with De Vigne's temperament it grew and strengthened, and faithless, hollow-hearted, worthless, though he believed Alma to be, he knew that the sight of her face, the sound of her voice,

would rouse him into fiercer madness, more blind love than ever. Curly's words had let in one ray of hope, and he cursed the headlong impetuosity which had made him send her letter back unopened. There was hope, and sometimes, as I say, De Vigne strove with all his force to shut it out, lest it should break in and fool him once again; at others he clung to it as men do to the only chance that makes their life of value. Heaven knows that if his love for Alma had been error, it brought him punishment enough. Whichever way it turned, he saw enough to madden him. If she were false to him, his life would be one long and bitter curse to him; if he had judged her too harshly, and his neglect and cruelty had driven her to desperation, and sent her, young, unprotected, attractive as she was to men, into the chill world to battle with poverty, he shuddered to think what might have been her fate, so delicate, so trusting, so easily misunderstood; if she were true to him, across the heaven that opened to him with that hope there stretched the dark memory of the woman who bore his name.

Curly had loved her, not so passionately, but more faithfully; Curly had trusted her; Curly had thought how to provide for her, and secure her from poverty, no matter how low she were fallen; while he—he had given her up, full of his own grief, his own madness-he had left her in Vane Castleton's clutches, when, if true to the trust her adopted grandfather had put in him, he would have followed her to save her from her wretched fate, though to leave her himself for ever; he had believed evil of her, while Curly had rejected it, knowing no more than himself, but simply from his faith in her, and his belief in her incapability to do anything that was false or wrong. Bitterly De Vigne reproached himself for the mad haste and the cruel scepticism which had made him send her back her letter unopened. With Curly's words, "If ever a woman loved man she loved you," there uprose all the fonder, tenderer springs of that passion which he had striven to crush out, and of which there had of late only raged all the fiercer and more bitter emotions. The sweet wild hope, faint though it was, came with a rush of all that delicious happiness which he had tasted during those brief evening hours at St. Crucis, and had lately given up every hope of ever knowing again. A flood of warmer, softer, better feelings awoke in him, in the stead of that harsh, cold, cheerless creed that despair and deception had forced upon him. At times he would persuade himself that Alma must have loved him, that all those passionate vows that her fond words, her still fonder eyes had spoken to him, could not have been lies; at others, he would madden himself with horrible thoughts of all that must have chanced if Vane Castleton had her, an unwilling victim, in his clutches; at others, he would sum up together, with that strange skill at self-torture in which human nature so excel, all the chain of circumstances that seemed to point her out as hopelessly, irrevocably false. Chained to the Crimeafor De Vigne had much of the spirit of the old Greeks and Romans, and he would have construed a soldier's duty more like Leonidas of Sparta than like some modern militaires—he yet at times longed, as an eagle chained longs for its native ærie, to go back to England and find Alma once more, no matter how, no matter where, but to decide at once the doubt that maddened him-was she what he had first thought her, or was

she what he shuddered to suppose her? Curly's words had roused him strangely, they melted much of the bitterness, the fierceness, the fiery vengeful agony that had raged in his soul since that day when he had heard that Alma had flown with Vane Castleton. His strong agony of love for her had changed as near to hate as his nature, generous and inherently forgiving, would allow. If he could have loved her less he might have hated her less, but the more time rolled on, the longer grew the weary space since he had seen that beaming and impassioned face that had wooed him so resistlessly and left him so remorselessly; the stronger, the wider, the more ungovernable grew that last love of De Vigne's. He loved her, but with the love that slew Desdemona, that would have murdered Imogene; a love fierce, mad, touching to hate, that would have perilled all for one caress of hers, but would have sent her to her grave rather than have seen a rival's hand touch her, another's lips come near her; a love inexorable as death, that must have all or

nothing.

But in those long winter nights, tossing on his camp bed, Curly's words, like voices from the grave, recurred ceaselessly to him, and as a burst of tears—anguish in itself—yet relieves the still fiercer suffering of the brain before, so gentler thoughts of Alma, a ray of hope, a gleam of trust, softened and relieved the bitter despair and hopeless agony of the past months. He had been so strong in his own strength and he had fallen, surely he might have pity on those who had erred—he at least might pause before he sat in judgment on another. Was his own past so pure, his own life so perfect, that he had any right to cast a stone at a woman, even though her error and her perfidy had blasted all his life? Sabretasche—the man who had openly avowed that he had little strength against temptation, whom the world asserted, and he himself never denied, to give way to every wayward impulse, every evanescent desire—had conquered himself, had resisted the heaven to gain which he must have wooed the woman he loved to that from which when she grew older she might wish to retrace her steps; he had consigned himself to suffering perpetual rather than lead her in her early youth where, later on, she might regret and reproach him; a sacrifice the nobler because Sabretasche was almost certain that the love he had won would never change and never turn against him. De Vigne remembered, with a pang, how Sabretasche had said to him, "Let him that standeth take heed lest he fall," and how he had retorted, in the pride of his unassailed strength, that to win a young girl's love, bound and fettered as he was, would be a blackguard's act; yet his strength had gone down before his love, and he had forgotten the ties that bound him, until, had she been true to him, it would have been useless to remember them. De Vigne had not yet learned to mistrust his own power to control himself, despite the misery which his headlong infatuation for the Trefusis had brought on his own head. He had believed that he had his passions under an iron rule, because, chilled by the deception of his marriage into an intense and unrelenting scepticism of all good in the sex of that woman who termed herself his wife, and separated, moreover, from all the higher class of women by years of active service in India, mingling with and only seeking the society of men, he had never been touched into that love which had already cost him so

much that he had sworn never again to be betrayed by its Judas kiss. Thus, doubly armed by his resolution never to be beguiled by woman, and by his trust in his own honour, which he had fully and firmly believed to be a shield all-sufficient between himself and Alma Tressillian, he had gone on and on till the passion he had sworn with so much scorn to keep free from, all his life through, had taken him at an unwary moment, and thrown him as a skilful wrestler may throw one who has held the belt with strength too confident and daring too careless, in unattacked security

for many years.

As he thought and thought, lying awake with bitter memories through those long Crimean nights, De Vigne's bitter and fiery passion, half love, half hate, which had she come before him in those moods would have crushed her in one fierce embrace, and then flung her from him for ever, lost much of its harshness, its bitterness, and, purged from its hatred, yearned towards her with that deep, strong love for her which he had poured out so lavishly in those few brief hours during which their hearts had beat as one. He thought more gently, more tenderly of her. poor child! She was so young!—and if she were false, had he always been constant; and if she had deceived him, were there not errors enough in his own life to bid him not take up the stone to cast at her? Widely tolerant ever, would he be harsh alone to the woman he had loved? The thought of her face, her fair young face, with its deep-blue, upraised, earnest eyes, and its golden waves of hair like netted sunbeams, and its wide-arched brow, where intellect and truth were writ so plainly and so nobly-of her soft young voice calling him "Sir Folko!" and whispering to him those innocent yet impassioned vows of an affection at once so pure and so deep-of those hours before a thought of love came between them, gay and bright with her joyous laugh and ringing repartee, and that interchange of graver tastes and nobler studies which had had so great a charm for him—all these rose up before him, and drove away all harsh and cruel thought of her, and his heart recoiled from the fierce and vengeful emotions which had, born in love, bordered so close on hate. All that was noble, generous, gentle, awoke in De Vigne's character, and there was very much, mingled with those fiery passions natural to all strong natures, and that bitter scorn which in all nobler ones is aroused by injustice, deceit, and wrong. He felt a very anguish of longing to look upon her once more; he loved her now with so great a love that he could have forgiven her all wrong to him, even though that wrong laid a curse upon his life that no weight of years could lift from it, no length of time efface. He loved her, no matter what she was. And is love anything short of that?-is love true and real unless it says, " However, love, thou art fallen, I will not shrink from thee?"

If she had been false to him, if she had been Vane Castleton's toy for the hour and the plaything of others since, he would try to find her, save her, shield her from her fate, even though to find her so and to leave her so broke his own heart. If she had been true to him and others had chicaned her, misled her, taken advantage of her youth, her guilelessness, he would find her so; and no matter into what depths of misery she had sunk, he would raise her up, avenge her, and if ever his name became his own again, give it, with his love and honour, to her in the

sight of men. Across the darker passions of his soul gleamed the Pity and the Pardon he had once had need to ask of her. His love grew gentler, nobler, tenderer; and the heart so proud, so haughty, so secure in its own honour, yet ever so frank, generous, and prompt to justice, thought amidst the anguish of those still night-watches, "Who am I, to

sit in judgment on her or on any other?"

The order came for us to return home. Sabretasche heard it with mingled feelings; to be free to return to the same land with Violet Molyneux, to hear of her, perchance to see that beautiful face that had risen up before him even amidst the din and crash and film of impending death at Balaklava, brought with it a sudden glow of all those warmer emotions which awoke in him, not to make him rejoice like other men, but to make him suffer. Yet he would fain have stayed there, with the enforced barrier of Distance between him and the woman whom fate forbade him.

De Vigne heard it with a wild rush of hope and fear; a stifling horror of dread of all he might learn in England; a tumultuous, rapturous hope, to which he scarce dare give life, struggling for pre-eminence; the great passions of his heart striving with each other; all overshadowed with the bitter curse that his love for both these women, the two arbiters of his

life, had brought him.

At once he longed and dreaded to reach England. If Alma had loved him truly, and been misled by Vane Castleton's machinations, De Vigne felt that never could he expiate the selfish and sceptic haste with which he had condemned her; and already he shuddered at the burden of the dread remorse that would pursue him should he find that for want of a strong hand and a true heart to defend her, that delicate child had fallen into the clutches of the man whom his fellow-men, no intolerant judges either, had termed Butcher, for his brutality to the women he sacrificed and then left to poverty and death! When he thought of Castleton and Alma by the new light that had dawned on him with Curly's words, he, strong man as he was, and cold as granite as he seemed to others to have grown, could have cried aloud in his great suffering, and at the horrible phantasma of what might have been; as he tossed through the weary hours of the night, great drops of anguish stood upon the brow which had never paled before death or danger, and he would awake from his fevered sleep, stretching his arms out to her and calling on her name, as she had called on his. The excitement and ceaseless fatigues, dangers, and requirements of the past campaign had kept him up and carried him on, but now-a few more months of the conflict between hope and fear he knew would be more than even he had strength to bear. He would find her, living or dead; he would seek for her as Evangeline for Gabriel, even though his heart might break at the end of that Pilgrimage of Love. De Vigne at last had learnt a lesson that he had never learned before in all his life—he had learnt to love not only for himself, but better than

But at Constantinople—he whom all the army called by his Indian sobriquet of the Charmed Life, whom shot and shell, death and danger, had alike spared; who had ridden unharmed out of the fatal mêlée before the guns of Balaklava, though the last to leave those doomed and death-

haunted lines; whom neither cold nor privation had harmed in any way; who had gone free amidst the sickness that struck down his friends and soldiers by the score—at Constantinope De Vigne was chained on a sickbed by the bitterest of all our Crimean foes-the cholera. It was touch and go with him then; his life was very nearly added to those ghastly Returns, which witnessed how much noble, gallant, manly human life was lost out there by mismanagement, red tapeism, and procrastination. Thank God it was otherwise; the strength of his constitution pulled him through, but it had weakened him to the strength of a woman, and the Dashers sailed for England without him. I got leave to stay with him. If they had court-martialed me, they might have done. I would have been cashiered rather than leave the man I loved best on earth alone in the Scutari sick-wards in that pestilential place, that sounds so poetic and delicious with its long, lovely name, its Golden Horn, its glistening Bosphorus, its gleaming minarets, its Leilas, its Dudus, its bulbuls, and its beauty, but is, as all of us can witness, a very abomination for a sick man to dwell in, with its dirt, its fleas, its mosquitoes, its jabbering crowds chattering every lingo, its abominable little Turks, with their eternal "Bono Johnny," and its air rife with disease, malaria, and filth.

Sabretasche would have stayed, too, with him; the similarity of fate drew him closer towards De Vigne, as it bound Violet and Alma nearer together, and he, fettered to Sylvia da' Cerenci, felt all the warmer attachment, all the deeper pity for De Vigne fettered to the Trefusis; those two Hecates of their fate, to whom their impetuosity, their headlong, unthinking passion, their youth's thoughtless and ill-placed love, had chained them in their older years, when heart and mind, taste and feel-

ing, led them to others so different!

"No, no; go to England, Sabretasche," said De Vigne, signing the Colonel down towards him in one of his intervals of comparative ease. "Before long I hope to follow you, and you would do me much more service if you would—if you could—without bringing her name forward at all, learn something for me of——"

He stopped; he could not speak her name without a sharp spasm as of

severe physical pain.

Sabretasche bent his head till his lips were close to De Vigne's ear; it was the first time he had heard him allude to her throughout the campaign.

"Of Alma Tressillian?" he said, softly.

De Vigne signed him assent, and a silent pressure of his hand was bond enough between him and Sabretasche. If Sabretasche had been like some eminent Christians of my acquaintance, he might have taken the occasion to exalt his own superior foresight in prophesying the trouble that would be born from De Vigne's careless intimacy with the Little Tressillian; being nothing more than a "bon camerade," with a generous mind, a kind heart, and a gentleman's tact, he felt no temptation to do anything of the kind.

The Dashers sailed for England. How few comparatively of the men that had left her shores returned to them. Poor Jemmy Pigott had been tumbled into a hastily-dug grave, a mass of blood, and blue and scarlet cloth, and gold lace, and human flesh, after Alma. Monckton had gone down at Balaklava, with his last sneer set on his marble features as though scoffing at death, never to soften till those features should be unrecognisable by friend or foe. Little Fan, the youngest cornet in the troop, had been left behind in that wild charge of ours; lying across his horse, struck in two by a cannon-ball, with his sixteen years ended, and his gay boy's laugh hushed, and his girlish fair curls dabbled in Russian blood. Few enough of the men of '54 returned in '56; but what few there were, went homewards as cheerily as they had come out two years before (they could not be more so), save, indeed, their Colonel, whom no home awaited, whom no hope cheered, to whom no fond welcome, no tears of joy, no caresses lavished on him in breathless thanksgiving for all the dangers safely past would be allowed to him as to his fellow-men. Others went home to England with glad thoughts, fond dreams, and happy hours rising before them with the sight of those white familiar cliffs; some to a glad, thoughtless life of careless pleasure that would have gained new zest from deprivation; others to the revel and the sport, for which, blase of them before, the stern realities, and harsh but noble trials of those long Crimean winters had brought them back their boyish taste; others to the happy English home, the bridal vows, the affianced wife's caress, all the sweeter after the perils past, all the dearer because the bygone months had been spent, not in the chase of pleasure or the rose-leaves of luxury, but in manly efforts, in noble dangers, in the struggle for life and death, in the utter absence of all the aids, the pleasures, the agrémens, and the surroundings which they, from their cradle upwards, had been taught to look upon as absolute necessities. One man had his racing stud; another, his yacht, the pride and darling of his heart; another, his young bride, on whose pale lips he had pressed his farewell kiss almost ere the honeymoon had passed; another, his club, his lansquenet, his life in London, all he wanted or could wish for, since they held all his desires; another, to look into some loving eyes, out of whose depths he had seen all hope fade and die by the light of the summer stars, sole witnesses of the parting they had thought might be eternal-all had something to look forward to and long for, save Sabretasche, who had nothing but a love that must never be blessed—a fate that bade him not only suffer himself, but see, and know, and cause the suffering of the woman so unutterably dear to him.

The Dashers left for England, and De Vigne slowly recovered; slowly, for his fevered mind retarded the more rapid steps the strength of his constitution would otherwise have enabled him to take towards more than convalesence; convalesence—that state of being which people say, and maybe they are right, is desirable and delicious when your mind is at peace, your time is of no value, soft hands tend you, and sweet voices call you back to the Silent Land; but which, to my thinking, is about as exquisite torture as can be devised, when you grudge every moment that flies away and leaves you chained down into inaction, while you are longing, as a wounded charger hears the din of the battle and longs to rise up and rush on and mingle in the fray, to have your old strength back again, and to be up and doing what an hour's delay may, for aught you know, be undoing. This is what convalescence was to De Vigne,

and, par consequence, to anything better than convalesence he was much longer travelling than he would otherwise have been. To the strong man to be laid low; for the wayward and haughty will to be powerless to rise from that sick-bed; for the fiery impatient spirit to be held down by the weary chain of physical weakness—ah! I know it is easy to talk of submission, endurance, patience; but under some circumstances philosophy, under the fetters of illness and debility, requires more strength

than people dream of or allow until they feel it.

Some three weeks after Ours had got under weigh for England, I was sitting by De Vigne's couch reading to him from some of the periodicals my mother had sent me. It was Hamley of the Artillery's "Lady Lee," which ought to interest anybody if a novel ever can; but I doubt if De Vigne heard a word of it. He lay in one position; his head turned away from me, his eyes fixed on the light rosy eastern clouds, his right hand clenched hard upon the bed-clothes as though it would lift him perforce from that cruel inaction, as it had aided him so many times in life. I was glad that at that minute an old Indian comrade of his—come en route from Calcutta to England viâ Constantinople to have a look at the seat of war—was shown into his room, hoping that courtesy might rouse him more than Hamley's lively story had power to do.

The man was a major in the Cavalry (Queen's-ça va sans dire), of the name of De Vine-a resemblance near enough, I dare say, to justify Mrs. Malaprop and Co. in thinking them brothers, and the Heralds' Office in making them out two branches of the same house. They were no such thing, however; the De Vignes of Vigne reigning alone in their glory among the woodlands of the southern counties, with their name as clear in the records of a thousand years back as the same type of feature is in all the portraits; while the De Vines were a Northumbrian race, whose great-grandfather, having made a couple of millions by wool, managed to get a baron's coronet, and the Heralds to find him a "De" for his monosyllabic Vine, and to his own dismay could trace himself by no manner of ingenuity higher up than Henry the Eighth, in whose kitchen on dit there was a Jarvis Vine, who played the part of scullery-man in real life, but who does admirably well to figure in archives as Sir Gervase De Vine, lord in waiting on his Most Gracious Majesty.

This present De Vine (a very good fellow, though as Granville, with his characteristic republican theory and patrician leaning, once said with a laugh, he does come from below the salt) sat and chatted some time of their old Scinde reminiscences of camp stories and skirmishing, and friends dead and gone that they remembered in common; heartily sorry to see De Vigne knocked down as he was, and congratulating him warmly on the honours he had won—honours for which, in truth, though De Vigne cared very little as long as he had had the delight of fighting well, and was thought to "have done his duty," as gallant Sir Colin (Lord Clyde will never be so dear a title to his army) phrases it; Granville was too

true a soldier to look much beyond.

At last the man rose to go, and had bidden us good-by, when he turned back .

"I say, old fellow, I've forgotten the chief thing I came here to tell

you. This letter of yours has been voyaging after me, sent from Calcutta to Delhi, and from Delhi to Rohilcunde, and God knows where, till it came to my hand about four months ago. I was just going to open it when I saw the g in the name, and the 'Crimea,' which the donkeys at the Post-office overlooked. You see your correspondent has put you Hussars, and as I'm in the Hussars and you're in the Lancers, I suppose that led to the mistake. It's a lady's writing: I hope the delay's been no damage to your fair friend, whoever she be. I dare say you have 'em by scores from a dozen different quarters, so this one has been no loss. By George! it's seven o'clock, and I'm to dine at the embassy.

Good night, old fellow; I shall come and see you to-morrow."

Scrawled over with the different postscripts and addresses, so that nothing of the original address was visible save the "Major de Vigne," Alma's writing was recognised by him ere it had left the other's hand, almost before the door had closed he wrenched it open, and turning away from me read the many close-written and tear-blotted pages that she had penned to him on her sick-bed at Montressor's; pages teeming with love for him deep and fervent as that he felt for her, bringing him the assurance for which he would freely have laid down his life, that she was his in heart; his as he had loved to think of her, untouched, unspoiled, unharmed by any breath of falsehood or dishonour; his own, pure, true, safe from any other man's touch; unwon by any other man's vows; loyal to him through every trial, his, the last love of his life! Knowing he

would wish to read on unwitnessed, I left the room.

He did read on, and, when he had read all, he thanked God, and, bowing his haughty head upon his hands, wept like a woman, all the passion, the tenderness, the anguish of his heart pouring itself out in that fiery rain of mingling ecstasy and woe, suffering and thanksgiving unutterable. Oh! that across that golden glory of happiness unspeakable, that in that hour of rapture so pure, so perfect, that between him and the joy just won, for which his heart went up to God in such trembling, such passionate gratitude-between him and the love that was his heritage and right as man-there should be the dark shadow, that too relentless phantom of his Marriage. It is bitter, Heaven knows, to be alone in the Valley of the Shadow of Death, with darkness around, with no ray of light to guide, no gleam of hope to aid us; but even more bitter than that is it to stand as he now stood, the sudden gleam and radiance of a sunshine that he must never grasp playing even at his very feet, flooding with warmth the air around him, yet leaving him chill, and cold, and shuddering, the more because he gazed on life and light;it is more bitter to stand as he stood, looking on the glories of a heaven upon earth which might, which would be his if he could stretch out his hand to take it; yet to look upon it chained to a granite rock; fettered by irons that long ago his own hands had forged; held by furies, the ghosts of his own headlong follies; denied the heaven that opened to his eyes, divided from it as by a great gulf; by the fell consequences of the past; his own passions their own Nemesis.

Would you know the poison that stung him so cruelly amidst the cup of love so bright, so pure, so precious? It was this single passage in that letter of fondest trust and fervent words: "She told me she was your wife, Granville!—your wife!—that coarse, loud-voiced, cruel-eyed

woman! But that at the moment I hated her so bitterly for her assumption, I could have laughed in her face! I could not help telling her it was a pity she did not learn the semblance of a lady to support her in her rôle; for I hated her so much, for daring, even in pretence, to take your name-to venture to claim you. If it was wrong, I could not help it: I love you so dearly that I could never bear even an imaginary rival. That woman your wife! Not even when she told me, not even when she showed me some paper or other she said was a marriage certificate (I never saw one, I cannot tell whether it was at all like what she called it), did a thought of belief in her story—which would have been disbelief in you-cross my mind for a moment; and when I discovered Vane Castleton's cruel plot, and saw so plainly how this woman must have been an emissary of his to try and wean me from you, I was so glad that I had never been disloyal to you even with a thought. I was so thankful, my own dearest, my own Sir Folko, my only friend, my idol ever, the only one on earth whom I love and who loves me, that even with that cruel woman's falsehood in my ears, I never for an instant credited it: I trusted you too well ever to believe that you would have kept such a secret from me. I loved you too fondly to wrong you in your absence by want of that faith which it is your right to expect and mine to give!"

Those were the fond, innocent, noble words that stung him more fiercely than any dagger's thrust, and darkened, with midnight gloom, the joy that dawned for him with the recovery of his lost treasure—joy in itself so great, that it was almost pain. This was the wound which that soft and childlike hand, that would have been itself cut off rather than harm him, struck him so unconsciously, even in the very words that vowed her love and gave her back to him. This is what chained him, Tantalus-like, from the heaven so long yearned for, now so near, but near only to mock his fetters, to elude his grasp. De Vigne was wayward, impetuous; he had carried all things before his own will; he had sacrificed all things to his own desires; he had paid dearly for his passionate impulses-perhaps he had made others pay dearly too; but, whatever errors might be in his life, errors of impulse, of headlong haste, of haughty self-reliance, De Vigne was utterly incapable of betraying trust, and to put faith in him was to disarm him at one blow; where doubt

would only have iced, opposition only excited him.

That Alma should trust him thus-that he must stand before her and say, "Your faith was misplaced—that woman is my wife!"—God help

him! his trial was very great.

REMINISCENCES OF COUNT CAYOUR.

THESE "Reminiscences of Count Cavour's Life and Character," to which we are about to draw our readers' attention, were first given to the public in the pages of a Swiss periodical—the Bibliotèque Universelle of Geneva.

Their author, M. de la Rive, was a relation and close friend of Count Cavour, and had, therefore, unusually favourable opportunities for becoming acquainted with the character and private life of the great Italian statesman. The articles excited so much interest on their appearance in the Bibliotèque Universelle, that they have since been published collectively in a separate form, and are very well translated into English by Mr. Edward Romilly.

M. de la Rive tells us in his preface that we are not to expect from his hands a strictly impartial analysis of his relation's character; "that he takes pride in the admission that he cannot call himself impartial; and that his chief object in these sketches is to describe Count Cavour such as he appeared to one who had known, admired, and loved him."

After this preparation we are, therefore, only surprised to find the Count's actions and opinions so fairly dealt with as they are in the book before us. The sun of glory in which the minister was enveloped would naturally, at least to some degree, dazzle the eyes of an admiring relation; and in this age of stoicism we must confess to honour the man who openly avows himself biased by feelings of affection.

Even, however, to "the strictly impartial," Cavour was a man comme il y en a peu. Few are possessed of his indomitable energy, untiring perseverance, and capacity for work. He was pitiless in the amount of labour he heaped on himself. The ministers for the four separate departments of Foreign Affairs, Finance, War, and Home Affairs, were at one time united in his person, and his whole heart was in his work. The welfare of his country was the great desire of his mind; to raise her into a great power, to develop her capacities, to increase her trade, to educate her people, formed subjects for his never-ceasing care and thought.

Camille Benso de Cavour was, we are told by M. de la Rive, born at Turin, on August 1, 1810. He was the second son of the Marquis Michael Benso de Cavour. The Bensi were an ancient family, and people of mark, centuries before the marquisate of Cavour was conferred (some hundred years ago) by the second King of Sardinia on Michael Anthony Benso, lord of the estate of Santena. Count Camille was brought up in his father's house at Turin till he was about ten years old. His mother describes him, at three or four years of age, as a "good romping boy, stout, obstreperous, and always ready for play." His aunt, the Duchess of Clermont Tonnerre, says of him and his elder brother a little later, "Gustave likes study, Camille has a horror of it." And again: "As for poor Camille, he can make nothing of reading, his sighs are perfectly heartrending, and I cannot sufficiently admire Adèle (his mother), who has the courage to encounter these sighs, and make him repeat b, a, ba."

"In 1816," we quote M. de la Rive, "his parents brought him and

his brother to Geneva. They spent some time at Presinge. I am tempted to allude to this visit, in consequence of my father's having more than once described to me the impression produced by Camille de Cavour on his first coming to Presinge. He was then an arch little fellow, with a countenance full of animation and decision of character. very entertaining in his ways, and with an endless flow of childish frolic and fun. On his arrival he was under a good deal of excitement, and stated to my grandfather that the postmaster at Geneva had given them such execrable horses that he ought to be dismissed. 'I insist upon his being dismissed,' he repeated again and again. 'But,' replied my grandfather, 'I cannot dismiss the postmaster; the first syndic alone has that power.' 'Well, then, I must have an audience of the first syndic.' 'You shall have it to-morrow,' replied my grandfather. And he at once wrote to his friend, M. Schmidtmeyer, then first syndic, and told him he was going to send him 'a most amusing little man;' and accordingly the next day the child appeared at M. S.'s, and was received in due form. With perfect composure he made three low bows, and then, in a clear voice, proceeded to prefer his complaint, and called for judgment. On his return, as soon as he perceived my grandfather, he exclaimed, 'Well, he will be dismissed!"

At ten years of age, Camille was sent by his father to the Military Academy, and soon afterwards he was appointed page to Prince Carignan, an office generally much sought after. The sturdy boy, however, was no courtier; servitude of any kind was gall and wormwood to his independent spirit. His livery made him, as he said himself, "blush with shame," and he made no secret of the joy he felt on being at last dismissed from court in consequence of his disrespectful manners and rebellious disregard of all rules of etiquette. He got on better at the Military Academy, which he left at sixteen, with a commission as sublicutenant of engineers. He often, however, regretted in after life the too exclusive nature of the education he received there. With the exception of mathematics, in which he was a proficient, he appears to have learned but little at the Academy.

In a letter to M. de la Rive's father, written in '43, Count Cavour complains "that his literary education had been sadly neglected;" that in his youthful days "he had never been taught how to arrange his ideas and to write, and never in his life had he had any master of classics or rhetoric." Count Cavour was not, however, by disposition what is strictly called literary; he was not a great reader, and we can quite conceive that at the Academy he did not devote himself as he might to his books. Be this as it may, however, he left the military school with a high character, and then served as sub-lieutenant of engineers in various garrisons for about four years, when, having been unfortunately mixed up in some revolutionary proceedings at Genoa in 1830, he was obliged to leave the service.

He now, for want of other occupation, took to agriculture, and though, when he first turned farmer on the family demesne, in the province of Alba, "it was as much as he could do," to use M. de la Rive's words, "to distinguish a cabbage from a turnip," his progress was rapid, and in 1833 he assumed the management of a large neglected estate at Léri, recently bought by his father. From thence he writes, in '35, to his

friend M. Naville, "I have become an agriculturist for good and all; it is now my vocation. By degrees I have acquired a taste for agricultural pursuits, and I could not now give them up without some regret. But in this respect my mind is at ease, as nothing is likely to put a stop to the career I have entered on. Even if I continued to feel as much interest in politics as I did some years ago, it would be impossible for me to play any active part in public affairs under a government which is as incompatible with my opinions as with my position. Necessity, therefore, as well as inclination, will henceforth tie me down to agricultural pursuits. " M. de la Rive gives a very interesting account of Count Cavour's life at Léri, for which we must refer our readers to the volume before us. The count was not a man for half measures, and once he had chosen farming as his occupation, he threw himself heart and soul into it, with an energy that soon converted the neglected swampy lowlands into a fertile plain. His pleasant rubicund face might be seen in the ricefields at sunrise welcoming the labourers to their work; and whether superintending the clearing of a forest, the making of canals, the manufacture of manures in a large chemical establishment he formed near Turin, or even when aux abois as to where to get the eight hundred merino sheep with which he had undertaken to supply the Pasha of Egypt, he always had a smile or a joke for all with whom he came in contact. His political opinions, however, which he had no scruple in proclaiming, made him a marked man in the eyes of Austria.

When he travelled through the north of Italy he was, according to M. de la Rive, followed by the vigilant eyes of the Austrian police, and it was only when with his relatives in Switzerland (whom he visited almost every autumn from '35 to '48) that he could give vent to the ideas that were fermenting in his mind, and, tired as he was of solitude, restraint, and silence, satisfy his thirst for discussion, and take a bath of liberty.

Cavour's political leanings are well described in a letter from him to M. de la Rive's father, of the date of May, 1833; part of it we shall here

transcribe. He says:

"Many things have taken place, my dear friend, since our political conversations in the walks of Presinge. A terrible commotion, which we did not then foresee, has shaken the political world to its very foundations, and God only knows when it will recover its equilibrium. Those who were moderate reformers have thrown themselves headlong into the arms of the movement party, and are now satisfied with nothing less than turning everything topsy-turvy. . . . Some few who were only afraid of reformers going too fast have retreated as far back as the age of Louis XIV., and would govern the peoples of the nineteenth century on principles taken from the reminiscences of the 'Grand Monarque.' As for me, I have been long wavering in the midst of these opposite movements. . . . At length, after numerous and violent agitations and oscillations, I have ended by fixing myself, like the pendulum of a clock, in the juste milieu. Accordingly, I inform you that I am an honest member of the juste milieu, eager for social progress, and working for it with all my strength, but determined not to purchase it at the cost of political and social subversion. My state of juste-milieuism, however, will not prevent me from wishing to see Italy emancipated as speedily as possible from the barbarians who oppress her, and from foreseeing that a crisis is

inevitable. But I wish this crisis to be brought about with as much prudence as the state of things will admit, and am *ultra* persuaded that frantic attempts of the movement party only retard it, and increase its risks."

An honest man of the *juste milieu* was not likely to be a favourite with all parties, and, consequently, Count Cavour had enemies in plenty. The revolutionists considered him an "ultra-retardist," while to the Austrian party and the court he was equally distasteful.

Of free trade Cavour was, from the very first, an ardent supporter. In

one of his letters he speaks of it in the following terms:

"I have no doubt but that the cause of free trade will make progress with all enlightened people." . . . And again: "I consider the agitation in favour of the corn-laws one of the most important events of the nineteenth century. . . . On the day on which England freely admits articles of primary consumption, as well as those which feed its manufacturing industry, the cause of free trade throughout the world will have been virtually gained. It will then march forward with giant steps, and a generation will not have passed away before it has triumphed over those obstacles which to some seem insurmountable."

For the fourteen years from 1833 to 1847, Cavour resided principally at Léri, but made occasional visits to Paris and London. When at Paris he devoted himself to pleasure of all kinds. As M. de la Rive says: "Cavour there first showed to the fullest extent his talent for the art of living; he led the life of a man of the world, and lived at a great rate." In England it was the *utile* rather than the *dulce* to which he turned his

attention.

At the houses of Mr. Davenport in Cheshire, and of Sir John Boileau in Norfolk, the Count set himself to reap a rich harvest of practical information in British farming, which he carefully treasured up for future use; and a long letter, quoted by M. de la Rive, written by Count Cavour after his return to Turin for the assistance of M. Naville's nephew, who was about to make an agricultural tour in England, proves how carefully when on the spot the Count had studied the merits of the various breeds of cattle, of agricultural implements, and even the smallest minutiæ of British farming.

Our limited space will not allow us to notice here several letters of Count Cavour's on England, her society, and politics; but it is, as M. de la Rive says, "worthy of remark that Pitt and Peel were Cavour's political heroes, and it will surprise many to find that a young man full of ardour, who was surveillé in his own country by the authorities whom he had set at defiance—that an Italian Liberal, in short, should seek his

political heroes in the ranks of the Tories."

In 1847, Count Cavour, in conjunction with some friends, established a newspaper, the Risorgimento, to advocate moderately Liberal views. Of this paper he eventually became editor. Before this time he had rather reluctantly contributed articles to the Bibliotèque Universelle at Geneva at the pressing request of its editor, M. de la Rive, father to Cavour's biographer. These essays are dwelt upon at considerable length in the volume before us. One was on Ireland, and we may mention that Count Cavour's critical remarks in it, on O'Connell and his projects, were singularly justified by the events.

At the time Count Cavour assumed the editorship of the Risorgimento (in December, 1847), great excitement prevailed at Turin, and, indeed, all through Italy. The Genoese had sent a deputation to Turin, to endeavour to induce King Charles Albert to expel the Jesuits and to establish an armed national guard. In the various meetings held by the Liberal party at Turin in support of the requests of the Genoese, Count Cavour took a prominent part. Of his efforts, finally crowned with success, to induce the king to go a step still further, and grant a constitution, M. de la Rive gives a graphic and interesting account. "Finally on the 8th of February, 1848, a royal notice appeared in the official gazette, announcing the determination of the sovereign to grant a constitution. . . . This notice preceded by about a fortnight the final promulgation of the Statuto, which is to the present day the charter of Italy. The important duty of drawing up the law was confided to a special commission, of which Cavour was called upon to form a part." Soon after he stood as candidate for Turin, and was elected, in spite of the efforts of a very strong coalition against him. The Count was then launched on the public career which he pursued till it was cut short by the relentless hand of Death.

We need not here dwell on the events that succeeded each other with such exciting rapidity in the spring months of '48. The disastrous result of the campaign with Austria placed Piedmont in a far worse condition than she was before the outbreak of hostilities; and Victor Emmanuel, on ascending the throne, found it no bed of rose-leaves. Two years afterwards, the united offices of "Minister of Agriculture and of the Navy" being vacant by the death of M. Santa Rosa, they were offered by Massimo d'Azeglio, then first minister, to Cayour, who had always been his enthusiastic champion in the columns of the Risorgimento. He accepted them. "It is said," mentions M. de la Rive, "that when his nomination was laid before the king in council for his approval and signature, Victor Emmanuel observed with a smile, 'I am quite ready to approve, but mark my words, he will take every one of your offices into his own hands'-a saying the letter of which, as well as the spirit, was afterwards verified, for there was not one government department, with the exception of that of Justice, which Cavour was not destined to fill. His activity, intelligence, and knowledge of business soon gave him a preponderating influence in the cabinet, whilst the Chamber grew accustomed to look upon him as the regular spokesman and interpreter of the government—in short, its principal representative. . . . Soon after, too, he was unanimously called upon to succeed the Minister of Finance, who had resigned; and henceforth, at the head of two departments, the union of which gave him entire control over the material interests of the country, he became, in fact, the chief of the cabinet, though not its nominal head."

In October, 1852, Massimo d'Azeglio resigned office, and the king entrusted Cavour (who had resigned some months previously) with the formation of a new ministry, and from this time, with the exception of a short period after the peace of Villafranca, the Count continued to fill the post of first minister continuously till his death.

An interesting sketch of Cavour's manner of life at this period is given

by M. de la Rive, part of which we shall here transcribe.

"Cavour," he says, "carried into his public life all the active habits of

his private life. He was up at four o'clock in the morning, or five at latest. The first part of the day was devoted to official or personal correspondence and to private affairs, and he was always ready to receive those who asked for interviews. . . . He was often interrupted, but never disturbed. With the exception of important despatches, circulars, and documents intended for publication, which were generally written from dictation, all was in his own handwriting. He did not write rapidly, but he wrote correctly, without pretension. . . . When, after breakfasting at nine or ten o'clock on a couple of eggs and a cup of tea, he went to his office, he had already got through a large amount of business without the intervention of any subordinate. . . . For those who like particulars, I may add that after breakfast he used to go on foot to his office, walking fast, every now and then greeting a passer-by with a friendly nod or timely joke. . . . At his office he read his despatches and looked over the papers, went round the departments, and received official visits. Thence he went to the king, the council, the senate, or the Chamber of Deputies, and returned home, stopping on his way at the house of his niece, the Countess Alfieri, in whose intimacy he liked to throw off the cares of office. At six o'clock he dined with his brother, and then retired to his private room, where, surrounded with pamphlets, newspapers, manuscripts, telegraphic messages, letters, new and old, he sought for a vacant arm-chair, and, cigarette in mouth, dozed for a few minutes. He then returned to his work, never going into society unless his presence was absolutely required, and yet ready to pass an hour or two at the theatre. Lastly, except on rare occasions, which towards the end of his life became frequent, he went to bed before midnight. There never was a statesman with less formality of manner, freer in his conversation, or more ready, as it seemed, to commit himself."

Perhaps a slight sketch of the great minister's personal appearance may not be unacceptable here, even though in this age of photographs many must know Cavour well by sight. He bore the stamp of his German ancestry in his stout, rather clumsy figure, broad face, brown hair, and light eyes. His sanguine temperament, however, had effectually effaced all traces of German sleepiness. How the grey eyes flashed and sparkled from behind the veil of his large spectacles with thoroughly Italian fire! Every passing emotion, however transient, found a place in the rubicund, animated, wonderfully expressive countenance, which presented new phases continually with truly Southern mobility. A thoroughly bon enfant was the first impression the sight of Cavour excited; while the broad capacious forehead showed that good sense and judgment were also strongly represented. The first years of his administration were almost exclusively (to quote M. de la Rive's words) "devoted to internal reforms, and in endeavouring to carry out the principles of the Statuto." Here the systematic hostility of the senate, inspired by the Church, caused Cavour innumerable worries: his free-trade principles met with great opposition, and when the failure of two of the most important crops of Piedmont, coupled with the advent of the cholera, excited want, murmuring, and terror amongst the people, his difficulties rose to their climax. "One day a mob made its appearance in front of Cavour's house, giving utterance to insulting cries, vowing vengeance and death, and breaking his windows." Such

an accumulation of difficulties deeply affected the Count, but he held his

ground.

"Our political state," he wrote at this time to his relative, M. de la Rive, "is becoming more and more intricate. We have to contend against famine, priests, and reactionists. . . . If to all this is to be added war, we shall find ourselves very seriously embarrassed. Nevertheless, I do not despair, the government can entirely rely upon the king, . . . also upon the majority of the old Piedmontese provinces, who are

thoroughly true to the constitution."

But the bitterest of all Cavour's enemies were in the ranks of the clergy; and a law drawn up by Ratazzi in 1855, and presented to the Chambers, drew forth their most furious invectives. Its principal object was gradually to suppress certain religious communities, and to apply their property to improve the incomes of the inferior clergy. This law had Cavour's warmest support, whose attention had long been drawn to the position of the lower orders of the clergy. The annual stipend of a large number of curés (we quote from M. de la Rive) did not amount to five hundred francs (about twenty pounds sterling), while the dignitaries of the Church enjoyed enormous revenues, and the religious bodies possessed property which was constantly increasing by fresh acquisitions and bequests. The Ratazzi law, however, whatever its merits were, raised a storm which must have proved fatal to the government were it not for the firmness of the king. The three deaths of the queenmother, the queen, and the Duke of Genoa, within a few days of each other, were pointed out as judgments from God, and it required almost superhuman firmness in Victor Emmanuel to stand by his minister unmoved by the pressure brought to bear on him. "Cavour, on his side, also, dejected but resolute, stood firm: the law passed, and is known as the 'Ratazzi law' to this day.

Suddenly Genoa was decked with flags, Turin was illuminated, the whole country in a state of rejoicing. The Sardinians had repulsed the Russians in battle on the Tchernaia, and Cayour was suddenly discovered

to be a great man!

"As early as 1854," says M. de la Rive, "Cavour being with Count Lisio at the house of Madame Alfieri, his niece said to him, 'Why don't you send ten thousand men to the Crimea?' 'Well said,' observed Count Lisio. Cavour was startled; a smile suddenly lighted up his countenance, and then with a sigh he answered, 'Ah! if every one had your courage, what you suggest would have been done already.' months afterwards, in November, when he again met Count Lisio in the same drawing-room, and was standing silent and thoughtful before the fireplace, his niece said to him, 'Well, uncle, when do we start for the Crimea?' 'Who can tell?' answered Cavour. 'England urges me to conclude a treaty with her, which would enable our troops to wipe out the disgrace of Novara. But what can I do? The whole of the cabinet is against it. Ratazzi himself, and even my excellent friend La Marmora, talk of resigning. However, the king is with me, and we two may carry the day.' It is well known that the king and Cavour did carry the day, the Piedmontese troops were sent to the Crimea, and a treaty entered into with England and France in spite of a warm opposition."

M. de la Rive devotes a good deal of space to a description of the

operations of the congress held at Paris on the conclusion of the Russian war, and to Cavour's bitter disappointment at nothing being done there to remedy the grievances of Italy. The war with Austria, for which he had hoped to find supporters, had to be postponed indefinitely, and Cavour returned to Turin to find himself the object of the most enthusiastic popular favour. Public subscriptions were opened everywhere to offer him testimonials of his country's gratitude. For the next two years the Count set himself to work to prepare the country for the war that he intended should come sooner or later, but it was not until after his visit to the Emperor Napoleon at Plombières, in September, 1858, that war with Austria was finally resolved on, and the support of France promised.

"Of the provisions of the treaty that was then concluded," says M. de la Rive, "the following are matters of history. The creation of a northern kingdom of Italy, extending to the Adriatic, and including the duchies of Parma and Modena. Lastly, the annexation of Nice

and Savoy by France."

Whether the benefits to be derived by Sardinia in the alliance with France were sufficient to counterbalance the cession of Nice and Savoy, is a subject which will always be open to differences of opinion. M. de la Rive passes it over with very slight notice, but we can gather that he did not consider the cession was excused by political necessity, and

that in this instance he does not uphold his relative's conduct.

From September, 1858, until the outbreak of hostilities, Cavour was overwhelmed with business of every kind. "It was," as M. de la Rive says, "a period of incessant and prodigious labour. Superintending the enrolment of various corps of volunteers, attending to the provisionment of the army, interviews with great and small, envoys on the point of departure, volunteer leaders, in a word, with all the world. At all hours of the night couriers and telegraphic messages; hardly in bed when he has to get up again to unravel long documents in cipher, and to reply to them. One day at Turin, when there was a talk of a congress, on going to Cavour's house, I saw his valet in the ante-room reading the papers. 'So,' I observed, we are to have peace.' 'Peace!' he exclaimed, 'nothing of the kind; the newspapers don't know what they are talking about; Monsieur le Comte is in quite too good spirits for that!'"

Once, and once only, Cavour feared there might be some hesitation on the part of the Emperor of the French, when he, in April, received a telegraphic message from Paris desiring him to "accept immediately the preliminary conditions of a congress." "For an instant the Count felt undecided, rebellious," then submitted, and reaped his reward in the

ultimatum of Austria.

We need not dwell here on the Italian campaign of '59. An account of Count Cavour's feelings, however, at the peace of Villafranca, as described by M. de la Rive, will not be, we think, uninteresting to our readers.

"Cavour," he says, "was not taken entirely by surprise at Villafranca; he had already felt anxious for several days. Without, however, being apprehensive that peace would be concluded so soon and so suddenly, he was, nevertheless, alarmed at certain symptoms of weariness and hesita-

tion in the prosecution of the war. On receiving the first intelligence of the armistice, he set off for the camp, where, being at once introduced into the presence of the Emperor, he did not disguise his feelings of pain and resentment. When he arrived in Switzerland (in the first days of August) these feelings were at their height. Staggering under the blow which had just overturned the scaffolding of his policy—disappointed, wounded to the quick—he gave vent, according to his custom, with perfect openness to his feelings. Yet, notwithstanding his irritation, which he made no effort to conceal, I never heard him attribute the sudden veering round of the Emperor to any secret arrangements, or to any interested views." "The Emperor yielded," Cavour said, "to the pressure of certain persons round him, who were impatient to return to Paris, to the fears that the heat of the climate made him entertain for the health of his army, and to the repulsion he felt at the sight of battle-fields. These were the motives which decided him. He gave me excellent reasons for

not making war, but not one good one for making peace."

It was during this visit of Count Cavour's to Switzerland that, one September day, "dejected and moody," he was sitting on the parapet of a wall at Hermance with M. de la Rive and his brother. "At a few steps from us," says his relative, "before the door of a public-house, a small group of peasants was assembled, and among them two soldiers belonging to the custom-house. One of these soldiers, a tall man, with a striking countenance, a long, light moustache, and searching eye, leaving the rest of the party, came up to us with a firm step, and stopping in front of Cavour, stood motionless, without apparently noticing our astonishment. All at once he said, abruptly, 'Sind sie Cavour?' 'What does he want?' asked the Count. 'He wants to know if you are Cavour.' Upon an affirmative nod, the soldier took Cavour's hand and squeezed it hard, while two large tears rolled down his sunburnt cheeks; then, turning suddenly round, he walked off and disappeared. 'That German,' said Cavour, with a somewhat broken voice, 'seems to me an honest fellow.' Then he remained silent, abstractedly pulling up bits of grass that sprouted up in the fissures of the wall." The sympathy of a foreigner went to his heart.

Not many months after, Cavour resumed office. "Conspiring," he said, just before his return to Turin, "was now forced on him as the business of his life." He set himself to form an Italian kingdom from the will of Italy. Cavour, according to M. de la Rive, was neither ignorant of, nor did he try to prevent, Garibaldi's expedition to Sicily and Naples. The impediments which government was supposed to have placed in the way of the enrolment of the volunteers, of their equipment, and of their embarkation, are all mere illusions. Cavour was averse to oppose the stream of popular favour which bore Garibaldi along, and avoided resisting a movement with which he naturally sympathised.

At the bitter quarrel that subsequently took place between Garibaldi and Cavour, M. de la Rive only glances. That Cavour was the first to forgive, we learn from other sources, and that he, when on his death-bed, spoke kindly of Garibaldi, is recorded by Madame Alfieri in her affecting account of his last illness. Their object was the same; their plans for obtaining an undivided Italy for the king they both delighted to honour, different. Both were patriots, and yet essentially dissimilar. The one,

choleric, passionate, and demonstrative, could yet, guided by his strong good sense and practical judgment, with never-tiring patience, wait untiringly on time; the other, externally so calm, so unmoved, was yet swayed restlessly here and there by every passing event, and his ardent courage, which amounted to rashness, kept him in a perpetual fever, only allayed by the battle-field. It was in January, 1861, that delegates from the whole of Italy, except Rome and Venice, assembled at Turin, and took their oaths of allegiance to Victor Emmanuel as their legitimate king. A short time after (in March), Cavour made the speech since become so celebrated—destined, as M. de la Rive says, "to be the last of the manifestoes by which he made known to Europe the aspirations of Italy."

The star of Italy," Cavour then said, "is Rome. That is our polar star. The Eternal City, round which twenty-five centuries have accumulated all the glories of the world, must be the capital of Italy. . . . Holy father, we shall be able to say to the Sovereign Pontiff, temporal power is no longer a guarantee of your independence. Renounce it, and we will give you in return that liberty which for three centuries you have in vain demanded from all the great Catholic powers. . . . Well, that liberty which you have never obtained from those powers who boast of being your protectors, we, your devoted sons, offer you in all its plenitude. We are ready to proclaim throughout Italy the great principle of

a free church in a free state."

A little more than two months after the speaker was in his grave. We shall not spoil the Countess Alfieri's affecting narrative of his last days by abridgment here. Those who would see the last thoughts of the dying statesman, we refer to M. de la Rive's volume, where they are recorded by the pen of the niece who loved him so well. "On the sixth of June, without suffering, without a struggle," Italy's greatest minister

"gave up his soul to God."

We must now conclude. We have dwelt at perhaps too great length as it is on the contents of the interesting volume before us. As M. de la Rive himself says, "the life of Count Cavour has still to be written;" meanwhile, in these graphic "Reminiscences" of the Count's life and character we learn much that is interesting of a man who achieved European celebrity, and who, with all his faults, most undeniably deserved well of his country.

Ο.

CHARLES THE FIFTH'S SONG IN HIS COFFIN.*

FROM THE DANISH OF B. S. INGEMANN.

By Mrs. Bushby.

The passing-bell, ding dong! ding dong!

Hark! calls me to the dead.

Let me, 'midst prayers and holy song,

Now sleep that sleep, so deep, so long,

Upon this soft, smooth bed!

The passing-bell, ding dong! ding dong!

Hark! calls me to the dead.

A king I was but late—a strong,

A mighty empire's head;

The world too small with its countless throng,

And now a coffin is too long!

The passing-bell, ding dong! ding dong!

Hark! calls me to the dead.

Hush! hush! Ah! softer, softer yet;
Disturb my dreams no more.

Hush! let me sleep in peace, and let
Me now all earthly things forget,
And the crown I lately wore.

Hush! hush! Ah! softer, softer yet;
Disturb my dreams no more.

Let now my name aside be set,
And flattery's words be o'er.

Behold! a corpse I lie, though yet
The gates of heaven I have not met.

Hush! hush! Ah! softer, softer yet;
Disturb my dreams no more.

Hasten, hasten, onwards bear
Me now to calm repose.
Haste, let my weary bones rest there,
Within that vaulted chamber, where
You lamp sepulchral glows.

^{*} It is well known that Charles V., one of the greatest monarchs of Europe, tired of ambition, and of the overwhelming cares of his extensive government, retired, towards the close of his life, to the monastery of St. Justus, where he not only abjured all the luxuries of his elevated station, but subjected himself to many severe penances. "To display his zeal and merit the favour of Heaven," says Robertson, in his Life of Charles, "he fixed on an act as wild and uncommon as any that superstition ever suggested to a weak and disordered fancy. He resolved to celebrate his own obsequies before his death. He ordered his tomb to be erected in the chapel of the monastery. His domestics marched thither in funeral procession, with black tapers in their hands. He himself followed in his shroud. He was laid in his coffin with much solemnity. The service for the dead was chanted, and Charles joined in the prayers which were offered up for the rest of his soul, mingling his tears with those which his attendants shed, as if they had been celebrating a real funeral. The ceremony closed with sprinkling holy water on the coffin in the usual form, and all the assistants retiring, the doors of the chapel were shut. Then Charles rose out of the coffin, and withdrew to his apartment, full of those awful sentiments which such a singular solemnity was calculated to inspire."

Hasten, hasten, onwards bear
Me now to calm repose.

Take back the crown 'twas mine to wear,
So laden with all human woes;
That crown I may no longer bear—
'Tis bloody! Ah! then cleanse it fair;
And hasten, hasten, onwards bear
Me now to calm repose.

Hush! hush! Ah! grant me rest,
Grant me rest within the grave.
Never was my spirit blest,
Never to my bosom rest
The gnawing worm yet gave.
Hush! hush! Ah! grant me rest,
Grant me rest within the grave.
The worm alone is the constant guest
Of the king as of the slave.
Ay, ever does the worm infest
And prey upon the human breast.
Hush! hush! Ah! grant me rest,
Grant me rest within the grave.

Hither, hither, come ye mighty
To this fir-wood chest;
Hither come, and ye shall see
Him whom, among the great like ye,
The world call'd greatest, best.
Hither, hither, come ye mighty
To this fir-wood chest.
He who wielded sceptres three,
He who could so easy wrest
Kingdoms from the mightiest, he
Now fights—alas! that it should be!—
Now fights with loathsome reptiles, see!
Within this narrow chest.

The passing-bell, ding dong! ding dong!
Let peace be with the dead.
Let him, 'midst prayers and holy song,
Now sleep that sleep, so deep, so long,
Upon this soft, smooth bed.
The passing-bell, ding dong! ding dong!
Let peace be with the dead.
A king he was but late—a strong,
A mighty empire's head;
The world too small with its countless throng,
And now a coffin is too long.
The passing-bell, ding-dong! ding dong!
Let peace be with the dead!

A DARK STORY.

My name is Charles Whitfield, and I was born in 1817, in Berks county, Pennsylvania. After receiving an education at Lancaster, which might be called good for that day, I was apprenticed to a druggist at Philadelphia, but soon grew tired of that, and followed my inclination for the sea by entering aboard an East Indiaman. As it is not the purpose of this article to describe my cruising about the ocean, I will simply add that, at the beginning of the present civil war, I had the misfortune to see my own vessel burnt by the Jefferson Davis privateer, and was thus compelled to ship aboard the Black Hawk, a large New England clipper, as first mate. Could I but have foreseen what a melancholy occurrence would be connected with this ship, I would certainly have sooner gone before the mast in some other vessel than have enjoyed the

comforts of a first officer on board of her.

After taking in a cargo of machinery and tea at Boston, we sailed across the Atlantic by the northern passage, and, after a three weeks' voyage, found ourselves between Dunnet Head and the Orkneys, whence we steered direct for the Skager Rack; after knocking about for some time in the Cattegat and the Baltic, we ran direct before a western breeze into the Gulf of Finland, and on the forty-second day, after losing Cape Cod out of sight, we anchored under the batteries of Cronstadt. During the whole voyage I had but little opportunity of becoming acquainted with the master, Mr. Morton, who proved himself a first-rate seaman, but a merciless tyrant to the crew, because the second mate was taken ill soon after we sailed, and I was constantly on duty. Only this much I noticed, that the demon lurked behind his scowling grey eyes, and that he cared little for human lives. When other vessels shortened sail in stormy weather, he would spread all the canvas he could, not caring whether a man fell overboard or not when aloft. During a thick fog in Pentland Straits, a fishing smack only escaped from being run down by the steerer letting the Black Hawk fall off half a point, and Morton flew at the man like a tiger for altering his course, and said that if the smack had been sunk, it would have served the crew right for lying in his track. Soon after this occurrence an old sailor, who stated that he had known the master for a long time, imparted to me that he had formerly gone by the name of Howard, and had been mixed up in the well-known mutiny on board the United States brig Sommers; after that he obtained a commission in the newly-formed German navy, and he, the sailor, had lost him entirely out of sight, until, to his surprise, he recognised him on the quarter-deck of the Black Hawk. Morton, in truth, looked as if he had led an adventurous life; his weather-beaten, deeply-furrowed face gave evidence of violent passions, and when he had been drinking he made the ship a very hell for the crew. Under such circumstances I naturally kept very quiet with him, and attended to the strict performance of my Hence, I was not sorry when, immediately after our arrival at Cronstadt, he went with the next steamer to St. Petersburg, and left me to unload the cargo and settle with the custom-house officers. During

his absence we all breathed freely, and these days were certainly the

pleasantest that I spent aboard the Black Hawk.

A broker, who had business on board the ship, told me that Morton, who had formerly been engaged at Sebastopol in raising the sunken menof-war, was applying to the Russian Admiralty for an appointment in the navy, but his services had been declined, for, although his merits were fully recognised, it was feared that he might act too independently—an experience which the imperial government had only too often made with Americans.

At length, after fourteen days' absence, Morton again appeared on board, but in a very bad temper, which he explained by the fact that he could obtain no back freight for the United States: he was therefore resolved to sail to Copenhagen in spite of the advanced season, where he expected letters from his owners, and also hoped to obtain a cargo for St. Thomas. We therefore set sail towards the end of October, and slowly beat down to the Sound against contrary winds. During this trip, Morton became more familiar with me, while his behaviour to the crew was much milder: he rarely cursed, and, more rarely still, threatened them with the rope's end. As the second mate, who was suffering from an incurable disease of the lungs, and pined for his green Vermont mountains, still kept his bed, Morton was thrown on me for company, and became remarkably communicative. I was amazed at the multitude of events of which he had been witness, and could not sufficiently admire his knowledge of languages. He gave me to understand that for a long time he had not stood on the best of terms with the United States marshals, and had therefore preferred to try his fortune in European waters, for which the wars and revolutions had given him abundant opportunities. not till the outbreak of the civil war that he returned to the New England States, and being supported by the influence of a senator, to whose son he had once rendered a service, he obtained the command of the Black Hawk.

After an eleven days' voyage, we at length cast anchor close under the Three Crown Battery at Copenhagen, and Morton, who had told me that he knew the city well from former times, at once went ashore to look up old friends and fetch his letters. He came aboard again the next morning in rather a desponding mood, and told me that it would be difficult to obtain a freight for St. Thomas or the West Indies, as the merchants gave a preference to the neutral flag on account of the war. Besides, his owners had sent him instructions, if possible, not to take any cargo for the United States on account of the Southern privateers: if he did not succeed in getting a cargo in the Baltic for some European port, he was to sail to Southampton, where he would find further instructions. He added—and as he spoke a dark shadow flitted across his wrinkled forehead—that he had met some old friends ashore, and that, if I and the crew were the right sort of fellows, we might do a profitable stroke of business.

"Do you not think, Charley," he continued, confidentially, "that our Black Hawk has famous ribs, and that her keel is as strong as that of a frigate? We may possibly be beset in the ice this winter, and I therefore think it will be as well to order some carpenters from Nyholm to strengthen our bows."

These and similar remarks of Morton's the more struck me, because I considered the strengthening of our bows a perfectly needless expense, while the master usually displayed an almost dangerous parsimony in providing for the ship's wants. Moreover, the Black Hawk was as strong as wood and iron could possibly make her, for all the New Eng-

land clippers are built of the best materials.

Towards evening two gentlemen came on board, who reminded me of our Broadway dandies. They greeted Morton in a very friendly manner, and, after the customary remarks, followed him to the cabin, where he shut himself in with them. At the expiration of two hours they left the ship, and Morton, whom I had never before seen so polite, accompanied them to the side ladder; then he walked up to me, and said that he had been discussing with his visitors a very important affair, which he might

hereafter impart to me, if I promised an inviolable silence.

The next day, as Morton readily granted me leave, I quietly strolled about the streets of Copenhagen, in order to have a look at the curiosities. On this and the following days I frequently fell in with Danish sailors, who liked to spin a yarn over a mug of beer and a Dutch pipe. As the majority of them spoke English and German, I could get along with them famously. The subject of conversation was generally the impending war with Germany, which country they most cordially hated. Prussia, they said, who had betrayed her own countrymen and allies in the last war, was now daring to utter warlike threats, and arrogantly pointed to her newly-rising navy. If the merchants of Hamburg and Bremen were to use such language respect would be felt for them, as they were practical men, who would equip good men-o'-war and appoint officers who had seen service, but the wind-bags at Dantzig understood as much about the sea as a donkey did of playing the harpsichord. I am sorry that I did not take down in my journal all their remarks about the Prussians and their naval system. As I had myself once served aboard a man-o'-war, such arrangements as they told me existed in the Prussian navy appeared to me most impracticable, even ridiculous; in any case, the manœuvres of a parade-ground are not adapted for the quarter-deck of a frigate, and if such a system be carried on for any length of time mischief cannot fail to come from it.

Morton, who now became extraordinarily communicative with me, and frequently took me ashore with him, seemed to have given up all hopes of obtaining a freight, and as the second mate grew worse and worse, he ordered me to take more ballast on board in order to make the ship heavier. The Black Hawk, in truth, when not loaded, was too high out of the water, which is dangerous in stormy weather, especially when a ship is clipper-rigged, as ours was. Morton also had the bowsprit strengthened by stays, whose construction he superintended on a plan of his own: the cutwater was also covered with heavy oak planks, and, in short, preparations were made as if we were about to sail directly for the Arctic Ocean. When I asked Morton for what purpose he had these alterations made, he laughed equivocally, and said: "Charley, you must not be so curious: when the time comes, you will be thankful to me for sharpening our Hawk's beak, for it will soon require it." As he gave no answer to my further questions, but did everything to gain my good opinion, I paid no further attention to the matter. We sailors are

thorough careless fellows, who do not care to bother our brains—and is not the captain absolute lord aboard his ship, and not responsible to any one? Still, I noticed with surprise that the two gentlemen to whom I previously referred came continually on board, and that Morton showed the alterations he had effected on the bowsprit to his own and their satisfaction. These gentlemen were neither sailors nor ship-builders, as could be seen by their hands. I instinctively suspected them, and could almost say with Shakspeare:

By the pricking of my thumbs, Something wicked this way comes.

One afternoon, as I was admiring the equestrian statue of Christian V. in the New Market, I felt a gentle tap on my shoulder. On turning round, I noticed a Danish sailor whose acquaintance I had formed. He offered me his stick of Cavendish, and said cheerily:

"Well, messmate, if you would like to see a real Prussian man-o'-war, come across with me to Amager Island; the *Amazone* corvette is just coming in. You need not be in a great hurry though, for she is as slow

as a snail."

As I had nothing else to do I accepted the offer, and we were soon in Christianshaven, whence we reached a point from which the approaching vessel could be observed. In truth, had not the old sailor told me that the Amazone was a man-of-war, and had I not seen the ports, I could have scarce believed her to be such. Disproportionally tall masts, set in a hull which more resembled an oblong wash-tub than a smart corvette, loose shrouds, and the running rigging so far from taut that it offended a seaman's eye—all this necessarily produced no great notion of her efficiency. She tacked slowly with a moderate breeze, and the manœuvres were excessively slow, and showed a want of hands. My old friend, however, explained to me that she was a training-ship, and had but few old sailors on board, as the duty was performed by half-grown cadets.

After watching the Amazone for a while, we returned to Christianshaven, and continued our conversation over a glass of grog. Towards evening I went on board, where I did not find Morton. I gave the boatswain and the sail-master some orders, and then went to my state-room, in order to make up the ship's log-book, and record the events of the day in my journal, as I regularly did. While hard at my writing I was disturbed by a noise, and heard the steward introduce two strangers into the cabin, where they wished to wait for the master. At first I paid but little attention to this circumstance, till I recognised by their voices that they were Morton's mysterious visitors. As I was close to them, merely separated by a wooden partition, I could understand every word they said. They purposely spoke in German, because they conjectured that not one of the crew understood that language: they had no idea that I was close to them, or that, as a Pennsylvanian by birth, I could understand every When I heard the name of the Amazone used in connexion with Morton, I became doubly attentive, and tried to imprint on my memory, if not every word, at least the precise meaning. One of the men had an unpleasant, sharp dialect, and so I will call him the Croaker; the other spoke benevolently and unctuously, like a Baptist minister, and so I will call him the Lisper.

"My dearest friend," the Croaker began, "when did you see the baron last?"

"Not since the day before yesterday," the Lisper replied, "at Friedensborg, where he had a long conversation with the Countess - with reference to our matter. He told me that the lady seemed very well satisfied, and if we carried out our enterprise through Morton, and managed to keep the matter perfectly quiet, we could not fail to obtain the Dannebrog order. The baron also added that his court could not interfere further, and had done enough in placing the Nyholm docks at our disposal. Herr Hall is too honourable, and if he were to hear anything

of the affair he would put Morton in irons."

"Herr Hall is a bourgeois parvenu, and has no noble feelings; he ought to know that the new creation of the navy is a thorn in the eye of our party, and that we only see in it a manœuvre of the democracy, by which to hurl good old feudal Prussia into the vortex of the revolution. Hence it is my opinion that Danish statesmen ought to greet with pleasure any event that prevents our king and prince from creating a navy, even if they decline connivance. For, as the interests of Denmark can never allow Prussia to become a maritime power, and as the feudal party in our country sees a dangerous change in it, both parties are served if we nip it in the bud."

"You are perfectly right in that, but this Lieutenant Herrmann, of the Amazone, is said to be coquetting with the Liberal party; he has even refused to go to sea because the ship is no longer seaworthy, and he will not accept the responsibility of the lives of the cadets; only detailed

instructions from Berlin will induce him to do so."

"What an instinct these men have!"

"In truth, friend, we are engaging on this occasion in the most daring but most honourable diplomacy, for thus to serve the good cause privily, and give the democratic institutions a blow from which they will not easily recover, is an incomparable deed, and receiving an order for such services is far more honourable than for mere court duties. I am only anxious about one thing, lest the coup may miss, and the king or the prince get wind of it. Although his majesty is thoroughly wearied about the navy business, still he would be furious, and regard our wellmeant services as anything but loyal, and act accordingly."

"Do not be at all alarmed, my excellent friend. Morton is warmly recommended to us from St. Petersburg, and is most certainly the man to keep his word. Moreover, he is entirely in our hands, as he will only receive the other half of the stipulated reward when the deed is done.

But silence—I think that he is coming!"

At this moment I heard Morton cursing tremendously, because the deck-watch had placed no lantern at the side ropes; he seemed to have been drinking, and walked noisily into his cabin, where the strangers were awaiting him. I quickly blew out my light, got into my berth, and pretended to be asleep.

"At last!" one of the gentlemen said in German. "We were beginning

to think that Mr. Morton had altered his mind."

"An honourable man keeps his word," Morton replied. "But, before we say any more, allow me a moment to see whether we are all safe."

Soon after the door of my state-room opened, and Morton looked

cautiously in with a light to see whether I was asleep. I naturally behaved as if the very trumpets of Jericho could not wake me, and snored like an Irishman who had his cargo of whisky aboard. Morton withdrew quite satisfied.

The conversation in the cabin went on in whispers, but I soon understood that they were talking about money. I heard the rustling of banknotes, and Morton say, sulkily, "Well, here are ten one hundred-pound

notes, all right, but how does it stand with the draft?"

"Here it is," the croaking gentleman whispered. "When you have faithfully fulfilled the conditions, you can at once draw at sight upon our

London bankers for the other thousand."

"The bargain is settled. That will do," Morton replied. "I only desire one thing, that we may find thoroughly stormy weather in the German Ocean, for if it blow hard, and anything happens, suspicion will not be so easily aroused."

"The pilots of Elsinore say," the lisping gentleman remarked, "that it is always stormy at this season in the Cattegat and German Ocean.

By-the-by, when do you sail?"

"We can go to sea to-morrow morning or afternoon," Morton answered, "as everything is ready. We shall soon catch up the old snail, or, at any rate, she will anchor off Kronenburg, when we can have a nearer look at her. At daybreak I will have all clear, and we shall soon be in the Sound with the present favourable current. But come, gentlemen, a parting glass. Halloa, steward!" he shouted. "What, you rascal, are you asleep already? I'll break every bone in your carcase."

Soon after I heard the rattling of glasses and the popping of champagne corks, and Morton proposed bold toasts, which were quietly responded to by the other gentlemen. They drank to a successful result, and then parted. Shortly after the master came into my state-room, shook me out of my apparent sleep, and told me that the anchor must be a-peak by daybreak, as the Elsinore pilot would come aboard during

the night.

It was the morning of the 3rd of November, when the sun dispersed the dense fog, and illumined the roads of Elsinore with its beams. The wind had turned during the night, and a fresh breeze now blew from south-east to south. The numerous vessels which had been waiting for favourable weather to pass from the Sound into the Cattegat took advantage of the opportunity, and set every inch of sail. Morton, who came on deck by daybreak, constantly consulted the barometer, and expressed his opinion that the fine weather would not last long. "The Prussian, there," he added, pointing to the tall masts of the Amazone, "must know better, though, for he is making his preparations to put out to sea. If he ventures it with his wash-tub, our clipper need not feel alarmed. So, all hands on deck. Mr. Whitfield, have the anchor run up quick. Why do you delay? Do not set too much sail, though, for we wish to remain in the Prussian's track: you see, he is as slow as a German stage-coach."

Ere long we were under weigh, the Black Hawk obeyed her helm splendidly, and moved at a moderate rate over the rippling sea. Now we were able to see the superiority of the American art of ship-building. While the other vessels did their best, and had set all sail, we had spread

scarce a third of our canvas, and yet we caught up, in a very short time, the clumsy colliers, galliots, and other short-built ships. We only left the Amazone ahead of us, who sailed better than the others; but for all that, badly enough for a man-of-war. When we reached Kullen's Point we had left most of the ships behind us. Towards evening the Swedish coast disappeared from sight, and when it became dark we could distinctly see the green and red lights of the Prussian ahead of us. Morton gave the man at the wheel and the watch the strictest orders to keep the Amazone in sight, and then went down to the cabin. Soon after he sent the steward to summon me. I found him sitting in deep thought at the table, with his head resting on his hand.

"Charley," he said, "I sent for you to have a little chat, for it is not

pleasant to be all alone with one's thoughts."

After saying this, he pushed a box of Turkish tobacco over to me, and told me to fill my pipe, as he himself did. Then he ordered the steward to mix a strong bowl of punch, sent him away, and filled the glasses. I silently took a seat opposite, and, while waiting for what was coming, I veiled myself in the blue clouds of Latakia.

He emptied his glass at a draught, as if trying to give himself courage, and his usually so stern eyes assumed a milder expression. Then he began

as follows:

"Charley, I am well aware that you distrust me, and that much in my conduct appears enigmatical to you; still, when you have heard the history of my past life, the shadows of my character will not surprise you. More than twenty years ago I was a midshipman on board the United States brig Sommers, and as happy and careless as a young man can be. There the devil tempted me, and I mixed myself up in the mutiny which the son of the secretary of the navy at that time brought about. Severe discipline and bad treatment caused us to take this step. Of course you remember the facts? The Sommers was the fastest vessel in the whole navy, and was afterwards capsized by a squall off Vera Cruz, during the Mexican war. The mutiny was discovered, the leaders were summarily hanged, and I and several others taken in irons to New York. There I succeeded in escaping from Governor's Island, and getting on board a Bremen ship in the Narrows, which was bound for Rio. From that time I knocked about every sea, for of course I was obliged to avoid the States. I brought many a freight of living ebony from the African coast to Cuba, and lost many thousand dollars at the Havannah at monté. I constantly sank deeper, for, as the French say, 'Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte.' Daring and lucky in the trade as I was, I was no longer inclined to trade for the lazy Dons, but equipped, at the price of all I had in the world, a Baltimore clipper, and safely reached the Cuban coast with five hundred of the finest niggers, my own property. Fate decreed, however, that one of those accursed government steamers, which are always sniffing round Key West, came across me. If we had had a decent breeze I should have got away and landed my cargo all right, but a dead calm suddenly set in, and I was only too glad to escape ashore with my crew in the boats. The man-of-war seized my vessel and the slaves; thus I again became a poor man, and I had hardly enough money left to keep me for a few weeks at the Havannah. I would now have gladly returned to New Orleans, where I fancied that I was less known,

when I read in the New York Herald the report of the capture of my vessel, in which it was also mentioned that her captain was, in all probability, the runaway mutineer from the Sommers, who had now escaped his legal punishment for the second time. Alarmed by this article, I gave up for the time all hope of returning to my native land. In the same paper I read a long report about the new formation of a German navy, and that able-bodied seamen were required for it. As I had every reason to consider myself such, and was also resolved to begin an entirely new course of life, in a country where I was unknown, I hastened to Germany, where, by the aid of testimonials which my old friends the Dons gave me, I soon obtained my appointment as officer on board one of the new men-of-war in course of equipment. I certainly had now only as many dollars as I before had doubloons, but I felt cheered by the fact that I had again become a respectable member of society. I also knew that if the new navy were really intended to fight the Danish men-ofwar, which were at that time threatening the German coasts, I should have plenty of opportunities to distinguish myself, for you know, Charley, that I had often before looked death in the face without winking. this expectation I did my duty quietly, and gained an excellent name as an instructor. Once at Bremenhaven I came across an old comrade, but he luckily took no notice of me, as he did not recognise me in my uniform. As we lay at anchor, inactive in the Weser, we had of course plenty of spare time, and employed it in making country excursions. On one of these I formed the acquaintance of a clergyman's daughter. I managed to gain her affections, and, in spite of her father's opposition, she became my wife. Charley, I tell you, at that time I was very happy, and I believe, too, on the best way to become an honest fellow."

At this point Morton was interrupted, for Brown, the boatswain, thrust his shock head into the cabin and hurriedly summoned us on deck. I took a passing glance at the barometer, and noticed that the mercury had fallen tremendously. On reaching deck we found the sky pitch dark, not a star was to be seen, and only the red and green lights of the Prussian gleamed at intervals. In the perfect calm the sails flapped against the masts, and a faint streak of lightning over the rocky coasts of Sweden warned us that a storm was coming up, as so often happens in these latitudes on the approach of the cold season. This time, however, it was no ordinary storm, with the thin zig-zag lines of northern lightning, but it resembled in violence those thunder-storms which cause terror in the tropics. We took in all sail, home to the double-reefed fore-topsail and fore-topmast staysail, or just enough canvas for the ship to answer the helm, and waited for what might come. Suddenly the tempest hurtled above our heads, and the sky was for several hours one incessant sheet of fire, until the pouring rain extinguished its gleaming

lights.

Morton was standing by my side on the quarter-deck, and pointing with his telescope to the Prussian corvette, which displayed its outline on the fiery sky about half a mile from us: it was a truly demoniacal sight, worthy of the Flying Dutchman. The Amazone, like our ship, displayed almost bare spars. Still she seemed to roll on the now excited sea like a drunken man, which was evidently the result of her bad build, while our ship heeled over gracefully on her larboard side. Towards

morning, Morton went below, after giving me strict orders not to lose sight of the vessel ahead of us: for this purpose I went on the forecastle and ordered my night-glass to be brought me. My task was the easier because the Amazone was obliged to leave the Skagener Reef six miles to leeward, like ourselves. Mr. Brown joined me, made a few remarks about the sudden storm, and declared that if he had not known we were in the Cattegat, he should have fancied himself in the Gulf Stream, in the middle of the Florida Channel.

"What is the master up to," he continued, "with that confounded Prussian? I am afraid no good. If we had set more sail we should have passed him long ago; the master is not usually so timid about a couple of spars or a little damage—besides, we are well insured."

"Heaven and Morton alone know that," I made answer. "You may be right. Still, Mr. Brown, you know the act of Congress by which the crew are compelled, under heavy punishment, to obey the captain's

or ders unhesitatingly; he alone must bear the responsibility."

The boatswain went aft with a mysterious air, and whistling "Yankee Doodle," and I saw him, the carpenter, and several others, putting their heads together. In the mean while dawn had arrived, and the grey clouds were slowly dispersed by the beams of the rising sun. As the horizon grew gradually clearer, we could distinctly see, about two miles from us, the Prussian corvette drifting ahead of us under bare poles: she had lost a topgallant-mast during the storm, probably by a lightning-stroke. The sea ran hollow, the wind had got round more to the east, and about six miles from us the waves were breaking on the dunes of a desolate sandy coast. While I was surveying this anything but pleasing prospect through my telescope, Morton came up to me, and pointing to the Amazone, said:

"Well, Charley, I thank you for not losing sight of our comrade there. The fellow has been hard hit, and the lightning has smashed a topgallant-mast for him: that comes from the guns attracting the electric current. Such children ought not to be trusted with guns; if they had

put tarpaulin over them they would have escaped."

It now began to blow much harder, and the territory point of the Skagener Reef constantly drew nearer to us. That is a perfect cemetery for ships: with the telescope we could distinctly make out the blackened skeletons of the wrecks high up on the sand, and lashed by the waves at high tide. Here it was that Nelson, after carrying off the Danish fleet from Copenhagen, lost his badly-manned prizes in a south-east storm; here, too, Peter the Great, on his voyage from Saardam to Petersburg, was stranded, and only saved his life with difficulty. The other vessels which had left Elsinore with us were all out of sight, and we were struggling alone with the Amazone to steer clear of this point so dangerous to sailors with an unfavourable wind and a high running sea. At last, towards evening, when the long northern twilight was threatening to turn into night, we found ourselves, after many short tacks, in the mouth of the Skagener Rack, as the Scandinavians call it. Except the Prussian, no ship was in sight: the only thing we fancied we could see in the distance was the smoke of an eastward-bound steamer. The barometer pointed to stormy. Morton gave the necessary instructions for the night, ordered the man at the wheel not to let the

corvette out of sight, and invited me into the cabin. After the steward had again prepared punch for us, and the smoke of the Turkish tobacco

once more surrounded us, he continued his narrative:

"Charley, when I have once laid bare my heart to you, you will see what a just cause I have to track that accursed Prussian. After what happened to me in Germany, I should like to sink every vessel that bears the hateful black and white flag. You know how happy I was with my Mary, and how I had begun a new life! Our whole anxiety on board the newly-established fleet was to produce something respectable, and the foreigners wished to prove themselves grateful children to their adopted country. All at once a dull rumour spread that the German parliament, on which our existence depended, was broken up by the princes, and the latter had resolved to destroy the navy as a creation of the revolution. Men whispered to each other that we should soon be discharged, and the fleet sold by auction. Our admiral, whom we all esteemed, made several journeys in order to prevent the catastrophe through his representations: but he came back with sad looks, and we read in his eyes that our fate was decided. This broke his heart, and, as I have since heard, he soon after died of grief. The mutiny, in which I thoughtlessly took part as a young man on board the Sommers, was certainly illegal, but if we had resisted in the present case, right would have been on our side. Unfortunately, the promises which we secretly made each other led to no result, because we had imparted our plans to a false brother, a Scotchman, who had been before suspected, because he had run ashore and lost a large steamer bought in England for the fleet. He betrayed the still unripe conspiracy to an influential leader of the reactionary party, through whom the admiral, who knew nothing of these facts, was induced to take such measures as stopped the execution of our plan. Soon after our arrears were paid us, and we were discharged. The little money I received was soon spent, and I was obliged to go to England to look for a fresh situation. My poor wife, who was expecting her confinement, was obliged to remain in a little town on the Weser, where I had hired apartments for her in the house of a respectable but poor family. During my absence the police, under orders from Berlin, burst into her room, examined her scanty property and my papers, and found nothing. In consequence of the fright, a miscarriage was brought on, and she and her child died. Charley, I tell you, I never felt in my life as I did on receiving the news. I swore to avenge myself, and I believe that vengeance is within my grasp: it is there for me while others will bear the guilt and the cost."

Here we were interrupted by a sudden noise, and the shouts and stamping of the men on deck. We both hurried up, and found that the violence of the wind had torn our fore-topsail. The damage was not considerable, and was soon repaired: the ship was laid more to the north, and the watch were stringently ordered not to lose sight of the Prussian, which was now rising and sinking in the trough of the sea. We then went

below again.

"Believe me, Charley," Morton said, "the more stormy the elements grow, the happier I feel. A wild delight comes over me when the storm rages, for it harmonises so well with my passions. Long live the tempest!" With these words he swallowed a bumper of the fiery liquid. "Ah," he continued, "if my wife still lived, I should be another man, but now I

am forced back into my wild, desperate courses, and my better feelings are deadened.—After various changes of fortune, I at length went back to America, where I could reckon with tolerable certainty on not being recognised; and Senator W., for whom I had fetched many a cargo of niggers from the African coast while he was the partner of a Spanish Don at the Havannah, though he was now the loudest brawler among the abolitionists, gave me, out of friendship, or perhaps through fear, lest I should blow on him, the command of the Black Hawk. In Petersburg I met with an old acquaintance, a Prussian, who had formerly known me in the German navy, where he was a commissary of war. He gave me letters of introduction to two German noblemen in Copenhagen, and they were the two persons with whom I had such repeated conferences."

At this moment our vessel groaned again, through a tremendous sea striking her on the larboard quarter, and our presence on deck became necessary. The wind had so heightened during our conversation that we were compelled to exercise the greatest caution in tacking, so as not to lose a sail. This part of the North Sea, which is usually called the Skager Rack, is often visited by powerful currents, which render the sea even more turbulent. Towards morning, when the whitish-yellow fog cleared off a little, and we could survey the horizon, we also saw the Amazone. Morton had for a long time been seeking her with his telescope, and a smile of satisfaction played over his bronzed face when he saw her heaving and tossing in the trough of the sea. She seemed to be labouring heavily; evidently answered her helm badly, and her tall masts oscillated, owing to the looseness of the shrouds. Farther away a few sails were in sight, but we could not make out what they were. When the sun rose higher, the wind slackened a little, and we were enabled to set the mizen-sail, so that the Black Hawk heeled over gracefully and cut through the high waves. This day passed without any further incidents; there were certainly every now and then violent gusts, but as the wind had veered round to the north, we, as well as the Amazone, could pursue our south-westerly course without much difficulty.

In this way several days passed over; the weather was certainly stormy and the wind very changeable, but still it generally blew from the north. We met many sailing vessels, and also a few steamers, steering for the Baltic, in order to reach their destination before the close of the season and the setting in of the heavy frost. Morton was most of the time on deck, whence he looked at the Prussian and the other vessels through his glass. So soon as a fresh sail appeared on the horizon, he cursed savagely; it seemed as if he saw in it a witness of his criminal design; still no ship took notice of us, as each had enough to do in the hollow sea. One evening, early in November, he drew my attention to a small white cloud, which scarce rose above the horizon in the far west. The weather might be called relatively warm for these latitudes, and the barometer had fallen considerably. As a rule, this white cloud is only seen in the tropics, and is always the harbinger of a hurricane or a whirlwind. All of us aboard knew the danger, and nothing was neglected to make all snug; we also noticed that the Prussian, who was about three miles to windward of us, showed equally bare poles—a proof that he was awaiting

the coming hurricane.

Morton and I were standing on the quarter-deck, when Mr. Brown

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came up to us, and remarked that he had not expected to see this white cloud in the North Sea, just as little as he had that tremendous storm in the Cattegat. "We shall soon have the tempest upon us," he remarked, as he looked windward to the horizon, which was now black as pitch, and distinctly showed the lines of the white-capped waves. "Shall we take

in the trysails, captain?"

"I really think we shall have a tornado," Morton replied, as he stepped off the weather gangway, where he had hitherto been standing, and wiped the spray from his face. "I also notice that the glass has fallen remarkably. Take in all the small sails aloft, and so soon as the staysail is drawn taut, run down the gaff and bring home the spanker; one watch, I think, will be sufficient for the present, for we will not tire our men too much, as they may require all their strength."

"Ay, ay, sir," Brown answered, as the master walked away. "I could swear that he doesn't trouble himself much about it; at least, he looked

so when he left the gangway."

"That is his manner: the more the elements threaten, the more

daring his glances become."

After supper the new watch was called on deck, and the master gave me orders, which I punctually obeyed. I had to post in the bows a half-bred sailor from Canada, with strict orders not to lose sight of the Prussian corvette. Soublette, that was his name, had the best eyes aboard.

"Now, Mr. Whitfield, we will make all snug for the night. Reef the fore-topsail and mainsail properly; those, with the foresail, the fore-

staysail, and trysail, are all that we can carry."

During the first watch the tempest became much fiercer. Heavy drops of rain were mingled with the spray, distant thunder rolled to windward, and from time to time sharp flashes of lightning darted through the gloom. The watch below slept carelessly, confiding in their comrades on deck. But the night was frightful, and Morton, myself, and the officer of the watch, did not leave the deck for a moment, as our presence was absolutely necessary.

At six in the morning the tempest had reached its height. The lightning traversed the firmament in all directions, and the thunder overpowered the howling of the wind as it blew through the rigging. The sea beat violently against our bows, and dashed along as far as the quarter-deck, as the Black Hawk laboriously rose out of the water.

"If this goes on much longer, we shall be obliged to lower the foresail

entirely, and trust to the main-staysail," I said to the captain.

"I really believe we must," Morton remarked. "But look, day is

breaking. Let us wait awhile."

Then he ordered the man at the wheel to let the ship fall off a little. With increasing daylight, and as the storm grew worse rather than better, Morton was on the point of giving the necessary orders to lower the foresail, when Soublette, who was standing at the lee-gangway, suddenly shouted, "A sail to leeward!"

"A sail to leeward, sir," I immediately reported to Morton, as I held

on by one hand to a rope, and touched my hat with the other.

"Fetch me my glass from the cabin directly," he said to one of the sailors. "I trust that it is our old companion."

"It is no very large vessel, and hardly half as heavy as ours," I said,

after climbing up some half-dozen rattlins.

The sailor brought the glass, and the captain, after passing his arm round a thick rope, in order not to fall to leeward through the rolling of the ship, and getting the stranger into a focus, which was no easy matter, exclaimed,

"By Jupiter! it is the Prussian, but in a very bad state."

Other glasses were fetched, and Morton's opinion was confirmed by all.

"Let the foresail stand, Mr. Brown; we will run down to the corvette

at once."

The Black Hawk fell off a little, dashed through the trough of the sea, and rapidly approached the stranger: in less than half an hour we were within a mile of the Amazone.

It was easy to see, even without the help of a telescope, that the people aboard the Prussian corvette, which had lost both mizen and mainmast, were making every possible effort to rig a jury-mast, for which, however, their strength seemed to fail them. They did not dare lower their foresail, as the corvette would not stir without any sail upon her, and the last remaining mast would have rolled overboard, but without some sail at the stern it was impossible to keep her head to the wind, and hence she fell off a couple of points, and was at the mercy of the

waves, although the man at the wheel certainly did his duty.

In a few minutes we were within three cables' length of the Prussian, and our ship trembled under the enormous pressure of sail. The wind howled, the sea raged, the thunder deafened, and the lightning blinded. The Almighty was present in all His majesty, but a furious human passion occupied Morton's heart. He sprang up the rattlins in order to convince himself that no sail was in sight, and came down again satisfied. a furious glance at the helpless corvette, he bade the man at the wheel go to the devil, and seized the spokes with his powerful hand. The rain, which had before fallen vertically, now dashed into our faces, so that every object was concealed by the spray. We heard a shout, which, however, was almost deadened by the howling of the storm, and saw that the Amazone suddenly ported her helm. Too late! a blow, a crash, a cry of terror, which rose above the raging tempest! Our bow had caught her exactly in the centre, smashing in the bulwarks, the netting, and a part of the aft-deck. Then our bow rose again, lifted by a mighty wave, and rode for a second on the bursting wreck. Our weight had broken her spine, and the two halves of the hapless ship sank in a second in the yawning deep. At the spot where she disappeared another mighty wave rose, and, as it broke, forced beneath the surface any living beings who were trying to save themselves.

The blow had hurled me and nearly the whole watch on to the deck, and Morton alone held on convulsively to the wheel. The other half of the crew, who were asleep below, started up in terror, and the confusion did not cease until the captain, who was still standing at the wheel, gave the necessary orders in a voice of thunder. Morton then surrendered the wheel to an old steady sailor, and hurried to the bows, while the carpenter went into the hold to see if we had any leak. The damage was not so great as we had at first supposed: the bowsprit, which, with its supports,

weighed twelve tons, was certainly seriously injured, and snapped in two in the middle, but our bows, owing to the reinforcement they had received at Copenhagen, were not so damaged as might have been concluded from the violence of the blow. The thick oak boards had done their duty, and protected the cutwater. The carpenter, too, soon re-

turned on deck, and reported that the ship was quite sound.

As there was no sign of a leak, we soon cleared away with our axes the wreck of the bowsprit, and nailed tarpaulin over the holes in the bulwarks, so that we were soon able to lay on our course again. As Morton saw that our crew were putting their heads together, and exchanging opinions as to the recent catastrophe, he ordered one-half below again, the others such occupations that they could not well converse together. Then he called me to the back of the quarter-deck, made some remarks about the now visibly subsiding storm, and then said:

"Charley, you are the only man on board who can perhaps judge correctly of my conduct this morning; you alone know the motives of a deed which must appear to all the rest an unfortunate accident. I beg, nay, I demand your inviolable silence. The law cannot touch me; remember that I am your captain, and that the regulations of Congress

render my position unassailable."

With these words he turned away, carelessly took up a telescope, and surveyed the horizon, to see whether any sail were in sight. I went down to my cabin in a very desponding mood, and up to the present day I have been silent about a deed which was suggested by selfishness and revenge, and whose victims are eternally covered by the rolling waves.

So far the remarkable narrative of Charles Whitfield. Although we are not responsible for its truth, we thought it right to produce this explanation of a still mysterious and terrible catastrophe, for it reached us from a most trustworthy source. We may, at the same time, mention a few facts confirming the statement of our reporter to a certain extent. The Margate and Deal hovellers spoke openly of the affair at the time, because they hailed a large Yankee clipper, with broken bowsprit and damaged bows, in the Channel, and their help was very roughly declined. Any one who lived in New York last winter will also know that it was publicly stated in all the coffee-houses on the Bowery and elsewhere that the Amazone was run down in the North Sea by an American, who had been bribed to do so in Copenhagen. A sailor, now stationed at Fort Monroe, on board the Federal fleet, also described the catastrophe to the German soldiers there. The American press, too, noticed the circumstance, and the report can be easily found by a little search in the shipping intelligence of last year.

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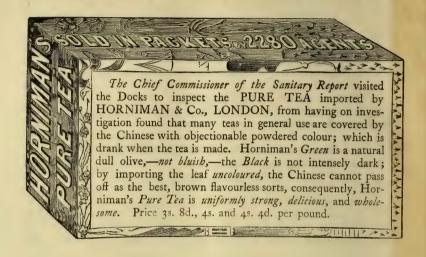
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EDITED BY

W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ.

No. DIV.-DECEMBER 1, 1862.

LONDON:

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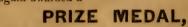
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